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THE GIFT OF
Albert Greene

PR
1171
.J7
v.6-7

John Dickinson

1786

BUTLER.
Sherwin Sculp.

THE

WORKS

OF THE

NGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

OGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE SIXTH.

LONDON:

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M DCC LXXIX.

THE

POEMS

OF

BUTLER.

VOLUME I.

THE

POEMS

OF

MR. BUTLER.

HUDIBRAS.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART I. CANTO I.

THE ARGUMENT.

Sir Hudibras his paſſing worth,
The manner how he ſally'd forth,
His arms and equipage, are ſhown,
His horſe's virtues, and his own:
Th' adventure of the Bear and Fiddle
Is ſung, but breaks off in the middle *.

WHEN civil dudgeon firſt grew high,
And men fell out they knew not why;

When

* A ridicule on Ronſarde and Davenant.

Ver. 1.] To take in *dudgeon*, is inwardly to reſent ſome injury or affront, and what is previous to actual fury. It was altered by Mr. Butler, in an edition 1674, *to civil fury*. Thus it ſtood in edit. of 1684, 1689, 1694, and 1700. *Civil dudgeon* was reſtored in the edition of 1704, and has continued ſo ever ſince.

Ver. 2.] It may be juſtly ſaid *They knew not why*; ſince, as Lord Clarendon obſerves, "The like peace "and plenty, and univerſal tranquillity, was never "enjoyed by *any nation for ten years* together, before "*thoſe unhappy troubles began.*"

When hard words, jealouſies, and fears,
Set folks together by the ears,
And made them fight, like mad or drunk,
For Dame Religion, as for punk;
Whoſe honeſty they all durſt ſwear for,
Though not a man of them knew wherefore;
When Goſpel-trumpeter, ſurrounded
With long-ear'd rout, to battle ſounded;
And pulpit, drum eccleſiaſtick,
Was beat with fiſt inſtead of a ſtick;
Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,
And out he rode a colonelling.

A wight

Ver. 3.] By *hard words*, he probably means the cant words uſed by the Preſbyterians and ſectaries of thoſe times; ſuch as Goſpel-walking, Goſpel-preaching, Soul-ſaving, Elect, Saints, the Godly, the Predeſtinate, and the like; which they applied to their own preachers and themſelves.

Ver. 11, 12.] Alluding to their vehement action in the pulpit, and their beating it with their fiſts, as if they were beating a drum.

Ver. 13.] Our Author, to make his Knight appear more ridiculous, has dreſſed him in all kinds of fantaſtic colours, and put many characters together to finiſh him a perfect coxcomb.

Ver. 14.] The Knight (if Sir Samuel Luke was Mr. Butler's hero) was not only a Colonel in the Parliament-army, but alſo Scoutmaſter-general in the counties of Bedford, Surrey, &c. This gives us ſome light into his character and conduct; for he is now entering upon his proper office, full of pretendedly pious and *ſanctified* reſolutions for the good of his country. His

pere-

A wight he was, whoſe very ſight would
Entitle him Mirror of Knighthood,
That never bow'd his ſtubborn knee
To any thing but Chivalry,
Nor put up blow, but that which laid
Right Worſhipful on ſhoulder-blade;
Chief of domeſtic knights and errant,
Either for chartel or for warrant;
Great on the bench, great in the ſaddle,
That could as well bind o'er as ſwaddle;
Mighty he was at both of theſe,
And ſtyl'd of War, as well as Peace
(So ſome rats, of amphibious nature,
Are either for the land or water):
But here our Authors make a doubt
Whether he were more wiſe or ſtout:
Some hold the one, and ſome the other,
But, howſoe'er they make a pother,

The

peregrinations are ſo conſiſtent with his office and humour, that they are no longer to be called fabulous or improbable. The ſucceeding Cantos are introduced with large prefaces, but here the Poet ſeems impatient till he get into the deſcription and character of his hero.

Ver. 17, 18.] i. e. He kneeled to the King, when he knighted him, but ſeldom upon any other occaſion.

Ver. 22.] *Chartel* is a challenge to a duel.

Ver. 23.] In this character of Hudibras all the abuſes of human learning are finely ſatirized: philoſophy, logic, rhetoric, mathematics, metaphyſics, and ſchool-divinity.

The difference was ſo ſmall, his brain
Outweigh'd his rage but half a grain;
Which made ſome take him for a tool
That knaves do work with, call'd a Fool.
For 't has been held by many, that
As Montaigne, playing with his cat,
Complains ſhe thought him but an aſs,
Much more ſhe would Sir Hudibras
(For that 's the name our valiant Knight
To all his challenges did write):
But they 're miſtaken very much;
'Tis plain enough he was no ſuch.
We grant, although he had much wit,
H' was very ſhy of uſing it,
As being loth to wear it out,
And therefore bore it not about;
Unleſs on holy-days, or ſo,
As men their beſt apparel do.
Beſide 'tis known he could ſpeak Greek
As naturally as pigs ſqueak;
That Latin was no more difficile,
Than to a blackbird 'tis to whiſtle:
Being rich in both, he never ſcanted
His bounty unto ſuch as wanted;

But

Ver. 55, 56.] This is the property of a pedantic coxcomb, who prates moſt learnedly amongſt illiterate perſons, and makes a mighty pother about books and languages there, where he is ſure to be admired, though not underſtood.

But much of either would afford
To many that had not one word.
For Hebrew roots, although they 're found
To flouriſh moſt in barren ground,
He had ſuch plenty, as ſuffic'd
To make ſome think him circumcis'd;
And truly ſo he was, perhaps,
Not as a proſelyte, but for claps.
He was in logic a great critic,
Profoundly ſkill'd in analytic;
He could diſtinguiſh, and divide
A hair 'twixt ſouth and ſouth-weſt ſide;
On either which he would diſpute,
Confute, change hands, and ſtill confute:
He'd undertake to prove, by force
Of argument, a man 's no horſe;
He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
And that a lord may be an owl;

A calf

Ver. 62.] Here is an alteration without any amendment; for the following lines,

And truly ſo he was, perhaps,
Not as a proſelyte, but for claps,

are thus changed in the editions of 1674, 1684, 1689, 1694, 1700,

And truly ſo perhaps he was,
'Tis many a pious Chriſtian's caſe.

Reſtored in the edition of 1704.

A calf an alderman, a gooſe a juſtice,
And rooks Committee-men and Truſtees.
He'd run in debt by diſputation,
And pay with ratiocination:
All this by ſyllogiſm, true
In mood and figure, he would do.
For rhetorie, he could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a trope;
And when he happen'd to break off
I' th' middle of his ſpeech, or cough,
H' had hard words ready to ſhew why,
And tell what rules he did it by;
Elſe when with greateſt art he ſpoke,
You'd think he talk'd like other folk;

For

Ver. 75.] Such was Alderman Pennington, who ſent a perſon to Newgate for ſinging (what he called) *a malignant pſalm.*

Ibid.—] Lord Clarendon obſerves, "That after the "declaration of No more Addreſſes to the King, they "who were not above the condition of ordinary con- "ſtables ſix or ſeven years before, were now the juſ- "tices of the peace." Dr. Bruno Ryves informs us, That the "town of Chelmsford in Eſſex was governed, "at the beginning of the Rebellion, by a tinker, two "coblers, two tailors, and two pedlars."

Ver. 76.] In the ſeveral counties, eſpecially the Aſſociated ones (Middleſex, Kent, Surrey, Suſſex, Norfolk, Suffolk, and Cambridgeſhire) which ſided with the Parliament, Committees were erected of ſuch men as were for the Good Cauſe, as they called it, who had authority, from the members of the two Houſes at Weſtminſter, to fine and impriſon whom they pleaſed.

For all a rhetorician's rules
Teach nothing but to name his tools.
But, when he pleas'd to ſhow 't, his ſpeech,
In loftineſs of ſound, was rich;
A Babyloniſh dialect,
Which learned pedants much affect;
It was a party-colour'd dreſs
Of patch'd and py-ball'd languages;
'Twas Engliſh cut on Greek and Latin,
Like fuſtian heretofore on ſattin;
It had an old promiſcuous tone,
As if h' had talk'd three parts in one;
Which made ſome think, when he did gabble,
Th' had heard three labourers of Babel,
Or Cerberus himſelf pronounce
A leaſh of languages at once.
This he as volubly would vent,
As if his ſtock would ne'er be ſpent:
And truly, to ſupport that charge,
He had ſupplies as vaſt and large;
For he could coin or counterfeit
New words, with little or no wit;
Words ſo debas'd and hard, no ſtone
Was hard enough to touch them on;

And

Ver. 109.] The Preſbyterians coined a great number, ſuch as Out-goings, Carryings-on, Nothingneſs, Workings-out, Goſpel-waking-times, &c. which we ſhall meet with hereafter, in the ſpeeches of the Knight and Squire, and others, in this Poem; for which they are bantered by Sir John Birkenhead.

And when with haſty noiſe he ſpoke 'em;
The ignorant for current took 'em;
That had the orator, who once
Did fill his mouth with pebble-ſtones
When he harangued, but known his phraſe,
He would have us'd no other ways.
In mathematics he was greater
Than Tycho Brahe or Erra Pater;
For he, by geometric ſcale,
Could take the ſize of pots of ale;
Reſolve by ſines and tangents ſtraight
If bread or butter wanted weight;
And wiſely tell what hour o' th' day
The clock does ſtrike, by Algebra.
Beſide, he was a ſhrewd philoſopher,
And had read every text and gloſs over;
Whate'er the crabbed'ſt author hath,
He underſtood b' implicit faith;

Whatever

Ver. 115.] This and the three following lines not in the two firſt editions of 1664, but added in the edit. 1674. Demoſthenes is here meant, who had a defect in his ſpeech.

Ver. 120.] An eminent Daniſh mathematician; and William Lilly, the famous aſtrologer ofthoſe times.

Ver. 129.] This and the following line not in the two firſt editions of 1664, and firſt inſerted in that of 1674.

Whatever ſceptic could enquire for,
For every Why he had a Wherefore;
Knew more than forty of them do,
As far as words and terms could go;
All which he underſtood by rote,
And, as occaſion ſerv'd, would quote;
No matter whether right or wrong;
They might be either ſaid or ſung.
His notions fitted things ſo well,
That which was which he could not tell;
But oftentimes miſtook the one
For th' other, as great clerks have done.
He could reduce all things to acts,
And knew their natures by abſtracts;
Where Entity and Quiddity,
The ghoſts of defunct bodies, fly;
Where truth in perſon does appear,
Like words congeal'd in northern air.
He knew what 's what, and that 's as high
As metaphyſic wit can fly:
In ſchool-divinity as able
As he that hight Irrefragable;

A ſecond

Ver. 131. *Enquire.*] *Inquere*, in all editions to 1689, incluſive.

Ver. 152. *Irrefragable.*] Alexander Hales, ſo called; he was an Engliſhman, born in Glouceſterſhire, and flouriſhed about the year 1236, at the time when what was called School-divinity was much in vogue; in which ſcience he was ſo deeply read, that he was called *Doctor Irrefragabilis*; that is, the *Invincible Doctor*, whoſe arguments *could not be* reſiſted.

A ſecond Thomas, or, at once
To name them all, another Dunce:
Profound

Ver. 153, 154. *Dunce.*] Thus they ſtood in the two firſt editions of 1664, left out in thoſe of 1674, 1684, 1689, 1700, and not reſtored till 1704. Thomas Aquinas, a Dominican Friar, was born in 1224, ſtudied at Cologne and at Paris. He new-modelled the ſchool-divinity, and was therefore called the *Angelic Doctor*, and *Eagle* of divines. The moſt illuſtrious perſons of his time were ambitious of his friendſhip, and put a high value on his merits, ſo that they offered him biſhopricks, which he refuſed with as much ardour as others ſeek after them. He died in the fiftieth year of his age, and was canonized by Pope John XXII. We have his works in 18 volumes, ſeveral times printed.

Johannes Dunſcotus was a very learned man, who lived about the end of the thirteenth, and beginning of the fourteenth century. The Engliſh and Scots ſtrive which of them ſhall have the honour of his birth. The Engliſh ſay he was born in Northumberland; the Scots allege he was born at Dunſe in the Merſe, the neighbouring county to Northumberland, and hence was called *Dunſcotus:* Moreri, Buchanan, and other Scotch hiſtorians, are of this opinion, and, for proof, cite his epitaph;

Scotia me genuit, Anglia ſuſcepit,
Gallia edocuit, Germania tenet.

He died at Cologne, Nov. 8, 1308. In the *Supplement* to Dr. Cave's *Hiſtoria Literaria,* he is ſaid to be extraordinary learned in phyſics, metaphyſics, mathematics, and aſtronomy; that his fame was ſo great when at Oxford, that 30,000 ſcholars came thither to hear

Profound in all the Nominal
And Real ways beyond them all:
For he a rope of ſand could twiſt
As tough as learned Sorboniſt,
And weave fine cobwebs, fit for ſcull
That 's empty when the moon is full;
Such as take lodgings in a head
That 's to be let unfurniſhed.
He could raiſe ſcruples dark and nice,
And after ſolve them in a trice;
As if Divinity had catch'd
The itch, on purpoſe to be ſcratch'd;
Or, like a mountebank, did wound
And ſtab herſelf with doubts profound,

Only

hear his lectures; that when at Paris, his arguments and authority carried it for the immaculate conception of the Bleſſed Virgin, ſo that they appointed a feſtival on that account, and would admit no ſcholars to degrees but ſuch as were of this mind. He was a great oppoſer of Thomas Aquinas's doctrine: and, for being a very acute logician, was called *Doctor Subtilis*, which was the reaſon alſo that an old punſter always called him the *Lathy Doctor*.

Ver. 155, 156.] Gulielmus Occham was father of the Nominals, and Johannes Dunſcotus of the Reals. Theſe two lines not in the two firſt editions of 1664, but added in 1674.

Ver. 157, 158.] Altered thus in edit. 1674, and continued till 1704.

And with as delicate a hand,
Could twiſt as tough a rope of ſand.

Only to ſhew with how ſmall pain
The ſores of Faith are cur'd again;
Although by woeful proof we find
They always leave a ſcar behind.
He knew the ſeat of Paradiſe,
Could tell in what degree it lies,
And, as he was diſpos'd, could prove it
Below the moon, or elſe above it;
What Adam dreamt of, when his bride
Came from her cloſet in his ſide;
Whether the Devil tempted her
By a High-Dutch interpreter;
If either of them had a navel;
Who firſt made muſic malleable;
Whether the Serpent, at the Fall,
Had cloven feet, or none at all:
All this, without a gloſs or comment,
He could unriddle in a moment,
In proper terms, ſuch as men ſmatter
When they throw out and miſs the matter.
For his religion, it was fit
To match his learning and his wit;
'Twas

Ver. 181.] Several of the Ancients have ſuppoſed that Adam and Eve had no navels; and, among the Moderns, the late learned Biſhop Cumberland was of this opinion.

Ver. 189.] Mr. Butler is very exact in delineating his hero's religion; it was neceſſary that he ſhould be ſo, that the reader might judge whether he was a proper perſon to ſet up for a Reformer, and whether the

'Twas Preſbyterian true blue;
For he was of that ſtubborn crew
Of errant ſaints, whom all men grant
To be the true Church Militant;
Such as do build their faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun;
Decide all controverſies by
Infallible artillery;
And prove their doctrine orthodox,
By apoſtolic blows and knocks;
Call fire, and ſword, and deſolation,
A godly, thorough Reformation,

Which

religion he profeſſed was more eligible than that he endeavoured to demoliſh. Whether the Poet has been juſt in the pourtrait muſt be left to every reader's obſervation.

Ver. 193, 194.] Where Preſbytery has been eſtabliſhed, it has been uſually effected by force of arms, like the religion of Mahomet: thus it was eſtabliſhed at Geneva in Switzerland, Holland, Scotland, &c. In France, for ſome time, by that means, it obtained a toleration: much blood was ſhed to get it eſtabliſhed in England; and once, during that Grand Rebellion, it ſeemed very near gaining an eſtabliſhment here.

Ver. 195, 196.] Upon theſe Cornet Joyce built his faith, when he carried away the King, by force, from Holdenby: for when his Majeſty aſked him for a ſight of his inſtructions, Joyce ſaid, He ſhould ſee them preſently; and ſo drawing up his troop in the inward court, "Theſe, Sir, (ſaid the Cornet) are my in-"ſtructions."

Ver. 199, 200.] Many inſtances of that kind are given by Dr. Walker, in his *Sufferings of the Epiſcopal Clergy*.

Which always muſt be carry'd on,
And ſtill be doing, never done;
As if Religion were intended
For nothing elſe but to be mended:
A ſect whoſe chief devotion lies
In odd perverſe antipathies;
In falling out with that or this,
And finding ſomewhat ſtill amiſs;
More peeviſh, croſs, and ſplenetick,
Than dog diſtract, or monkey ſick;
That with more care keep holy-day
The wrong, than others the right way;
Compound for ſins they are inclin'd to,
By damning thoſe they have no mind to:
Still ſo perverſe and oppoſite,
As if they worſhip'd God for ſpite:
The ſelf-ſame thing they will abhor
One way, and long another for:
Free-will they one way diſavow,
Another, nothing elſe allow:

All

Ver. 207, 208.] The religion of the Preſbyterians of thoſe times conſiſted principally in an oppoſition to the Church of England, and in quarreling with the moſt innocent cuſtoms then in uſe, as the eating Chriſtmas-pies and plum-porridge at Chriſtmas, which they reputed ſinful.

Ver. 213, 214.] They were ſo remarkably obſtinate in this reſpect, that they kept a faſt upon Chriſtmas-day.

Ver. 215, 216.] Added in 1674.

All piety conſiſts therein
In them, in other men all ſin:
Rather than fail, they will defy
That which they love moſt tenderly;
Quarrel with minc'd pies, and diſparage
Their beſt and deareſt friend, plum-porridge;
Fat pig and gooſe itſelf oppoſe,
And blaſpheme cuſtard through the noſe.
Th' apoſtles of this fierce religion,
Like Mahomet's, were aſs and widgeon,
To whom our Knight, by faſt inſtinct
Of wit and temper, was ſo linkt,
As if hypocriſy and nonſenſe
Had got th' advowſon of his conſcience.
Thus was he gifted and accouter'd,
We mean on th' inſide, not the outward:
That next of all we ſhall diſcuſs;
Then liſten, Sirs, it follows thus.

His

Ver. 235, 236.] Dr. Bruno Ryves gives a remarkable inſtance of a fanatical conſcience in a captain who was invited by a ſoldier to eat part of a gooſe with him; but refuſed, becauſe, he ſaid, it was ſtolen: but being to march away, he who would eat no ſtolen gooſe, made no ſcruple to ride away upon a ſtolen mare; for, plundering Mrs. Bartlet of her mare, this hypocritical captain gave ſufficient teſtimony to the world that the old Phariſee and new Puritan have conſciences of the ſelf-ſame temper, "To ſtrain at a gnat, and ſwallow "a camel.

His tawny beard was th' equal grace
Both of his wiſdom and his face;
In cut and dye ſo like a tile,
A ſudden view it would beguile;
The upper part whereof was whey,
The nether orange, mix'd with grey.
The hairy meteor did denounce
The fall of ſceptres and of crowns;
With griſly type did repreſent
Declining age of government,
And tell, with hieroglyphic ſpade,
Its own grave and the State's were made:
Like Samſon's heart-breakers, it grew
In time to make a nation rue;
Though it contributed its own fall,
To wait upon the public downfal:
It was monaſtic, and did grow
In holy orders by ſtrict vow;
Of rule as ſullen and ſevere,
As that of rigid Cordeliere:
'Twas

Ver. 241.] Mr. Butler, in his deſcription of Hudibras's beard, ſeems to have had an eye to Jaques' deſcription of the Country Juſtice, in Shakeſpeare's play, *As you like it.* It may be aſked, why the Poet is ſo particular upon the Knight's beard, and gives it the preference to all his other accoutrements? The anſwer ſeems to be plain; the Knight had made a vow not to cut it till the Parliament had ſubdued the King; hence it became neceſſary to have it fully deſcribed.

Ver. 257. It was *monaſtic.*] Altered to *canonic*, 1674. *Reſtored*, 1704.

'Twas bound to ſuffer perſecution,
And martyrdom, with reſolution;
T' oppoſe itſelf againſt the hate
And vengeance of th' incenſed ſtate,
In whoſe defiance it was worn,
Still ready to be pull'd and torn,
With red-hot irons to be tortur'd,
Revil'd, and ſpit upon, and martyr'd;
Maugre all which 'twas to ſtand faſt
As long as Monarchy ſhould laſt;
But when the ſtate ſhould hap to reel,
'Twas to ſubmit to fatal ſteel,
And fall, as it was conſecrate,
A ſacrifice to fall of ſtate,
Whoſe thread of life the Fatal Siſters
Did twiſt together with its whiſkers,
And twine ſo cloſe, that Time ſhould never,
In life or death, their fortunes ſever,
But with his ruſty ſickle mow
Both down together at a blow.
So learned Taliacotius, from
The brawny part of porter's bum,

Cut

Ver. 281.] Gaſper Taliacotius was born at Bononia, *A. D.* 1553, and was Profeſſor of Phyſic and Surgery there. He died 1599. His ſtatue ſtands in the Anatomy Theatre, holding a noſe in its hand. He wrote a treatiſe in Latin called *Chirurgia Nota*, in which he teaches the art of ingrafting noſes, ears, lips, &c. with the proper inſtruments and bandages. This book has paſſed through *two editions*.

Cut ſupplemental noſes, which
Would laſt as long as parent breech,
But when the date of Nock was out,
Off dropt the ſympathetic ſnout.
His back, or rather burthen, ſhow'd
As if it ſtoop'd with its own load:
For as Æneas bore his ſire
Upon his ſhoulders through the fire,
Our Knight did bear no leſs a pack
Of his own buttocks on his back;
Which now had almoſt got the upper-
Hand of his head for want of crupper:
To poiſe this equally, he bore
A paunch of the ſame bulk before,
Which ſtill he had a ſpecial care
To keep well cramm'd with thrifty fare;
As white-pot, butter-milk, and curds,
Such as a country houſe affords;
With other victual, which anon
We farther ſhall dilate upon,
When of his hoſe we come to treat,
The cupboard where he kept his meat.
His doublet was of ſturdy buff,
And though not ſword, yet cudgel-proof,
Whereby 'twas fitter for his uſe,
Who fear'd no blows but ſuch as bruiſe.
His breeches were of rugged woollen,
And had been at the ſiege of Bullen;
To old King Harry ſo well known,
Some writers held they were his own:

Through

Through they were lin'd with many a piece
Of ammunition bread and cheeſe,
And fat black-puddings, proper food
For warriors that delight in blood:
For, as we ſaid, he always choſe
To carry vittle in his hoſe,
That often tempted rats and mice
The ammunition to ſurpriſe;
And when he put a hand but in
The one or t' other magazine,
They ſtoutly in defence on 't ſtood,
And from the wounded foe drew blood,
And till th' were ſtorm'd and beaten out,
Ne'er left the fortify'd redoubt:
And though knights-errant, as ſome think,
Of old did neither eat nor drink,
Becauſe when thorough deſerts vaſt,
And regions deſolate, they paſt,
Where belly-timber above ground,
Or under, was not to be found,
Unleſs they graz'd, there 's not one word
Of their proviſion on record:
Which made ſome confidently write,
They had no ſtomachs but to fight.

'Tis

Ver. 319.] This and the ſeven following lines are not in the two firſt editions of 1663, and added in that of 1674.

'Tis falſe; for Arthur wore in hall
Round table like a farthingal,
On which, with ſhirt pull'd out behind,
And eke before, his good knights din'd;
Though 'twas no table ſome ſuppoſe,
But a huge pair of round trunk hoſe,
In which he carry'd as much meat
As he and all the knights could eat,
When laying by their ſwords and truncheons,
They took their breakfaſts, or their nuncheons.
But let that paſs at preſent, leſt
We ſhould forget where we digreſt,
As learned authors uſe, to whom
We leave it, and to th' purpoſe come.
His puiſſant ſword unto his ſide,
Near his undaunted heart, was ty'd,
With baſket-hilt that would hold broth,
And ſerve for fight and dinner both;
In it he melted lead for bullets
To ſhoot at foes, and ſometimes pullets,
To whom he bore ſo fell a grutch,
He ne'er gave quarter to any ſuch.
The trenchant blade, Toledo truſty,
For want of fighting was grown ruſty,
And ate into itſelf, for lack
Of ſomebody to hew and hack:
The peaceful ſcabbard, where it dwelt,
The rancour of its edge had felt;
For of the lower end two handful
It had devoured, 'twas ſo manful,

And ſo much ſcorn'd to lurk in caſe,
As if it durſt not ſhow its face.
In many deſperate attempts
Of warrants, exigents, contempts,
It had appear'd with courage bolder
Than Serjeant Bum invading ſhoulder:
Oft had it ta'en poſſeſſion,
And priſoners too, or made them run.
This ſword a dagger had, his page,
That was but little for his age,
And therefore waited on him ſo,
As dwarfs upon knights-errant do:
It was a ſerviceable dudgeon,
Either for fighting or for drudging:
When it had ſtabb'd, or broke a head,
It would ſcrape trenchers, or chip bread;
Toaſt cheeſe or bacon; though it were
To bait a mouſe-trap, 'twould not care:
'Twould make clean ſhoes, and in the earth
Set leeks and onions, and ſo forth:
It had been 'prentice to a brewer,
Where this and more it did endure,
But left the trade, as many more
Have lately done on the ſame ſcore.
In th' holſters, at his ſaddle-bow,
Two aged piſtols he did ſtow,
Among the ſurplus of ſuch meat
As in his hoſe he could not get:
Theſe would inveigle rats with th' ſcent,
To forage when the cocks were bent,

And ſometimes catch them with a ſnap,
As cleverly as th' ableſt trap:
They were upon hard duty ſtill,
And every night ſtood centinel,
To guard the magazine i' th' hoſe
From two-legg'd and from four-legg'd foes.
Thus clad and fortify'd, Sir Knight,
From peaceful home, ſet forth to fight.
But firſt with nimble active force
He got on th' outſide of his horſe:
For having but one ſtirrup ty'd
T' his ſaddle on the further ſide,
It was ſo ſhort, h' had much ado
To reach it with his deſperate toe;
But after many ſtrains and heaves,
He got up to the ſaddle-eaves,
From whence he vaulted into th' ſeat
With ſo much vigour, ſtrength, and heat,
That he had almoſt tumbled over
With his own weight, but did recover,
By laying hold on tail and mane,
Which oft he us'd inſtead of rein.
But now we talk of mounting ſteed,
Before we further do proceed,
It doth behove us to ſay ſomething
Of that which bore our valiant bumkin.
The beaſt was ſturdy, large, and tall,
With mouth of meal, and eyes of wall;
I would ſay eye, for h' had but one,
As moſt agree, though ſome ſay none.

He

He was well ſtay'd, and in his gait
Preſerv'd a grave, majeſtic ſtate;
At ſpur or ſwitch no more he ſkipt,
Or mended pace, than Spaniard whipt;
And yet ſo fiery, he would bound
As if he griev'd to touch the ground;
That Cæſar's horſe, who, as fame goes,
Had corns upon his feet and toes,
Was not by half ſo tender-hooft,
Nor trod upon the ground ſo ſoft;
And as that beaſt would kneel and ſtoop
(Some write) to take his rider up;
So Hudibras's ('tis well known)
Would often do to ſet him down.
We ſhall not need to ſay what lack
Of leather was upon his back;
For that was hidden under pad,
And breech of Knight gall'd full as bad:
His ſtrutting ribs on both ſides ſhow'd
Like furrows he himſelf had plow'd;
For underneath the ſkirt of pannel,
'Twixt every two there was a channel:
His draggling tail hung in the dirt,
Which on his rider he would ſlurt,
Still as his tender ſide he prickt,
With arm'd heel, or with unarm'd, kickt;
For Hudibras wore but one ſpur,
As wiſely knowing could he ſtir
To active trot one ſide of 's horſe,
The other would not hang an arſe.

A Squire

A Squire he had whoſe name was Ralph,
That in th' adventure went his half,
Though writers, for more ſtately tone,
Do call him Ralpho, 'tis all one;
And when we can, with metre ſafe,
We'll call him ſo; if not, plain Raph;
(For rhyme the rudder is of verſes,
With which, like ſhips, they ſteer their courſes.)
An equal ſtock of wit and valour
He had laid in, by birth a tailor.
The mighty Tyrian queen, that gain'd
With ſubtle ſhreds a tract of land,
Did leave it with a caſtle fair
To his great anceſtor, her heir;
From him deſcended croſs-legg'd knights,
Fam'd for their faith and warlike fights
Againſt the bloody Cannibal,
Whom they deſtroy'd both great and ſmall.
This ſturdy Squire he had, as well
As the bold Trojan knight, ſeen hell,
Not with a counterfeited paſs
Of golden bough, but true gold-lace:

His

Ver. 457.] Sir Roger L'Eſtrange (*Key to Hudibras*) ſays, This famous Squire was one Iſaac Robinſon, a zealous butcher in Moor-fields, who was always contriving ſome new querpo cut in church government: but, in a *Key* at the end of a burleſque poem of Mr. Butler's, 1706, in folio, p. 12. it is obſerved, "That "Hudibras's Squire was one Pemble a tailor, and one "of the Committee of Sequeſtrators."

His knowledge was not far behind
The Knight's, but of another kind,
And he another way came by't;
Some call it Gifts, and ſome New-light;
A liberal art, that coſts no pains
Of ſtudy, induſtry, or brains.
His wit was ſent him for a token,
But in the carriage crack'd and broken;
Like commendation nine-pence crookt
With—"To and from my love"—it lookt.
He ne'er conſider'd it, as loth
To look a gift-horſe in the mouth,
And very wiſely would lay forth
No more upon it than 'twas worth;
But, as he got it freely, ſo
He ſpent it frank and freely too:
For ſaints themſelves will ſometimes be,
Of gifts that coſt them nothing, free.
By means of this, with hem and cough,
Prolongers to enlighten'd ſtuff,

He

Ver. 485.] *His* wits were *ſent him*, in all editions to 1704 incluſive.

Ver. 487. 488.] Until the year 1696, when all money, not milled, was called in, a ninepenny piece of ſilver was as common as ſixpences or ſhillings, and theſe ninepences were uſually bent as ſixpences commonly are now, which bending was called, "To my love, and From my love;" and ſuch ninepences the ordinary fellows gave or ſent to their ſweethearts as tokens of love.

He could deep myſteries unriddle,
As eaſily as thread a needle:
For as of vagabonds we ſay,
That they are ne'er beſide their way,
Whate'er men ſpeak by this New-light,
Still they are ſure to be i' th' right.
'Tis a dark-lantern of the Spirit,
Which none ſee by but thoſe that bear it;
A light that falls down from on high,
For ſpiritual trades to cozen by;
An *ignis fatuus*, that bewitches,
And leads men into pools and ditches,
To make them dip themſelves, and ſound
For Chriſtendom in dirty pond;
To dive, like wild-fowl, for ſalvation,
And fiſh to catch regeneration.
This light inſpires and plays upon
The noſe of ſaint, like bag-pipe drone,
And ſpeaks, through hollow empty ſoul,
As through a trunk, or whiſpering-hole,
Such language as no mortal ear
But ſpirit'al eaves-droppers can hear:
So Phœbus, or ſome friendly Muſe,
Into ſmall poets ſong infuſe,
Which they at ſecond-hand rehearſe,
Through reed or bagpipe, verſe for verſe.
Thus Ralph became infallible
As three or four-legg'd oracle,

The

Ver. 511.] Alluding to Ralpho's religion, who was, probably, an Anabaptiſt or Dipper.

The ancient cup, or modern chair;
Spoke truth point blank, though unaware.
For myſtic learning, wondrous able
In magic, taliſman, and cabal,
Whoſe primitive tradition reaches
As far as Adam's firſt green breeches;
Deep-ſighted in intelligences,
Ideas, atoms, influences;
And much of *Terra Incognita*,
Th' intelligible world, could ſay;
A deep occult philoſopher,
As learn'd as the Wild Iriſh are,
Or Sir Agrippa, for profound
And ſolid lying much renown'd;
He Anthropoſophus, and Floud,
And Jacob Behmen, underſtood;
Knew many an amulet and charm,
That would do neither good nor harm;
In Roſicrucian lore as learned,
As he that *Verè adeptus* earned:
He underſtood the ſpeech of birds
As well as they themſelves do words;
Could tell what ſubtleſt parrots mean,
That ſpeak and think contrary clean;
What member 'tis of whom they talk
When they cry Rope, and Walk, knave, walk.
He'd extract numbers out of matter,
And keep them in a glaſs, like water,

Of

Ver. 546.] Alluding to the Philoſopher's Stone.

Of ſovereign power to make men wiſe;
For, dropt in blear thick-ſighted eyes,
They 'd make them ſee in darkeſt night,
Like owls, though purblind in the light.
By help of theſe (as he profeſt)
He had Firſt Matter ſeen undreſt:
He took her naked, all alone,
Before one rag of form was on.
The Chaos, too, he had deſcry'd,
And ſeen quite through, or elſe he ly'd;
Not that of Paſteboard, which men ſhew
For groats, at fair of Barthol'mew;
But its great grandſire, firſt o' th' name,
From hence that and Reformation came,
Both couſin-germans, and right able
T' inveigle and draw in the rabble:
But Reformation was, ſome ſay,
O' th' younger houſe to Puppet-play.
He could foretel whats'ever was
By conſequence to come to paſs:

As

Ver. 573.] The rebellious clergy would in their prayers pretend to foretel things, to encourage people in their rebellion. I meet with the following inſtance in the prayers of Mr. George Swathe, miniſter of Denham in Suffolk: "O my good Lord God, I praiſe thee "for diſcovering the laſt week, in the day-time, a vi-"ſion, that there were two great armies about York, "one of the malignant party about the King, the "other party Parliament and profeſſors; and the bet-"ter ſide ſhould have help from Heaven againſt the "worſt;

As death of great men, alterations,
Diſeaſes, battles, inundations:
All this without th' eclipſe of th' ſun,
Or dreadful comet, he hath done
By inward light, a way as good,
And eaſy to be underſtood:
But with more lucky hit than thoſe
That uſe to make the ſtars depoſe,
Like Knights o' th' Poſt, and falſely charge
Upon themſelves what others forge;
As if they were conſenting to
All miſchiefs in the world men do:
Or, like the devil, did tempt and ſway 'em
To rogueries, and then betray 'em.
They 'll ſearch a planet's houſe, to know
Who broke and robb'd a houſe below;

Examine

" worſt; about, or at which inſtant of time, we heard " the ſoldiers at York had raiſed up a ſconce againſt " Hull, intending to plant fifteen pieces againſt Hull; " againſt which fort Sir John Hotham, Keeper of " Hull, by a garriſon, diſcharged four great ordnance, " and broke down their ſconce, and killed divers Ca- " valiers in it.—Lord, I praiſe thee for diſcovering this " victory, at the inſtant of time that it was done, to " my wife, which did then preſently confirm her droop- " ing heart, which the laſt week had been dejected " three or four days, and no arguments could comfort " her againſt the dangerous times approaching; but " when ſhe had prayed to be eſtabliſhed in faith in thee, " then preſently thou didſt, by this viſion, ſtrongly " poſſeſs her ſoul that thine and our enemies ſhould be " overcome."

Examine Venus, and the Moon,
Who ſtole a thimble or a ſpoon;
And though they nothing will confeſs,
Yet by their very looks can gueſs,
And tell what guilty aſpect bodes,
Who ſtole, and who receiv'd the goods:
They 'll queſtion Mars, and, by his look,
Detect who 'twas that nimm'd a cloke;
Make Mercury confeſs, and 'peach
Thoſe thieves which he himſelf did teach.
They 'll find, i' th' phyſiognomies
O' th' planets, all men's deſtinies;
Like him that took the doctor's bill,
And ſwallow'd it inſtead o' th' pill,
Caſt the nativity o' th' queſtion,
And from poſitions to be gueſt on,
As ſure as if they knew the moment
Of Native's birth, tell what will come on't.
They 'll feel the pulſes of the ſtars,
To find out agues, coughs, catarrhs,
And tell what criſis does divine
The rot in ſheep, or mange in ſwine;
In men, what gives or cures the itch,
What makes them cuckolds, poor or rich;
What gains or loſes, hangs or ſaves;
What makes men great, what fools or knaves:
But not what wiſe, for only' of thoſe
The ſtars (they ſay) cannot diſpoſe,
No more than can the aſtrologians:
There they ſay right, and like true Trojans.

This

This Ralpho knew, and therefore took
The other courſe, of which we ſpoke.
Thus was th' accompliſh'd Squire endued
With gifts and knowledge perilous ſhrewd:
Never did truſty ſquire with knight,
Or knight with ſquire, e'er jump more right.
Their arms and equipage did fit,
As well as virtues, parts, and wit:
Their valours, too, were of a rate,
And out they ſally'd at the gate.
Few miles on horſeback had they jogged;
But fortune unto them turn'd dogged;
For they a ſad adventure met,
Of which anon we mean to treat:
But ere we venture to unfold
Atchievements ſo reſolv'd and bold,
We ſhould, as learned poets uſe,
Invoke th' aſſiſtance of ſome Muſe;
However critics count it fillier
Than jugglers talking to familiar;
We think 'tis no great matter which,
They 're all alike, yet we ſhall pitch
On one that fits our purpoſe moſt,
Whom therefore thus do we accoſt.
Thou that with ale, or viler liquors,
Didſt inſpire Withers, Pryn, and Vickars,
And force them, though it was in ſpite
Of Nature, and their ſtars, to write;
Who (as we find in ſullen writs,
And croſs-grain'd works of modern wits)

With vanity, opinion, want,
The wonder of the ignorant,
The praiſes of the author, penn'd
B' himſelf, or wit-inſuring friend;
The itch of picture in the front,
With bays and wicked rhyme upon 't,
All that is left o' th' Forked hill
To make men ſcribble without ſkill;
Canſt make a poet, ſpite of Fate,
And teach all people to tranſlate,
Though out of languages in which
They underſtand no part of ſpeech;
Aſſiſt me but this once, I' mplore,
And I ſhall trouble thee no more.
In weſtern clime there is a town,
To thoſe that dwell therein well known,
Therefore there needs no more be ſaid here,
We unto them refer our reader;
For brevity is very good,
When w' are, or are not underſtood.
To this town people did repair
On days of market or of fair,

And

Ver. 665.] Brentford, which is eight miles weſt from London, is here probably meant, as may be gathered from Part II. Cant. iii. Ver. 995, &c. where he tells the Knight what befel him there:

And though you overcame the Bear,
The dogs beat you at Brentford fair,
Where ſturdy butchers broke your noddle.

And to crack'd fiddle and hoarſe tabor,
In merriment did drudge and labour:
But now a ſport more formidable
Had rak'd together village rabble;
'Twas an old way of recreating,
Which learned butchers call Bear-baiting;
A bold adventurous exerciſe,
With ancient heroes in high prize;
For authors do affirm it came
From Iſthmian or Nemæan game;
Others derive it from the Bear
That 's fix'd in northern hemiſphere,
And round about the pole does make
A circle, like a bear at ſtake,
That at the chain's end wheels about,
And overturns the rabble-rout:
For after ſolemn proclamation
In the bear's name (as is the faſhion
According

Ver. 678.] This game is uſhered into the Poem with more ſolemnity than thoſe celebrated ones in Homer and Virgil. As the Poem is only adorned with this game, and the Riding Skimmington, ſo it was incumbent on the Poet to be very particular and full in the deſcription: and may we not venture to affirm, they are exactly ſuitable to the nature of theſe adventures; and, conſequently, to a Briton, preferable to thoſe in Homer or Virgil?

Ver. 689, 690.] Alluding to the bull-running at Tutbury in Staffordſhire; where ſolemn proclamation was made by the Steward, before the bull was turned

According to the law of arms,
To keep men from inglorious harms)
That none preſume to come ſo near
As forty foot of ſtake of bear,
If any yet be ſo fool-hardy,
T' expoſe themſelves to vain jeopardy,
If they come wounded off, and lame,
No honour 's got by ſuch a maim,
Although the bear gain much, being bound
In honour to make good his ground
When he's engag'd, and takes no notice,
If any preſs upon him, who 'tis,
But lets them know, at their own coſt,
That he intends to keep his poſt.
This to prevent, and other harms,
Which always wait on feats of arms
(For in the hurry of a fray
'Tis hard to keep out of harm's way);
Thither the Knight his courſe did ſteer,
To keep the peace 'twixt Dog and Bear,
As he believ'd h' was bound to do
In conſcience and commiſſion too;
And therefore thus beſpoke the Squire:
We that are wiſely mounted higher

Than

looſe; "That all manner of perſons give way to the "bull, none being to come near him by forty foot, "any way to hinder the minſtrels, but to attend his or "their own ſafety, every one at his peril." See Dr. Plot's *Staffordſhire*.

Ver. 714.] This ſpeech is ſet down, as it was deli-

vered

Than conſtables in curule wit,
When on tribunal bench we ſit,
Like ſpeculators ſhould foreſee,
From Pharos of authority,
Portended miſchiefs farther than
Low Proletarian tything-men;
And therefore being inform'd by bruit
That Dog and Bear are to diſpute,
For ſo of late men fighting name,
Becauſe they often prove the ſame;
(For where the firſt does hap to be,
The laſt does *coincidere*)
Quantum in nobis, have thought good
To ſave th' expence of Chriſtian blood,

And

vered by the Knight, in his own words: but ſince it is below the gravity of Heroical poetry to admit of humour, but all men are obliged to ſpeak wiſely alike, and too much of ſo extravagant a folly would become tedious and impertinent, the reſt of his harangues have only his ſenſe expreſſed in other words, unleſs in ſome few places, where his own words could not be ſo well avoided.

Ver. 715.] Had that remarkable motion in the Houſe of Commons taken place, the Conſtables might have vied with Sir Hudibras for an equality at leaſt; "That it was neceſſary for the Houſe of Commons to "have a High Conſtable of their own, that will make "no ſcruple of laying his Majeſty by the heels;" but they proceeded not ſo far as to name any body; becauſe Harry Martyn (out of tenderneſs of conſcience in this particular) immediately quaſhed the motion, by ſaying, the power was too *great* for any man.

And try if we by mediation
Of treaty and accommodation,
Can end the quarrel, and compose
The bloody duel without blows.
Are not our liberties, our lives,
The laws, religion, and our wives,
Enough at once to lie at ſtake
For Covenant and the Cauſe's ſake?

But

Ver. 736.] This was the Solemn League and Covenant, which was firſt framed and taken by the Scottiſh Parliament, and by them ſent to the Parliament of England, in order to unite the two nations more cloſely in religion. It was received and taken by both Houſes, and by the City of London; and ordered to be read in all the churches throughout the kingdom; and every perſon was bound to give his conſent, by holding up his hand, at the reading of it.

Ibid.—*and Cauſe's ſake.*] Sir William Dugdale informs us that Mr. Bond, preaching at the Savoy, told his auditors from the pulpit, "That they ought to "contribute and pray, and do all they were able, to "bring in their brethren of Scotland for ſettling of "God's cauſe: I ſay (quoth he) this is God's cauſe; "and if our God hath any cauſe, this is it; and if "this be not God's cauſe, then God is no god for me; "but the Devil is got up into heaven." Mr. Calamy, in his ſpeech at Guildhall, 1643, ſays, "I may truly "ſay, as the Martyr did, that if I had as many lives "as hairs on my head, I would be willing to ſacrifice "all theſe lives in this cauſe;"

Which pluck'd down the King, the Church, and the Laws,
To ſet up an idol, then nick-nam'd The Cauſe,
Like Bell and Dragon to gorge their own maws;

as it is expreſſed in "The Rump Carbonaded."

But in that quarrel Dogs and Bears,
As well as we, muſt venture theirs?
This feud, by Jeſuits invented,
By evil counſel is fomented;
There is a Machiavilian plot,
(Though every nare olfact it not)
And deep deſign in 't to divide
The well-affected that conſide,
By ſetting brother againſt brother,
To claw and curry one another.
Have we not enemies *plus ſatis*,
That *cane & angue pejus* hate us?
And ſhall we turn our fangs and claws
Upon our own ſelves, without cauſe?
That ſome occult deſign doth lie
In bloody cynarctomachy,
Is plain enough to him that knows
How Saints lead Brothers by the noſe.
I wiſh myſelf a pſeudo-prophet,
But ſure ſome miſchief will come of it,
Unleſs by providential wit,
Or force, we averruncate it.
For what deſign, what intereſt,
Can beaſt have to encounter beaſt?
They fight for no eſpouſed Cauſe,
Frail Privilege, fundamental Laws,
Nor for a thorough Reformation,
Nor Covenant nor Proteſtation,

Nor liberty of Conſciences,
Nor Lords and Commons' Ordinances;
Nor for the Church, nor for Church-lands,
To get them in their own no hands;
Nor evil Counſellors to bring
To juſtice, that ſeduce the King;
Nor for the worſhip of us men,
Though we have done as much for them.
Th' Egyptians worſhip'd dogs, and for
Their faith made internecine war.
Others ador'd a rat, and ſome
For that church ſuffer'd martyrdom.
The Indians fought for the truth
Of th' elephant and monkey's tooth;
And many, to defend that faith,
Fought it out *mordicus* to death;
But no beaſt ever was ſo ſlight,
For man, as for his God, to fight.

They

Ver. 765.] *Nor* for free *Liberty of* Conſcience. Thus the two firſt editions read: the word *free* was left out in 1674, and all the ſubſequent editions; and Mr. Warburton thinks for the worſe; *free liberty* being a moſt beautiful and ſatirical periphraſis for licentiouſneſs, which is the idea the Author here intended to give us.

Ver. 766.] The King being driven from the Parliament, no legal acts of Parliament could be made; therefore when the Lords and Commons had agreed upon any bill, they publiſhed it, and required obedience to it, under the title of An Ordinance of Lords and Commons, and ſometimes, An Ordinance of Parliament.

They have more wit, alas! and know
Themſelves and us better than ſo:
But we, who only do infuſe
The rage in them like *boute-feux*,
'Tis our example that inſtils
In them th' infection of our ills.
For, as ſome late philoſophers
Have well obſerv'd, beaſts that converſe
With man take after him, as hogs
Get pigs all th' year, and bitches dogs.
Juſt ſo, by our example, cattle
Learn to give one another battle.
We read in Nero's time, the Heathen,
When they deſtroy'd the Chriſtian brethren,
They ſew'd them in the ſkins of bears,
And then ſet dogs about their ears;
From whence, no doubt, th' invention came
Of this lewd antichriſtian game.
To this, quoth Ralpho, Verily
The point ſeems very plain to me;
It is an antichriſtian game,
Unlawful both in thing and name.
Firſt, for the name; the word Bear-baiting
Is carnal, and of man's creating;
For certainly there 's no ſuch word
In all the Scripture on record;
Therefore unlawful, and a ſin;
And ſo is (ſecondly) The thing:
A vile aſſembly 'tis, that can
No more be prov'd by Scripture, than

Provincial,

Provincial, Claſſic, National,
Mere human creature-cobwebs all.
Thirdly, It is idolatrous;
For when men run a-whoring thus
With their inventions, whatſoe'er
The thing be, whether Dog or Bear,
It is idolatrous and Pagan,
No leſs than worſhiping of Dagon.
Quoth Hudibras, I ſmell a rat;
Ralpho, thou doſt prevaricate:
For though the theſis which thou lay'ſt
Be true *ad amuſſim*, as thou ſay'ſt;
(For that Bear-baiting ſhould appear
Jure divino lawfuller
Than Synods are, thou doſt deny
Totidem verbis, ſo do I)
Yet there 's a fallacy in this;
For if by ſly *homœoſis*,
Tuſſis pro crepitu, an art
Under a cough to ſlur a f—t,
Thou wouldſt ſophiſtically imply
Both are unlawful, I deny.
And I, quoth Ralpho, do not doubt
But Bear-baiting may be made out,
In goſpel-times, as lawful as is
Provincial or Parochial Claſſis;

And

v. 831, 832.] Theſe two lines left out in the edi-
674, 1684, 1689, 1700, and reſtored 1704.

And that both are ſo near of kin,
And like in all, as well as ſin,
That, put them in a bag, and ſhake them,
Yourſelf o' th' ſudden would miſtake them,
And not know which is which, unleſs
You meaſure by their wickedneſs;
For 'tis not hard t' imagine whether
O' th' two is worſt, though I name neither.
Quoth Hudibras, Thou offer'ſt much,
But art not able to keep touch.
Mira de lente, as 'tis i' th' adage,
Id eſt, to make a leek a cabbage;
Thou wilt at beſt but ſuck a bull,
Or ſhear ſwine, all cry, and no wool.
For what can Synods have at all,
With Bear that 's analogical?
Or what relation has debating
Of Church affairs with Bear-baiting?
A juſt compariſon ſtill is
Of things *ejuſdem generis*:

And

Ver. 851.] This and the following line thus altered 1674,

Thou canſt at beſt but overſtrain
A paradox, and thy own brain.

Thus they continued in the editions 1684, 1689, 1700. Reſtored in 1704, in the following blundering manner,

Thou 'lt be at beſt but ſuch a bull, &c.

and the blunder continued in all *the* editions till Dr. Gray's.

And then what genus rightly doth
Include and comprehend them both?
If animal, both of us may
As fitly yoke for bears as they;
For we are animals no less,
Although of different species.
But, Kalpho, this is no fit place,
Nor time, to argue out the case:
For now the field is not far off,
Where we must give the world a proof
Of deeds, not words, and such as suit
Another manner of dispute:
A controversy that affords
Actions for arguments, not words;
Which we must manage at a rate
Of prowess and conduct adequate
To what our place and fame doth promise,
And all the Godly expect from us.
Nor shall they be deceiv'd, unless
We 're flurr'd and outed by success;
Success, the mark no mortal wit,
Or surest hand, can always hit:
For whatso'er we perpetrate,
We do but row, w' are steer'd by Fate,
Which in success oft disinherits,
For spurious causes, noblest merits.

Great

Ver. 866. *Include*, &c.] in the two first editions of 1663,
Comprehend them inclusive both.
Ver. 869.] *is* likely, in the two first editions.

Great actions are not always true ſons
Of great and mighty reſolutions;
Nor do the bold'ſt attempts bring forth
Events ſtill equal to their worth;
But ſometimes fail, and in their ſtead
Fortune and cowardice ſucceed.
Yet we have no great cauſe to doubt,
Our actions ſtill have borne us out;
Which though they 're known to be ſo ample,
We need not copy from example;
We 're not the only perſon durſt
Attempt this province, nor the firſt.
In northern clime a valourous knight
Did whilom kill his Bear in fight,
And wound a Fiddler: we have both
Of theſe the objects of our wroth,
And equal fame and glory from
Th' attempt, or victory to come.
'Tis ſung there is a valiant Mamaluke,
In foreign land yclep'd ——— ;
To whom we have been oft compar'd
For perſon, parts, addreſs, and beard;
Both equally reputed ſtout,
And in the ſame cauſe both have fought;

He

Ver. 904.] The writers of the *General Hiſtorical Dictionary*, vol. vi. p. 291, imagine, "That the chaſm "here is to be filled with the words *Sir Samuel Luke*, "becauſe the line before it is of ten ſyllables, and the "meaſure of the verſe generally uſed in this Poem is "of eight."

He oft in ſuch attempts as theſe
Came off with glory and ſucceſs:
Nor will we fail in th' execution,
For want of equal reſolution.
Honour is like a widow, won
With briſk attempt and putting on;
With entering manfully, and urging;
Not ſlow approaches, like a virgin.
This ſaid, as erſt the Phrygian knight,
So our's, with ruſty ſteel did ſmite
His Trojan horſe, and juſt as much
He mended pace upon the touch;
But from his empty ſtomach groan'd
Juſt as that hollow beaſt did ſound,
And angry anſwer'd from behind,
With brandiſh'd tail and blaſt of wind.
So have I ſeen, with armed heel,
A wight beſtride a Common-weal,
While ſtill, the more he kick'd and ſpurr'd,
The leſs the ſullen jade has ſtirr'd.

HUDIBRAS.

PART I. CANTO II.

THE ARGUMENT.

The catalogue and character
Of th' enemies beſt men of war,
Whom, in a bold harangue, the Knight
Defies, and challenges to fight:
H' encounters Talgol, routs the Bear,
And takes the Fiddler priſoner,
Conveys him to inchanted caſtle,
There ſhuts him faſt in wooden Baſtile.

THERE was an ancient ſage philoſopher
That had read Alexander Roſs over,
And ſwore the world, as he could prove,
Was made of fighting and of love.
Juſt ſo Romances are, for what elſe
Is in them all but love and battles?
O' th' firſt of theſe w' have no great matter
To treat of, but a world o' th' latter,
In which to do the injur'd right,
We mean in what concerns juſt fight,

Certes

Certes our authors are to blame,
For to make ſome well-ſounding name
A pattern fit for modern knights
To copy out in frays and fights
(Like thoſe that a whole ſtreet do raze
To build a palace in the place)
They never care how many others
They kill, without regard of mothers,
Or wives, or children, ſo they can
Make up ſome fierce, dead-doing man,
Compos'd of many ingredient valours,
Juſt like the manhood of nine tailors:
So a wild Tartar, when he ſpies
A man that 's handſome, valiant, wiſe,
If he can kill him, thinks t' inherit
His wit, his beauty, and his ſpirit;
As if juſt ſo much he enjoy'd,
As in another is deſtroy'd:
For when a giant 's ſlain in fight,
And mow'd o'erthwart, or cleft downright,
It is a heavy caſe, no doubt,
A man ſhould have his brains beat out,
Becauſe he 's tall, and has large bones,
As men kill beavers for their ſtones.
But as for our part, we ſhall tell
The naked truth of what befel,
And as an equal friend to both
The Knight and Bear, but more to Troth,
With neither faction ſhall take part,
But give to each his due deſert,

And never coin a formal lie on 't,
To make the knight o'ercome the giant.
This b'ing profeſt, we've hopes enough,
And now go on where we left off.
They rode, but authors having not
Determin'd whether pace or trot,
(That is to ſay, whether tollutation,
As they do term 't, or ſuccuſſation)
We leave it, and go on, as now
Suppoſe they did, no matter how;
Yet ſome, from ſubtle hints, have got
Myſterious light it was a trot:
But let that paſs; they now begun
To ſpur their living engines on:
For as whipp'd tops and bandy'd balls,
The learned hold, are animals;
So horſes they affirm to be
Mere engines made by Geometry,
And were invented firſt from engines,
As Indian Britains were from Penguins.
So let them be, and, as I was ſaying,
They their live engines ply'd, not ſtaying
Until they reach'd the fatal champain
Which th' enemy did then encamp on;
The dire Pharſalian plain, where battle
Was to be wag'd 'twixt puiſſant cattle
And fierce auxiliary men,
That came to aid their brethren;
Who now began to take the field,
As Knight from ridge of ſteed *beheld*.

For as our modern wits behold,
Mounted a pick-back on the old,
Much further off, much further he,
Rais'd on his aged beaſt, could ſee;
Yet not ſufficient to deſcry
All poſtures of the enemy:
Wherefore he bids the Squire ride further,
T' obſerve their numbers and their order,
That when their motions he had known,
He might know how to fit his own.
Meanwhile he ſtopp'd his willing ſteed,
To fit himſelf for martial deed:
Both kinds of metal he prepar'd,
Either to give blows or to ward;
Courage and ſteel, both of great force,
Prepar'd for better or for worſe.
His death-charg'd piſtols he did fit well,
Drawn out from life-preſerving vittle.
Theſe being prim'd, with force he labour'd
To free 's ſword from retentive ſcabbard;
And after many a painful pluck,
From ruſty durance he bail'd tuck:

Then

Ver. 74. *Rais'd* on, &c.] *From off*, in the two firſt editions of 1663.

Ver. 85, 86.] Thus altered, 1674,

Courage within, and ſteel without,
To give and to receive a rout.

Ver. 92.] Thus altered, 1674,

He clear'd at length the rugged tuck.

Then ſhook himſelf, to ſee that proweſs
In ſcabbard of his arms ſat looſe;
And, rais'd upon his deſperate foot,
On ſtirrup-ſide he gaz'd about,
Portending blood, like blazing ſtar,
The beacon of approaching war.
Ralpho rode on with no leſs ſpeed
Than Hugo in the foreſt did;
But far more in returning made;
For now the foe he had ſurvey'd,
Rang'd, as to him they did appear,
With van, main-battle, wings, and rear.
I' th' head of all this warlike rabble,
Crowdero march'd, expert and able.

Inſtead

Ver. 99, 100.] Thus altered in the edition of 1674,

The Squire advanc'd with greater ſpeed
Than could b' expected from his ſteed.

Reſtored in 1704.

Ver. 101, 102.] *But* with a great deal *more* return'd —*For now the foe he had* diſcern'd—In the two firſt editions of 1663.

Ver. 106.] So called, from *croud*, a fiddle. This was one Jackſon, a milliner, who lived in the New Exchange in the Strand. He had formerly been in the ſervice of the Roundheads, and had loſt a leg in it; this brought him to decay, ſo that he was obliged to ſcrape upon a fiddle, from one alehouſe to another, for his bread. Mr. Butler very judiciouſly places him at the head of his catalogue; for country diverſions are generally attended with a fiddler or bagpiper. I would

This leader was of knowledge great,
Either for charge or for retreat;
He knew when to fall on pell-mell,
To fall back, and retreat as well.
So lawyers, left the Bear defendant,
And plaintiff Dog, should make an end on't,
Do ſtave and tail with Writs of Error,
Reverſe of Judgment, and Demurrer,
To let them breathe a while, and then
Cry Whoop, and ſet them on again.
As Romulus a wolf did rear,
So he was dry-nurs'd by a bear,
That fed him with the purchas'd prey
Of many a fierce and bloody fray;
Bred up, where diſcipline moſt rare is,
In military garden Paris:
For ſoldiers, heretofore, did grow
In gardens juſt as weeds do now,
Until ſome ſplay-foot politicians
T' Apollo offer'd up petitions
For licenſing a new invention
They 'ad found out of an antique engine,
To root out all the weeds, that grow
In public gardens, at a blow,

And

Ver. 159, 160.] Thus altered in the edition of 1674,

Knew when t' engage his bear pell-mell,
And when to bring him off as well.

Pell-mell, i. e. confuſedly, without order.

And leave th' herbs ſtanding. Quoth Sir Sun,
My friends, that is not to be done.
Not done! quoth Stateſman; Yes, an 't pleaſe ye,
When 'tis once known, you 'll ſay 'tis eaſy.
Why then let 's know it, quoth Apollo:
We 'll beat a drum, and they 'll all follow.
A drum! (quoth Phœbus) Troth that 's true,
A pretty invention, quaint and new:
But though of voice and inſtrument
We are th' undoubted preſident,
We ſuch loud muſic do not profeſs,
The Devil 's maſter of that office,
Where it muſt paſs; if 't be a drum,
He 'll ſign it with *Cler. Parl. Dom. Com.*;
To him apply yourſelves, and he
Will ſoon diſpatch you for his fee.
They did ſo; but it prov'd ſo ill,
They 'ad better let them grow there ſtill.
But to reſume what we diſcourſing
Were on before, that is, ſtout Orſin;
That which ſo oft by ſundry writers
Has been apply'd t' almoſt all fighters,
More juſtly may be aſcrib'd to this
Than any other warrior, *(viz.)*

None

Ver. 194.] The Houſe of Commons, even before the Rump had murdered the King, and expelled the Houſe of Lords, uſurped many branches of the Royal Prerogative, and particularly this for granting licences for new inventions.

None ever acted both parts bolder,
Both of a chieftain and a ſoldier.
He was of great deſcent, and high
For ſplendour and antiquity,
And from celeſtial origine
Deriv'd himſelf in a right line;
Not as the ancient heroes did,
Who, that their baſe-births might be hid
(Knowing they were of doubtful gender,
And that they came in at a windore)
Made Jupiter himſelf, and others
O' th' Gods, gallants to their own mothers,
To get on them a race of champions
(Of which old Homer firſt made lampoons)
Arctophylax, in northern ſphere,
Was his undoubted anceſtor;
From him his great forefathers came,
And in all ages bore his name:
Learn'd he was in med'cinal lore,
For by his ſide a pouch he wore,
Replete with ſtrange hermetic powder,
That wounds nine miles point-blank would ſolder;
By ſkilful chemiſt, with great coſt,
Extracted from a rotten poſt;
But of a heavenlier influence
Than that which mountebanks diſpenſe;

Though

Ver. 211.] This is one inſtance of the Author's making great things little, though his talent lay chiefly the other way.

Though by Promethean fire made,
As they do quack that drive that trade.
For as when ſlovens do amiſs
At others' doors, by ſtool or piſs,
The learned write, a red-hot ſpit
B'ing prudently apply'd to it,
Will convey miſchief from the dung
Unto the part that did the wrong;
So this did healing, and as ſure
As that did miſchief, this would cure.

Thus virtuous Orſin was endued
With learning, conduct, fortitude,
Incomparable; and as the prince
Of poets, Homer, ſung long ſince,
A ſkilful leech is better far
Than half a hundred men of war;
So he appear'd, and by his ſkill,
No leſs than dint of ſword, could kill.

The gallant Bruin march'd next him,
With viſage formidably grim,
And rugged as a Saracen,
Or Turk of Mahomet's own kin,
Clad in a mantle *della guerre*
Of rough impenetrable fur;
And in his noſe, like Indian king,
He wore, for ornament, a ring;
About his neck a threefold gorget,
As rough as trebled leathern target;

Armed,

Ver. 238. *Unto the* part, &c.] Unto the *breech*, in the two firſt editions *1663*.

Armed, as heralds, cant and langued,
Or, as the vulgar ſay, ſharp-fanged:
For as the teeth in beaſts of prey
Are ſwords, with which they fight in fray,
So ſwords, in men of war, are teeth
Which they do eat their victle with.
He was by birth, ſome authors write,
A Ruſſian, ſome a Muſcovite,
And 'mong the Coſſacks had been bred,
Of whom we in Diurnals read,
That ſerve to fill up pages here,
As with their bodies ditches there.
Scrimanſky was his couſin-german,
With whom he ſerv'd, and fed on vermin;
And when theſe fail'd, he 'd ſuck his claws,
And quarter himſelf upon his paws:
And though his countrymen, the Huns,
Did ſtew their meat between their bums
And th' horſes' backs o'er which they ſtraddle,
And every man ate up his ſaddle;
He was not half ſo nice as they,
But ate it raw when 't came in 's way.
He 'ad trac'd the countries far and near,
More than Le Blanc the traveller,
Who writes, he ſpous'd in India,
Of noble houſe, a lady gay,
And got on her a race of worthies
As ſtout as any upon earth is.
Full many a fight for him between
Talgol and Orſin oft had been,

Each

Each ſtriving to deſerve the crown
Of a ſav'd citizen; the one
To guard his Bear, the other fought
To aid his Dog; both made more ſtout
By ſeveral ſpurs of neighbourhood,
Church fellow-membership, and blood;
But Talgol, mortal foe to cows,
Never got aught of him but blows;
Blows hard and heavy, ſuch as he
Had lent, repaid with uſury.
Yet Talgol was of courage ſtout,
And vanquiſh'd oftener than he fought;
Inur'd to labour, ſweat, and toil,
And, like a champion, ſhone with oil:
Right many a widow his keen blade,
And many fatherleſs, had made;
He many a boar and huge dun-cow
Did, like another Guy, o'erthrow;
But Guy with him in fight compar'd,
Had like the boar or dun-cow far'd:
With greater troops of ſheep h' had fought
Than Ajax or bold Don Quixote;
And many a ſerpent of fell kind,
With wings before and ſtings behind,
Subdued; as poets ſay, long agone,
Bold Sir George, Saint George, did the Dragon.

Not

Ver. 299.] A butcher in Newgate-market, who afterwards obtained a captain's commiſſion for his valiant bravery at Naſeby, as Sir R. L'Eſtrange obſerves.

A bold virago, ſtout and tall,
As Joan of France, or Engliſh Mall:
Through perils both of wind and limb,
Through thick and thin ſhe follow'd him
In every adventure h' undertook,
And never him or it forſook:
At breach of wall, or hedge ſurpriſe,
She ſhar'd i' th' hazard and the prize;
At beating quarters up, or forage,
Behav'd herſelf with matchleſs courage,
And laid about in fight more buſily
Than th' Amazonian Dame Pentheſile.
And though ſome critics here cry ſhame,
And ſay our authors are to blame,
That (ſpite of all philoſophers,
Who hold no females ſtout but bears,
And heretofore did ſo abhor
That women ſhould pretend to war,
They would not ſuffer the ſtout'ſt dame
To ſwear by Hercules's name)
Make feeble ladies, in their works,
To fight like termagants and Turks;

To

Ver. 368.] Alluding, probably, to Mary Carlton, called *Kentiſh Moll*, but more commonly *The German Princeſs*; a perſon notorious at the time this Firſt Part of Hudibras was publiſhed. She was tranſported to Jamaica 1671; but returning from tranſportation too ſoon, ſhe was hanged at Tyburn Jan. 22, 1672-3.

Ver. 382.] This and the three following lines not *in the two firſt editions* of 1663.

To lay their native arms aſide,
Their modeſty, and ride aſtride;
To run a-tilt at men, and wield
Their naked tools in open field;
As ſtout Armida, bold Thaleſtris,
And ſhe that would have been the miſtreſs
Of Gundibert, but he had grace,
And rather took a country laſs;
They ſay 'tis falſe without all ſenſe,
But of pernicious conſequence
To government, which they ſuppoſe
Can never be upheld in proſe;
Strip Nature naked to the ſkin,
You 'll find about her no ſuch thing.
It may be ſo, yet what we tell
Of Trulla, that 's improbable,
Shall be depos'd by thoſe have ſeen 't,
Or, what's as good, produc'd in print;
And if they will not take our word,
We 'll prove it true upon record.
The upright Cerdon next advanc't,
Of all his race the valiant'ſt:

Cerdon

Ver. 409. *Cerdon*] A one-eyed cobler, like his brother Colonel Hewſon. The Poet obſerves, that his chief talent lay in preaching. Is it not then indecent, and beyond the rules of decorum, to introduce him into ſuch rough company? No; it is probable he had but newly ſet up the trade of a Teacher; and we may conclude that the Poet did not think that he had ſo much ſanctity as to debar him the pleaſure of his beloved diverſion of Bear-baiting.

Cerdon the Great, renown'd in ſong,
Like Herc'les, for repair of wrong:
He rais'd the low, and fortify'd
The weak againſt the ſtrongeſt ſide:
Ill has he read that never hit
On him in Muſes' deathleſs writ.
He had a weapon keen and fierce,
That through a bull-hide ſhield would pierce,
And cut it in a thouſand pieces,
Though tougher than the Knight of Greece's,
With whom his black-thumb'd anceſtor
Was comrade in the ten-years' war:
For when the reſtleſs Greeks ſat down
So many years before Troy town,
And were renown'd, as Homer writes,
For well-ſol'd boots no leſs than fights,
They ow'd that glory only to
His anceſtor, that made them ſo:
Faſt friend he was to Reformation,
Until 'twas worn quite out of faſhion;
Next rectifier of wry law,
And would make three to cure one flaw.
Learned he was, and could take note,
Tranſcribe, collect, tranſlate, and quote:
But preaching was his chiefeſt talent,
Or argument, in which being valiant,

He

Ver. 435.] Mechanics of all ſorts were then Preachers, and ſome of them much followed and admired

He us'd to lay about and ſtickle,
Like ram or bull at Conventicle:

For

mired by the mob. "I am to tell thee, Chriſtian "Reader," (ſays Dr. Featley, preface to his *Dipper dipp'd*, wrote 1645, and publiſhed 1647, p. 1.) "This "new year of new changes, never heard of in former "ages, namely, of ſtables turned into temples, and I "will beg leave to add, temples turned into ſtables "(as was that of St. Paul's, and many more), ſtalls "into quires, ſhopboards into communion-tables, tubs "into pulpits, aprons into linen ephods, and mecha-"nics of the loweſt rank into prieſts of the high places. "—I wonder that our door-poſts and walls ſweat not, "upon which ſuch notes as theſe have been lately af-"fixed; on ſuch a day, ſuch a brewer's clerk exer-"ciſeth; ſuch a tailor expoundeth; ſuch a waterman "teacheth.—If cooks, inſtead of mincing their meat, "fall upon dividing of the Word; if tailors leap up "from the ſhopboard into the pulpit, and patch up "ſermons out of ſtolen ſhreds; if not only of the loweſt "of the people, as in Jeroboam's time, prieſts are con-"ſecrated to the Moſt High God—Do we marvel to "ſee ſuch confuſion in the Church as there is!" They are humourouſly girded in a tract entitled, *The Reformado, preciſely character'd, by a modern Church-warden*, p. 11. "Here are felt-makers (ſays he) who can "roundly deal with the blockheads and neutral dimi-"caſters of the world; coblers who can give good "rules for upright walking, and handle Scripture to a "briſtle; coachmen who know how to laſh the beaſtly "enormities, and curb the headſtrong inſolences of "this brutiſh age, ſtoutly exhorting us to ſtand up for "the truth, leſt the wheel of deſtruction roundly over-"run us. We have weavers that can ſweetly inform

For diſputants, like rams and bulls,
Do fight with arms that ſpring from ſculls.
Laſt Colon came, bold man of war,
Deſtin'd to blows by fatal ſtar;
Right expert in command of horſe,
But cruel, and without remorſe.
That which of Centaur long ago
Was ſaid, and has been wreſted to
Some other knights, was true of this,
He and his horſe were of a piece;
One ſpirit did inform them both,
The ſelf-ſame vigour, fury, wroth:
Yet he was much the rougher part,
And always had a harder heart,
Although his horſe had been of thoſe
That fed on man's fleſh, as ſame goes:
Strange food for horſe! and, yet, alas!
It may be true, for fleſh is graſs.
Sturdy he was, and no leſs able
Than Hercules to clean a ſtable;

As

" us of the ſhuttle ſwiftneſs of the times, and practi-
" cally tread out the viciſſitude of all ſublunary things
" till the web of our life be cut off: and here are me-
" chanics, of my profeſſion, who can ſeparate the
" pieces of ſalvation from thoſe of damnation, mea-
" ſure out every man's portion, and cut it out by a
" thread, ſubſtantially preſſing the points, till they
" have faſhionably filled up their work with a well-bot-
" tomed concluſion."

ver. 441. *Colon.*] Ned Perry, an hoſtler.

As great a drover, and as great
A critic too, in hog or neat.
He ripp'd the womb up of his mother,
Dame Tellus, 'cauſe ſhe wanted fother,
And provender, wherewith to feed
Himſelf and his leſs cruel ſteed.
It was a queſtion whether he
Or 's horſe were of a family
More worſhipful; till antiquaries
(After they 'ad almoſt por'd out their eyes)
Did very learnedly decide
The buſineſs on the horſe's ſide,
And prov'd not only horſe, but cows,
Nay pigs, were of the elder houſe:
For beaſts, when man was but a piece
Of earth himſelf, did th' earth poſſeſs.
Theſe worthies were the chief that led
The combatants, each in the head
Of his command, with arms and rage
Ready, and longing to engage.
The numerous rabble was drawn out
Of ſeveral counties round about,
From villages remote, and ſhires
Of eaſt and weſtern hemiſpheres.
From foreign pariſhes and regions,
Of different manners, ſpeech, religions,
Came men and maſtiffs; ſome to fight
For fame and honour, ſome for ſight.
And now the field of death, the liſts,
Were enter'd by antagoniſts,

And blood was ready to be broach'd,
When Hudibras in haſte approach'd,
With Squire and weapons to attack them;
But firſt thus from his horſe beſpake them.
What rage, O Citizens! what fury
Doth you to theſe dire actions hurry?
What œſtrum, what phrenetic mood
Makes you thus laviſh of your blood,
While the proud Vies your trophies boaſt
And unreveng'd walks Waller's ghoſt?
What towns, what garriſons, might you,
With hazard of this blood, ſubdue,
Which now y' are bent to throw away
In vain untriumphable fray?
Shall ſaints in civil bloodſhed wallow
Of ſaints, and let the Cauſe lie fallow?
The Cauſe, for which we fought and ſwore
So boldly, ſhall we now give o'er?
Then becauſe quarrels ſtill are ſeen
With oaths and ſwearings to begin,
The Solemn League and Covenant
Will ſeem a mere God-dam-me rant,
And

Ver. 495.] *Oeſtrum* ſignifies the gad-bee or horſe-fly.

Ver. 497.] Sir W. Waller was defeated at the Deviſes.

Ver. 503, 504.] Mr. Walker obſerves, "That all "the cheating, covetous, ambitious perſons of the "land, were united together under the title of the "Godly, the Saints, and ſhared the fat of the land "between them;" and he calls them the Saints who *were canonized no* where but in the Devil's Calendar.

And we that took it, and have fought,
As lewd as drunkards that fall out:
For as we make war for the King
Against himself, the self-same thing,
Some will not stick to swear, we do
For God and for Religion too;
For if Bear-baiting we allow,
What good can Reformation do?
The blood and treasure that 's laid out
Is thrown away, and goes for nought.
Are these the fruits o' th' Protestation,
The prototype of Reformation,
Which all the saints, and some, since martyrs,
Wore in their hats like wedding-garters,
When 'twas resolv'd by either House
Six Members' quarrel to espouse?
Did they, for this, draw down the rabble,
With zeal and noises formidable,
And make all cries about the Town
Join throats to cry the Bishops down?

Ver. 513, 514.] The Presbyterians, in all their wars against the King, maintained still, That they fought for him: for they pretended to distinguish his political person from his natural one; his political person, they said, must be, and was, with the Parliament, though his natural person was at war with them.

Ver. 532.] Good Lord (says the True Informer, p. [illegible]) 'what a deal of dirt was thrown [illegible] [illegible] —what infamous ballads were [illegible] [illegible] of epidemical hatred [illegible] [illegible] over them. So far, that a dog with a [illegible] and white face was called a Bishop.'

Who having round begirt the palace
(As once a month they do the gallows)
As Members gave the ſign about,
Set up their throats with hideous ſhout.
When tinkers bawl'd aloud to ſettle
Church-Diſcipline, for patching kettle;
No ſow-gelder did blow his horn
To geld a cat, but cry'd Reform;
The oyſter-women lock'd their fiſh up,
And trudg'd away, to cry No Biſhop;
The mouſe-trap-men laid ſave-alls by,
And 'gainſt Ev'l Counſellors did cry;
Botchers left old cloaths in the lurch,
And fell to turn and patch the Church;
Some cry'd the Covenant, inſtead
Of pudding-pies and ginger-bread;
And ſome for brooms, old boots, and ſhoes,
Bawl'd out to purge the Common-Houſe:
Inſtead of kitchen-ſtuff, ſome cry
A Goſpel-preaching Miniſtry;
And ſome for old ſuits, coats, or cloak,
No Surplices nor Service-book:
A ſtrange harmonious inclination
Of all degrees to Reformation.

And

Ver. 553, 554.] Thoſe flights, which ſeem moſt extravagant in our Poet, were really excelled by matter of fact. The Scots (in their *Large Declaration*, 1637, p. 41.) begin their petition againſt the Common Prayer-book thus:—"We men, women, and children, "and ſervants, having conſidered, &c." *Foulis's Hiſt. of Wicked Plots.*

And is this all? Is this the end
To which these Carryings-on did tend?
Hath Public Faith, like a young heir,
For this tak'n up all sorts of ware,
And run int' every tradesman's book,
Till both turn'd bankrupts, and are broke?
Did Saints, for this, bring in their plate,
And crowd as if they came too late?
For when they thought the Cause had need on't,
Happy was he that cou'd be rid on't.
Did they coin pis-pots, bowls, and flaggons,
Int' officers of horse and dragoons?
And into pikes and musqueteers
Stamp beakers, cups, and porringers?
A thimble, bodkin, and a spoon,
Did start up living men, as soon
As in the furnace they were thrown,
Just like the dragon's teeth being sown.
Then was the Cause of gold and plate,
The Brethrens' offerings, consecrate,
Like th' Hebrew calf, and down before it
The Saints fell prostrate, to adore it:
So say the Wicked—and will you
Make that sarcasmous scandal true,
By running after Dogs and Bears,
Beasts more unclean than calves or steers?
Have powerful Preachers ply'd their tongues,
And laid themselves out and their lungs;
Us'd all means, both direct and sin'ster,
I' th' power of Gospel-preaching Min'ster?

Have they invented tones to win
The women, and make them draw in
The men, as Indians with a female
Tame elephant inveigle the male?
Have they told Prov'dence what it muſt do,
Whom to avoid, and whom to truſt to?
Diſcover'd

Ver. 589.] It was a common practice to inform God of the tranſactions of the times. "Oh, my good Lord "God (ſays Mr. G. Swathe, *Prayers*, p. 12.) I hear "the King hath ſet up his ſtandard at York againſt "the Parliament and city of London.—Look thou "upon them, take their cauſe into thine own hand; "appear thou in the cauſe of thy Saints, the cauſe in "hand—It is thy cauſe, Lord. We know that the "King is miſled, deluded, and deceived by his Popiſh, "Arminian, and temporizing, rebellious malignant "faction and party, &c."—"They would (ſays Dr. "Echard) in their prayers and ſermons tell God, that "they would be willing to be at any charge or trouble "for him, and to do, as it were, any kindneſs for the "Lord; the Lord might now truſt them, and rely upon "them, they ſhould not fail him: they ſhould not be "unmindful of his buſineſs; his work ſhould not ſtand "ſtill, nor his deſigns be neglected. They muſt needs "ſay, that they had formerly received ſome favours "from God, and have been, as it were, beholden to "the Almighty; but they did not much queſtion but "they ſhould find ſome opportunity of making ſome "amends for the many good things, and (as I may "ſo ſay) civilities which they had received from him. "Indeed, as for thoſe that are weak in the Faith, and "are yet but babes in Chriſt, it is fit that they ſhould "keep at ſome diſtance from God, ſhould kneel before "him, and ſtand (as I may ſay) cap in hand to the

Diſcover'd the Enemy's deſign,
And which way beſt to countermine?
Preſcrib'd what ways it hath to work,
Or it will ne'er advance the Kirk?
Told it the news o' th' laſt expreſs,
And after good or bad ſucceſs
Made prayers, not ſo like petitions
As overtures and propoſitions
(Such as the Army did preſent
To their Creator, the Parl'ament);
In which they freely will confeſs,
They will not, cannot acquieſce,
Unleſs

"Almighty: but as for thoſe that are ſtrong in all "Gifts, and grown up in all Grace, and are come to "a fulneſs and ripeneſs in the Lord Jeſus, it is comely "enough to take a great chair, and ſit at the end of the "table, and, with their cock'd hats on their heads, "to ſay, God, we thought it not amiſs to call upon "thee this evening, and let thee know how affairs "ſtand; we have been very watchful ſince we were "laſt with thee; and they are in a very hopeful con-"dition; we hope that thou wilt not forget us; for we "are very thoughtful of thy concerns: we do ſome-"what long to hear from thee; and if thou pleaſeſt to "give us ſuch a thing (*Victory*), we ſhall be (as I "may ſo ſay) good to thee in ſomething elſe when it "lies in our way." See a remarkable Scotch Prayer much to the ſame purpoſe, *Scourge*, by Mr. Lewis, No. xvi. p. 130. edit. 1717.

Ver. 602.] Alluding, probably, to their ſaucy expoſtulations with God from the pulpit. Mr. Vines, in St. Clement's Church, near Temple-bar, uſed the following

Unleſs the work be carry'd on
In the ſame way they have begun,
By ſetting Church and Common-weal
All on a flame, bright as their zeal,
On which the Saints were all agog,
And all this for a Bear and Dog?
The Parl'ament drew up petitions
To 'tſelf, and ſent them, like commiſſions,
To well-affected perſons, down
In every city and great town,
With power to levy horſe and men,
Only to bring them back agen?
For this did many, many a mile,
Ride manfully in rank and file,

With

following words: "O Lord, thou haſt never given us "a victory this long while, for all our frequent faſt- "ing: what doſt thou mean, O Lord, to fling into a "ditch, and there to leave us?" And one *Robinſon*, in his Prayer at Southampton, Aug. 25, 1642, expreſſed himſelf in the following manner: "O God, "O God, many are the hands that are lift up againſt "us: but there is one God, it is thou thyſelf, O Fa- "ther, who does us more miſchief than they all." They ſeemed to encourage this ſaucineſs in their public ſermons. "Gather upon God (ſays Mr. R. Harris, "*Faſt Sermon before the Commons*) and hold him to it "as Jacob did; preſs him with his precepts, with his "promiſes, with his hand, with his ſeal, with his oath, "till we do ἀναιδευεσθαι, as ſome Greek Fathers boldly "ſpeak: that is, if I may ſpeak it reverently enough, "put the Lord out of countenance; put him, as you "would ſay, to the bluſh, unleſs we be maſters of our "*requeſts.*"

With papers in their hats, that ſhow'd
As if they to the pillory rode?
Have all theſe courſes, theſe efforts,
Been try'd by people of all ſorts,
Velis & remis, omnibus nervis,
And all t' advance the Cauſe's ſervice,
And ſhall all now be thrown away
In petulant inteſtine fray?
Shall we, that in the Covenant ſwore,
Each man of us, to run before
Another ſtill in Reformation,
Give Dogs and Bears a diſpenſation?
How will Diſſenting Brethren reliſh it?
What will Malignants ſay? *Videlicet*,
That each man ſwore to do his beſt
To damn and perjure all the reſt?
And bid the Devil take the hin'moſt
Which at this race is like to win moſt.
They 'll ſay our buſineſs, to Reform
The Church and State, is but a worm;
For to ſubſcribe, unſight, unſeen,
T' an unknown Church-diſcipline,
What is it elſe, but before-hand
T' engage, and after underſtand?
For when we ſwore to carry on
The preſent Reformation,
According to the pureſt mode
Of churches beſt-reform'd abroad,
What did we elſe but make a vow
To do we know not what, nor how?

For

For no three of us will agree
Where, or what churches theſe ſhould be;
And is indeed the ſelf-ſame caſe
With theirs that ſwore *et cæteras*;
Of the French League, in which men vow'd
To fight to the laſt drop of blood.
Theſe ſlanders will be thrown upon
The Cauſe and Work we carry on,
If we permit men to run headlong
T' exorbitances fit for Bedlam,
Rather than Goſpel-walking times,
When ſlighteſt ſins are greateſt crimes.
But we the matter ſo ſhall handle,
As to remove that odious ſcandal:
In name of King and Parl'ament,
I charge you all, no more foment
This feud, but keep the peace between
Your brethren and your countrymen,
And to thoſe places ſtraight repair
Where your reſpective dwellings are.

But

Ver. 651.] The Holy League in France, deſigned and made for the extirpation of the Proteſtant religion, was the original out of which the Solemn League and Covenant here was (with difference only of circumſtances) moſt faithfully tranſcribed. Nor did the ſucceſs of both differ more than the intent and purpoſe; for, after the deſtruction of vaſt numbers of people of all ſorts, both ended with the murder of two kings, whom they had both ſworn to defend. And as our Covenanters ſwore every man to run one before another in the way of Reformation, ſo did the French, in the Holy League, to fight to the laſt drop of blood.

But to that purpoſe firſt ſurrender
The Fiddler, as the prime offender,
Th' incendiary vile, that is chief
Author and engineer of miſchief;
That makes diviſion between friends,
For profane and malignant ends.
He and that engine of vile noiſe,
On which illegally he plays,
Shall *(dictum factum)* both be brought
To condign pun'ſhment, as they ought.
This muſt be done, and I would fain ſee
Mortal ſo ſturdy as to gainſay;

For

Ver. 673—676.] The threatening puniſhment to the Fiddle, was much like the threats of the pragmatical troopers to puniſh Ralph Dobbin's waggon, *Plain Dealer*, vol. I. "I was driving (ſays he) into a town "upon the 29th of May, where my waggon was to "dine: there came up in a great rage ſeven or eight "of the troopers that were quartered there, and aſked "'What I buſhed out my horſes for?' I told them, "'To drive flies away.' But they ſaid, 'I was a Ja-"cobite raſcal; that my horſes were guilty of high trea-"ſon, and my waggon ought to be hanged.'—I an-"ſwered, 'It was already drawn, and within a yard "or two of being quartered; but as to being hanged, "it was a compliment we had no occaſion for, and "therefore deſired them to take it back again, and "keep it in their own hands, till they had an oppor-"tunity to make uſe of it.'—I had no ſooner ſpoke "theſe words, but they fell upon me like thunder, "ſtript my cattle in a twinkling, and beat me black "and blue with my own oak-branches."

For then I'll take another courſe,
And ſoon reduce you all by force.,
This ſaid, he clapt his hand on ſword;
To ſhew he meant to keep his word.
But Talgol, who had long ſuppreſt
Inflamed wrath in glowing breaſt,
Which now began to rage and burn as
Implacably as flame in furnace,
Thus anſwer'd him: Thou vermin wretched,
As e'er in meaſled pork was hatched;
Thou tail of Worſhip, that doſt grow
On rump of juſtice as of cow;
How dar'ſt thou with that ſullen luggage
O' th'ſelf, old ir'n, and other baggage,
With which thy ſteed of bones and leather
Has broke his wind in halting hither;
How durſt th'; I ſay, adventure thus
T' oppoſe thy lumber againſt us?
Could thine impertinence find out
No work t' employ itſelf about,
Where thou, ſecure from wooden blow,
Thy buſy vanity might ſhow?

Was

Ver. 683, 684.] It way be aſked, Why Talgol was the firſt in anſwering the Knight, when it ſeems more incumbent upon the Bearward to make a defence? Probably Talgol might then be a Cavalier; for the character the Poet has given him doth not infer the contrary; and his anſwer carries ſtrong indications to juſtify the conjecture.

Ver. 694.] Is lam'd, and tir'd *in halting hither. Thus it ſtands* in the two Iriſh editions of 1663.

Was no diſpute a-foot between
The caterwauling Brethren?
No ſubtle queſtion rais'd among
Thoſe out-o'-their wits, and thoſe i' th' wrong?
No prize between thoſe combatants
O' th' times, the land and water ſaints,
Where thou might'ſt ſtickle, without hazard
Of outrage to thy hide and mazzard,
And not, for want of buſineſs, come
To us to be thus troubleſome,
To interrupt our better ſort
Of diſputants, and ſpoil our ſport?
Was there no felony, no bawd,
Cutpurſe, or burglary abroad?
No ſtolen pig, nor plunder'd gooſe,
To tie thee up from breaking looſe?
No ale unlicens'd, broken hedge,
For which thou ſtatute might'ſt alledge,
To keep thee buſy from foul-evil,
And ſhame due to thee from the Devil?
Did no Committee ſit, where he
Might cut out journey-work for thee,
And ſet th' a taſk, with ſubornation,
To ſtitch up ſale and ſequeſtration,
To cheat, with holineſs and zeal,
All parties and the common-weal?
Much better had it been for thee
He 'ad kept thee where th' art us'd to be,
Or ſent th' on buſineſs any whither,
So he had never brought thee hither:

But if th' haſt brain enough in ſcull
To keep itſelf in lodging whole,
And not provoke the rage of ſtones,
And cudgels to thy hide and bones,
Tremble, and vaniſh while thou may'ſt,
Which I'll not promiſe if thou ſtay'ſt.
At this the Knight grew high in wroth,
And lifting hands and eyes up both,
Three times he ſmote on ſtomach ſtout,
From whence, at length, theſe words broke out:
Was I for this entitled Sir,
And girt with truſty ſword and ſpur,
For fame and honour to wage battle,
Thus to be brav'd by foe to cattle?
Not all that pride that makes thee ſwell
As big as thou doſt blown-up veal,
Nor all thy tricks and ſleights to cheat,
And ſell thy carrion for good meat;

Not

Ver. 732.] *To keep* within its *lodging*. Edit. 1674, 1684, 1689, 1694, 1700. Reſtored to the preſent reading 1704.

Ver. 741.] Hudibras ſhewed leſs patience upon this than Don Quixote did upon a like occaſion, where he calmly diſtinguiſhes betwixt an affront and an injury. The Knight is irritated at the ſatirical anſwer of Talgol, and vents his rage in a manner exactly ſuited to his character; and when his paſſion was worked up to a height too great to be expreſſed in words, he immediately falls into action; but, alas! at his firſt entrance into it, he meets with an unlucky diſappointment; an omen that the ſucceſs would be as indifferent as the *cauſe in which* he was engaged.

Not all thy magic to repair
Decay'd old-age in tough lean ware,
Make natural death appear thy work,
And ſtop the gangrene in ſtale pork;
Not all that force that makes thee proud,
Becauſe by bullock ne'er withſtood;
Though arm'd with all thy cleavers, knives,
And axes, made to hew down lives,
Shall ſave or help thee to evade
The hand of Juſtice, or this blade,
Which I, her ſword-bearer, do carry,
For civil deed and military:
Nor ſhall theſe words, of venom baſe,
Which thou haſt from their native place,
Thy ſtomach, pump'd to fling on me,
Go unreveng'd, though I am free;
Thou down the ſame throat ſhall devour them:
Like tainted beef, and pay dear for them:
Nor ſhall it e'er be ſaid that wight
With gantlet blue and baſes white,
And round blunt truncheon by his ſide,
So great a man at arms defy'd
With words far bitterer than wormwood,
That would in Job or Grizel ſtir mood.

Dogs

Ver. 751.] Turn death of nature to *thy work*. In the two firſt editions of 1663.

Dogs with their tongues their wounds do heal,
But men with hands, as thou ſhalt feel.
This ſaid, with haſty rage he ſnatch'd
His gun-ſhot, that in holſters watch'd,
And bending cock, he level'd full
Againſt th' outſide of Talgol's ſcull,
Vowing that he ſhould ne'er ſtir further,
Nor henceforth cow or bullock murther:
But Pallas came in ſhape of Ruſt,
And 'twixt the ſpring and hammer thruſt
Her gorgon ſhield, which made the cock
Stand ſtiff, as 'twere transform'd to ſtock.

Meanwhile

Ver. 781—783.] This, and another paſſage in this Canto, are the only places where deities are introduced in this Poem: as it was not intended for an Epic Poem, conſequently none of the heroes in it needed ſupernatural aſſiſtance: how then comes Pallas to be uſhered in here, and Mars afterwards? Probably to ridicule Homer and Virgil, whoſe heroes ſcarce perform any action (even the moſt feaſible) without the ſenſible aid of a deity; and to manifeſt that it was not the want of abilities, but choice, that made our Poet avoid ſuch ſubterfuges. He has given us a ſample of his judgment in this way of writing in the paſſage before us, which, taken in its naked meaning, is only, That the Knight's piſtol was, for want of uſe, grown ſo ruſty, that it would not fire; or, in other words, that the ruſt was the cauſe of his diſappointment.

Ver. 784.] *Stand ſtiff, as* if 'twere turn'd t' a *ſtock.* In editions 1674, 1684, 1689, 1694, 1700, 1704. Reſtored 1710.

Meanwhile fierce Talgol, gathering might,
With rugged truncheon charg'd the Knight;
But he, with petronel up-heav'd,
Inſtead of ſhield, the blow receiv'd;
The gun recoil'd, as well it might,
Not us'd to ſuch a kind of fight,
And ſhrunk from its great maſter's gripe,
Knock'd down and ſtunn'd with mortal ſtripe.
Then Hudibras, with furious haſte,
Drew out his ſword; yet not ſo faſt
But Talgol firſt, with hardy thwack,
Twice bruis'd his head, and twice his back;
But when his nut-brown ſword was out,
With ſtomach huge he laid about,
Imprinting many a wound upon
His mortal foe, the truncheon:
The truſty cudgel did oppoſe
Itſelf againſt dead-doing blows,
To guard his leader from fell bane,
And then reveng'd itſelf again.

And

Ver. 786.] Smote *the Knight*. In the two editions of 1664.

Ver. 787, 788.]

And he with ruſty piſtol held—
To take the blow on like a ſhield.

Thus altered 1674, 1684, 1689, 1694, 1700. Reſtored 1704.

Ver. 797.] *But when his* rugged *ſword was out*. In the two firſt editions of 1663.

Ver. 798.] *Courageouſly*. 1674 to 1704, incluſive.

And though the ſword (ſome underſtood)
In force had much the odds of wood,
'Twas nothing ſo; both ſides were balanc't
So equal, none knew which was val'ant'ſt:
For wood, with honour being engag'd,
Is ſo implacably enrag'd,
Though iron hew and mangle ſore,
Wood wounds and bruiſes honour more.
And now both Knights were out of breath,
Tir'd in the hot purſuits of death,
Whilſt all the reſt amaz'd ſtood ſtill,
Expecting which ſhould take or kill.
This Hudibras obſerv'd; and fretting
Conqueſt ſhould be ſo long a-getting,
He drew up all his force into
One body, and that into one blow;
But Talgol wiſely avoided it
By cunning ſleight; for had it hit
The upper part of him, the blow
Had ſlit, as ſure as that below.
Mean while the incomparable Colon,
To aid his friend, began to fall on;
Him Ralph encounter'd, and ſtraight grew
A diſmal combat 'twixt them two;
Th' one

Ver. 825.]

But now fierce Colon 'gan draw on,
To aid the diſtreſs'd champion.

In the two firſt editions of 1663.

Ver. 828.] *A* fierce diſpute. 1674 to 1704, inclusive.

Th' one arm'd with metal, th' other with wood,
This fit for bruiſe, and that for blood.
With many a ſtiff thwack, many a bang,
Hard crab-tree and old iron rang,
While none that ſaw them could divine
To which ſide conqueſt would incline;
Until Magnano, who did envy
That two ſhould with ſo many men vy,
By ſubtle ſtratagem of brain
Perform'd what force could ne'er attain;
For he, by foul hap, having found
Where thiſtles grew on barren ground,
In haſte he drew his weapon out,
And having cropt them from the root,
He clapp'd them underneath the tail
Of ſteed, with pricks as ſharp as nail;
The angry beaſt did ſtraight reſent
The wrong done to his fundament,
Began to kick, and fling, and wince,
As if he 'ad been beſide his ſenſe,
Striving to diſengage from thiſtle,
That gall'd him ſorely under his tail;
Inſtead of which, he threw the pack,
Of ſquire and baggage, from his back,

And blundering ſtill, with ſmarting rump,
He gave the Knight's ſteed ſuch a thump
As made him reel. The Knight did ſtoop,
And ſat on further ſide aſlope.
This Talgol viewing, who had now
By ſleight eſcap'd the fatal blow,
He rally'd, and again fell to 't;
For, catching foe by nearer foot,
He lifted with ſuch might and ſtrength,
As would have hurl'd him thrice his length,
And daſh'd his brains (if any) out;
But Mars, that ſtill protects the ſtout,
In pudding-time came to his aid,
And under him the Bear convey'd;

The

Ver. 855.] That ſtagger'd *him*. Edit. 1674, to 1700, incluſive.

Ver. 864, 865.] I would here obſerve the judgment of the Poet: Mars is introduced to the Knight's advantage, as Pallas had been before to his diſappointment. It was reaſonable that the God of War ſhould come in to his aſſiſtance, ſince a Goddeſs had intereſted herſelf on the ſide of his enemies (agreeably to Homer and Virgil). Had the Knight directly fallen to the ground, he had been probably diſabled from future action; and conſequently, the battle would too ſoon have been determined: beſides, we may obſerve a beautiful gradation, to the honour of the hero; he falls upon the Bear, the Bear breaks looſe, and the ſpectators run: ſo that the Knight's fall is the primary cauſe of this rout, and he might juſtly, as he afterwards did, aſcribe the honour of the victory to himſelf.

The Bear, upon whose soft fur-gown
The Knight with all his weight fell down,
The friendly rug preserv'd the ground,
And headlong Knight, from bruise or wound:
Like feather-bed betwixt a wall,
And heavy brunt of cannon-ball.
As Sancho on a blanket fell,
And had no hurt, our's far'd as well
In body, though his mighty spirit,
Being heavy, did not so well bear it.
The Bear was in a greater fright,
Beat down, and worsted by the Knight;
He roar'd, and rag'd, and flung about,
To shake off bondage from his snout:
His wrath inflam'd, boil'd o'er, and from
His jaws of death he threw the foam;
Fury in stranger postures threw him,
And more than ever herald drew him:
He tore the earth, which he had sav'd
From squelch of Knight, and storm'd and rav'd,
And vex'd the more, because the harms
He felt were 'gainst the law of arms:
For men he always took to be
His friends, and dogs the enemy;
Who never so much hurt had done him,
As his own side did falling on him:
It grieved him to the guts that they,
For whom he had fought so many a fray,
And serv'd with loss of blood so long,
Should offer such inhuman wrong,

Wrong of unſoldier-like condition,
For which he flung down his commiſſion;
And laid about him, till his noſe
From thrall of ring and cord broke looſe.
Soon as he felt himſelf enlarg'd,
Through thickeſt of his foes he charg'd,
And made way through th' amazed crew;
Some he o'er-ran, and ſome o'erthrew,
But took none; for by haſty flight
He ſtrove t' eſcape purſuit of Knight,
From whom he fled with as much haſte
And dread as he the rabble chac'd;
In haſte he fled, and ſo did they,
Each and his fear a ſeveral way.

Crowdero only kept the field,
Not ſtirring from the place he held,
Though beaten down, and wounded ſore
I th' Fiddle, and a leg that bore
One ſide of him, not that of bone,
But much its better, th' wooden one.
He ſpying Hudibras lie ſtrow'd
Upon the ground, like log of wood,
With fright of fall, ſuppoſed wound,
And loſs of urine, in a ſwound,

In

Ver. 906.] Avoid the conquering *Knight*. In editions 1674, 1684, 1689, 1694, 1700, 1704. Reſtored 1710, as above.

Ver. 920.] caſt *in ſwound*. In the two firſt editions of 1663.

In haſte he ſnatch'd the wooden limb
That hurt i' th' ankle lay by him,
And, fitting it for ſudden fight,
Straight drew it up, t' attack the Knight;
For getting up on ſtump and huckle,
He with the foe began to buckle,
Vowing to be reveng'd, for breach
Of Crowd and ſkin, upon the wretch,
Sole author of all detriment
He and his Fiddle underwent.
But Ralpho (who had now begun
T' adventure reſurrection
From heavy ſquelch, and had got up
Upon his legs, with ſprained crup)
Looking about, beheld pernicion
Approaching Knight from fell mufician;
He ſnatch'd his whinyard up, that fled
When he was falling off his ſteed
(As rats do from a falling houſe),
To hide itſelf from rage of blows;
And, wing'd with ſpeed and fury, flew
To reſcue Knight from black and blue;

Which

Ver. 923.] *And* lifting *it*, &c. In the two firſt editions of 1663.

Ver. 924.] *to* fall on *Knight*. In the two firſt editions of 1663.

Ver. 935, 936.] *Looking about, beheld the Bard,— To charge the Knight entranc'd prepar'd.*—Thus in editions 1674, 1684, 1689, 1694, 1700, 1704. Reſtored 1710.

Which ere he could atchieve, his ſconce
The leg encounter'd twice and once;
And now 'twas rais'd to ſmite agen,
When Ralpho thruſt himſelf between;
He took the blow upon his arm,
To ſhield the Knight from further harm,
And, joining wrath with force, beſtow'd
On th' wooden member ſuch a load,
That down it fell, and with it bore
Crowdero, whom it propp'd before.
To him the Squire right nimbly run,
And ſetting conquering foot upon
His trunk, thus ſpoke: What deſperate frenzy
Made thee (thou whelp of Sin) to fancy
Thyſelf, and all that coward rabble,
T' encounter us in battle able?
How durſt th', I ſay, oppoſe thy Curſhip
'Gainſt arms, authority, and worſhip,
And Hudibras or me provoke,
Though all thy limbs were heart of oak,
And th' other half of thee as good
To bear out blows as that of wood?
Could not the whipping-poſt prevail,
With all its rhetoric, nor the jail,

To

Ver. [illegible]] *The ſkin encounter'd*, &c. In the two firſt editions.

Ver. [illegible]] on ſide and *arm*. Two editions of [illegible].

Ver. [illegible]] *To ſhield the Knight entranc'd from harm*. In the two firſt editions.

To keep from flaying ſcourge thy ſkin,
And ancle free from iron gin?
Which now thou ſhalt—but firſt our care
Muſt ſee how Hudibras does fare.
This ſaid, he gently rais'd the Knight,
And ſet him on his bum upright.
To rouſe him from lethargic dump,
He tweak'd his noſe, with gentle thump
Knock'd on his breaſt, as if 't had been
To raiſe the ſpirits lodg'd within:
They, waken'd with the noiſe, did fly
From inward room to window eye,
And gently opening lid, the caſement,
Look'd out, but yet with ſome amazement.
This gladded Ralpho much to ſee,
Who thus beſpoke the Knight. Quoth he,
Tweaking his noſe, You are, great Sir,
A ſelf-denying conqueror;
As high, victorious, and great,
As e'er fought for the Churches yet,
If you will give yourſelf but leave
To make out what y' already have;
That 's victory. The foe, for dread
Of your nine-worthineſs, is fled,
All ſave Crowdero, for whoſe ſake
You did th' eſpous'd Cauſe undertake;
And he lies priſoner at your feet,
To be diſpos'd as you think meet,
Either for life, or death, or ſale,
The gallows, or perpetual jail;

For

For one wink of your powerful eye
Muſt ſentence him to live or die.
His Fiddle is your proper purchaſe,
Won in the ſervice of the Churches;
And by your doom muſt be allow'd
To be, or be no more, a Crowd:
For though ſucceſs did not confer
Juſt title on the conqueror;
Though diſpenſations were not ſtrong
Concluſions whether right or wrong;
Although Out-goings did confirm,
And Owning were but a meer term;
Yet as the wicked have no right
To th' creature, though uſurp'd by might,
The property is in the ſaint,
From whom they' injuriouſly detain 't;
Of him they hold their luxuries,
Their dogs, their horſes, whores, and dice,
Their riots, revels, maſks, delights,
Pimps, buffoons, fiddlers, paraſites;
All which the ſaints have title to,
And ought t' enjoy, if they 'ad their due.
What we take from them is no more
Than what was ours by right before:

For

Ver. 1009.] It was a principle maintained by the Rebels of thoſe days, that dominion is founded on grace, and therefore if a man wanted grace (in their opinion) if he was not a ſaint or a godly man, he had no right to any lands, goods, or chattels. The Saints, as the Squire ſays, had a right to all, and might take *wherever they* had a power to do it.

For we are their true landlords ſtill,
And they our tenants but at will.
At this the Knight began to rouze,
And by degrees grow valourous:
He ſtar'd about, and ſeeing none
Of all his foes remain but one,
He ſnatch'd his weapon that lay near him,
And from the ground began to rear him,
Vowing to make Crowdero pay
For all the reſt that ran away.
But Ralpho now, in colder blood,
His fury mildly thus withſtood:
Great Sir, quoth he, your mighty ſpirit
Is rais'd too high; this ſlave does merit
To be the hangman's buſineſs, ſooner
Than from your hand to have the honour
Of his deſtruction; I that am
A Nothingneſs in deed and name,
Did ſcorn to hurt his forfeit carcaſe,
Or ill entreat his Fiddle or caſe:
Will you, great Sir, that glory blot
In cold blood, which you gain'd in hot?
Will you employ your conquering ſword
To break a Fiddle, and your word?
For though I fought and overcame,
And quarter gave, 'twas in your name:
For great commanders always own
What 's proſperous by the ſoldier done.
To ſave, where you have power to kill,
Argues your power above your will;

And that your will and power have less
Than both might have of selfishness.
This power which, now alive, with dread
He trembles at, if he were dead
Would no more keep the slave in awe,
Than if you were a Knight of straw:
For Death would then be his conquéror
Not you, and free him from that terror.
If danger from his life accrue,
Or honour from his death, to you,
'Twere policy and honour too
To do as you resolv'd to do:
But, Sir, 'twould wrong your valour much,
To say it needs, or fears a crutch.
Great conquerors greater glory gain
By foes in triumph led, than slain:
The laurels that adorn their brows
Are pull'd from living, not dead boughs,
And living foes: the greatest fame
Of cripple slain can be but lame:
One half of him 's already slain,
The other is not worth your pain;
Th' honour can but on one side light,
As worship did, when y' were dubb'd Knight;
Wherefore I think it better far
To keep him prisoner of war,
And let him fast in bonds abide,
At court of justice to be try'd;
Where if h' appear so bold or crafty,
There may be danger in his safety:

If

If any member there diſlike
His face, or to his beard have pique;
Or if his death will ſave or yield
Revenge or fright, it is reveal'd,
Though he has quarter, ne'ertheleſs
Y' have power to hang him when you pleaſe;
This has been often done by ſome
Of our great conquerors, you know whom;
And has by moſt of us been held
Wiſe juſtice, and to ſome reveal'd:
For words and promiſes, that yoke
The conqueror, are quickly broke;
Like Samſon's cuffs, though by his own
Direction and advice put on.
For if we ſhould fight for the Cauſe
By rules of military laws,
And only do what they call juſt,
The Cauſe would quickly fall to duſt.
This we among ourſelves may ſpeak;
But to the wicked or the weak
We

Ver. 1084.] When the Rebels had taken a priſoner, though they gave him quarter, and promiſed to ſave his life; yet if any of them afterwards thought it not proper that he ſhould be ſaved, it was only ſaying it was revealed to him that ſuch a one ſhould die, and they hanged him up, notwithſtanding the promiſes before made. Dr. South obſerves of Harriſon the Regicide, a butcher by profeſſion, and preaching Colonel in the Parliament army, "That he was notable for having killed ſeveral after quarter given by others, "uſing theſe words in doing it; "Curſed be he who "doth the work of the Lord negligently!"

We muſt be cautious to declare
Perfection-truths, ſuch as theſe are.
This ſaid, the high outrageous mettle
Of Knight began to cool and ſettle.
He lik'd the Squire's advice, and ſoon
Reſolv'd to ſee the buſineſs done;
And therefore charg'd him firſt to bind
Crowdero's hands on rump behind,
And to its former place and uſe
The wooden member to reduce,
But force it take an oath before,
Ne'er to bear arms againſt him more.
Ralpho diſpatch'd with ſpeedy haſte,
And having ty'd Crowdero faſt,
He gave Sir Knight the end of cord,
To lead the captive of his ſword
In triumph, whilſt the ſteeds he caught,
And them to further ſervice brought.
The Squire, in ſtate, rode on before,
And on his nut-brown whinyard bore
The trophee-Fiddle and the caſe,
Leaning on ſhoulder like a mace.
The Knight himſelf did after ride,
Leading Crowdero by his ſide;
And tow'd him, if he lagg'd behind,
Like boat, againſt the tide and wind.

Thus

Ver. 1122.] Plac'd *on* his *ſhoulder*. Editions 1674, 1684, 1689, 1700. *Leaning on ſhoulder*, reſtored

Thus grave and ſolemn they march on,
Until quite through the town they 'ad gone;
At further end of which there ſtands
An ancient caſtle, that commands
Th' adjacent parts; in all the fabrick
You ſhall not ſee one ſtone nor a brick,
But all of wood, by powerful ſpell
Of magic made impregnable:
There 's neither iron-bar nor gate,
Portcullis, chain, nor bolt, nor grate,
And yet men durance there abide,
In dungeon ſcarce three inches wide;
With roof ſo low, that under it
They never ſtand, but lie or ſit;
And yet ſo foul, that whoſo is in,
Is to the middle-leg in priſon;

In

Ver. 1130.] This is an enigmatical deſcription of a pair of ſtocks and whipping-poſt; it is ſo pompous and ſublime, that we are ſurpriſed ſo noble a ſtructure could be raiſed from ſo ludicrous a ſubject. We perceive wit and humour in the ſtrongeſt light in every part of the deſcription: and how happily imagined is the pun in ver. 1142! How ceremonious are the conquerors in diſplaying the trophies of their victory, and impriſoning the unhappy captive! What a diſmal figure does he make at the dark proſpect before him! All theſe circumſtances were neceſſary to be fully exhibited, that the reader might commiſerate his favourite Knight, when a change of fortune unhappily brought him into Crowdero's place.

In circle magical confin'd,
With walls of ſubtle air and wind,
Which none are able to break thorough,
Until they 're freed by head of borough.
Thither arriv'd, th' adventurous Knight
And bold Squire from their ſteeds alight
At th' outward [illegible], near which there ſtands
A Ba[illegible] [illegible] imprison hands;
By [illegible] enchantment made to fetter
The [illegible] parts, and free the greater:
For though the body may creep through,
The [illegible] grate are faſt enough:
And [illegible] a circle 'bout the wriſt
Is made by beadle exorciſt,
The [illegible] feels the ſpur and ſwitch,
[illegible] 'twere ridden poſt by witch,
At twenty miles an hour pace,
And yet ne'er ſtirs out of the place.
On top of this there is a ſpire,
On which Sir Knight firſt bids the Squire
The Fiddle, and its ſpoils, the caſe,
In manner of a trophee place.
That done, they ope the trap-door gate,
And let Crowdero down thereat,
Crowdero making doleful face,
Like hermit poor in penſive place,
To dungeon they the wretch commit,
And the ſurvivor of his feet;
But th' other, that had broke the peace,
[illegible] of Knighthood, they releaſe,

Though

Though a delinquent falſe and forged,
Yet being a ſtranger, he 's enlarged,
While his comrade, that did no hurt,
Is clapp'd up faſt in priſon for 't:
So Juſtice, while ſhe winks at crimes,
Stumbles on innocence ſometimes.

HUDIBRAS.

PART I. CANTO III.

THE ARGUMENT.

The ſcatter'd rout return and rally,
Surround the place; the Knight does ſally,
And is made priſoner: then they ſeize
Th' inchanted fort by ſtorm, releaſe
Crowdero, and put the Squire in 's place;
I ſhould have firſt ſaid Hudibras.

AY me! what perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron!
What plaguy miſchiefs and miſhaps
Do dog him ſtill with after-claps!
For though Dame Fortune ſeem to ſmile,
And leer upon him, for a while,
She 'll after ſhew him, in the nick
Of all his glories, a dog-trick.
This any man may ſing or ſay
That's ditty call'd, What if a Day?
Hudibras, who thought he 'ad won
The victory, as certain as a gun,

And

And having routed the whole troop,
With victory was cock-a-hoop,
Thinking he 'ad done enough to purchaſe
Thankſgiving-day among the Churches,
Wherein his mettle and brave worth
Might be explain'd by holder-forth,
And regiſter'd by fame eternal,
In deathleſs pages of Diurnal,
Found in few minutes, to his coſt,
He did but count without his hoſt,
And that a turnſtile is more certain
Than, in events of war, Dame Fortune.
For now the late faint-hearted rout,
O'erthrown and ſcatter'd round about,
Chac'd by the horror of their fear,
From bloody fray of Knight and Bear,
(All but the Dogs, who in purſuit
Of the Knight's victory ſtood to 't,
And moſt ignobly fought to get
The honour of his blood and ſweat)
Seeing the coaſt was free and clear
O' the conquer'd and the conqueror,
Took heart again, and fac'd about,
As if they meant to ſtand it out:
For by this time the routed Bear,
Attack'd by th' enemy i' th' rear,

Finding

Ver. 35.] *Took heart again, and fac'd about.* Took heart of *grace*, in the two firſt editions of 1663.

Ver. 37.] *For now the half-defeated Bear.* Thus altered 1674, 1684, *1689, 1694, 1700.* Reſtored as above, *1704.*

Finding their number grew too great
For him to make a ſafe retreat,
Like a bold chieftain fac'd about;
But wiſely doubting to hold out,
Gave way to fortune, and with haſte
Fac'd the proud foe, and fled, and fac'd,
Retiring ſtill, until he found
He 'ad got th' advantage of the ground,
And then as val'antly made head
To check the foe, and forthwith fled,
Leaving no art untry'd, nor trick
Of warrior ſtout and politick,
Until, in ſpite of hot purſuit,
He gain'd a paſs, to hold diſpute
On better terms, and ſtop the courſe
Of the proud foe. With all his force
He bravely charg'd, and for a while
Forc'd their whole body to recoil;
But ſtill their numbers ſo increas'd,
He found himſelf at length oppreſs'd,
And all evaſions ſo uncertain,
To ſave himſelf for better fortune,
That he reſolv'd, rather than yield,
To die with honour in the field,
And ſell his hide and carcaſe at
A price as high and deſperate
As e'er he could. This reſolution
He forthwith put in execution,
And bravely threw himſelf among
y, i' th' greateſt throng;

But

But what could ſingle valour do,
Againſt ſo numerous a foe?
Yet much he did, indeed too much
To be believ'd, where th' odds were ſuch;
But one againſt a multitude,
Is more than mortal can make good:
For while one party he oppos'd,
His rear was ſuddenly inclos'd,
And no room left him for retreat,
Or fight, againſt a foe ſo great.
For now the Maſtives, charging home,
To blows and handy-gripes were come;
While manfully himſelf he bore,
And, ſetting his right foot before,
He rais'd himſelf to ſhew how tall
His perſon was above them all.
This equal ſhame and envy ſtirr'd
In th' enemy, that one ſhould beard
So many warriors, and ſo ſtout,
As he had done, and ſtav'd it out,
Diſdaining to lay down his arms,
And yield on honourable terms.
Enraged thus, ſome in the rear
Attack'd him, and ſome every where,
Till down he fell; yet falling fought,
And, being down, ſtill laid about;
As Widdrington, in doleful dumps,
Is ſaid to fight upon his ſtumps.
But all, alas! had been in vain,
And he inevitably ſlain,

If Trulla' and Cerdon in the nick
To reſcue him had not been quick;
For Trulla, who was light of foot,
As ſhafts which long-field Parthians ſhoot
(But not ſo light as to be borne
Upon the ears of ſtanding corn,
Or trip it o'er the water quicker
Than witches, when their ſtaves they liquor,
As ſome report) was got among
The foremoſt of the martial throng;
There pitying the vanquiſh'd Bear,
She call'd to Cerdon, who ſtood near,
Viewing the bloody fight; to whom,
Shall we (quoth ſhe) ſtand ſtill *bum-drum*,
And ſee ſtout Bruin, all alone,
By numbers baſely overthrown?
Such feats already he 'as atchiev'd,
In ſtory not to be believ'd,
And 'twould to us be ſhame enough,
Not to attempt to fetch him off.

I would

Ver. 102.] *As ſhafts which long-field Parthians ſhoot.* Thus it ſtands in the two firſt editions of 1663, and, I believe, in all the other editions to this time. Mr. Warburton is of opinion, that *long-filed* would be more proper; as the Parthians were ranged in long files, a diſpoſition proper for their manner of fighting, which was by ſudden retreats and ſudden charges. Mr. Smith, of Harleſton, in Norfolk, thinks that the following alteration of the line would be an improvement;

As long-field ſhafts, which Parthians ſhoot.

I would (quoth he) venture a limb
To ſecond thee, and reſcue him;
But then we muſt about it ſtraight,
Or elſe our aid will come too late;
Quarter he ſcorns, he is ſo ſtout,
And therefore cannot long hold out.
This ſaid, they wav'd their weapons round
About their heads to clear the ground,
And, joining forces, laid about
So fiercely, that th' amazed rout
Turn'd tail again, and ſtraight begun,
As if the devil drove, to run.
Meanwhile they' approach'd the place where Bruin
Was now engag'd to mortal ruin:
The conquering foe they ſoon aſſail'd,
Firſt Trulla ſtav'd, and Cerdon tail'd,
Until their Maſtives loos'd their hold:
And yet, alas! do what they could,
The worſted Bear came off with ſtore
Of bloody wounds, but all before:
For as Achilles, dipt in pond,
Was anabaptiz'd free from wound,
Made proof againſt dead-doing ſteel
All over, but the Pagan heel;
So did our champion's arms defend
All of him but the other end,
His head and ears, which in the martial
Encounter loſt a leathern parcel:
For as an Auſtrian archduke once
Had one ear (which in ducatoons

Is half the coin) in battle par'd
Cloſe to his head, ſo Bruin far'd;
But tugg'd and pull'd on th' other ſide,
Like ſcrivener newly crucify'd:
Or like the late-corrected leathern
Ears of the circumciſed brethren.
But gentle Trulla into th' ring
He wore in 's noſe convey'd a ſtring,
With which ſhe march'd before, and led
The warrior to a graſſy bed,
As authors write, in a cool ſhade,
Which eglantine and roſes made;
Cloſe by a ſoftly murmuring ſtream,
Where lovers us'd to loll and dream:
There leaving him to his repoſe,
Secured from purſuit of foes,
And wanting nothing but a ſong,
And a well-tun'd theorbo hung
Upon a bough, to eaſe the pain
His tugg'd ears ſuffer'd, with a ſtrain
They both drew up, to march in queſt
Of his great leader and the reſt.
For Orſin (who was more renown'd
For ſtout maintaining of his ground,
In ſtanding fight, than for purſuit,
As being not ſo quick of foot)
Was not long able to keep pace
With others that purſued the chace,
But found himſelf left far behind,
Both out of heart and out of wind;

Griev'd

Griev'd to behold his Bear purſued
So baſely by a multitude,
And like to fall, not by the proweſs,
But numbers, of his coward foes.
He rag'd, and kept as heavy a coil as
Stout Hercules for loſs of Hylas;
Forcing the vallies to repeat
The accents of his ſad regret:
He beat his breaſt, and tore his hair,
For loſs of his dear crony Bear,
That Echo, from the hollow ground,
His doleful wailings did reſound
More wiſtfully, by many times,
Than in ſmall poets ſplay-foot rhymes,
That make her, in their ruthful ſtories,
To anſwer to int'rogatories,
And moſt unconſcionably depoſe
To things of which ſhe nothing knows;
And when ſhe has ſaid all ſhe can ſay,
'Tis wreſted to the lover's fancy.
Quoth he, O whither, wicked Bruin,
Art thou fled? to my——Echo, Ruin.
I thought thou 'adſt ſcorn'd to budge a ſtep
For fear. Quoth Echo, Marry guep.

Am

Ver. 189, 190.] This paſſage is beautiful, not only as it is a moving lamentation, and evidences our Poet to be maſter of the pathetic as well as the ſublime ſtyle, but alſo as it comprehends a fine ſatire upon that falſe kind of wit of making an echo talk ſenſibly, and give rational *anſwers*.

Am not I here to take thy part?
Then what has quail'd thy ſtubborn heart?
Have theſe bones rattled, and this head
So often in thy quarrel bled?
Nor did I ever winch or grudge it
For thy dear ſake. Quoth ſhe, Mum budget.
Think'ſt thou 'twill not be laid i' th' diſh
Thou turn'dſt thy back? Quoth Echo, Piſh.
To run from thoſe thou 'adſt overcome,
Thus cowardly? Quoth Echo, Mum.
But what a vengeance makes thee fly
From me too, as thine enemy?
Or, if thou haſt no thought of me,
Nor what I have endur'd for thee,
Yet ſhame and honour might prevail
To keep thee thus from turning tail:
For who would grutch to ſpend his blood in
His honour's cauſe? Quoth ſhe, a Puddin.
This ſaid, his grief to anger turn'd,
Which in his manly ſtomach burn'd;
Thirſt of revenge, and wrath, in place
Of ſorrow, now began to blaze.
He vow'd the authors of his woe
Should equal vengeance undergo,
And with their bones and fleſh pay dear
For what he ſuffer'd, and his Bear.
This being reſolv'd, with equal ſpeed
And rage he haſted to proceed
To action ſtraight; and giving o'er
To ſearch for Bruin any more,

He

He went in queſt of Hudibras,
To find him out where'er he was;
And, if he were above ground, vow'd
He 'd ferret him, lurk where he wou'd.
But ſcarce had he a furlong on
This reſolute adventure gone,
When he encounter'd with that crew
Whom Hudibras did late ſubdue.
Honour, revenge, contempt, and ſhame,
Did equally their breaſts inflame.
'Mong theſe the fierce Magnano was,
And Talgol, foe to Hudibras;
Cerdon and Colon, warriors ſtout,
And reſolute, as ever fought;
Whom furious Orſin thus beſpoke:
Shall we (quoth he) thus baſely brook
The vile affront that paltry aſs,
And feeble ſcoundrel, Hudibras,
With that more paltry ragamuffin,
Ralpho, with vapouring and huffing,
Have put upon us, like tame cattle,
As if they' had routed us in battle?
For my part, it ſhall ne'er be ſaid
I for the waſhing gave my head:
Nor did I turn my back for fear
O' th' raſcals, but loſs of my Bear,
Which now I'm like to undergo;
For whether theſe fell wounds, or no,
He

Ver. 258.] *Of them, but loſing of my Bear.* 1674, and all editions to *1704, excluſive.*

He has receiv'd in fight, are mortal,
Is more than all my ſkill can foretel;
Nor do I know what is become
Of him, more than the Pope of Rome:
But if I can but find them out
That caus'd it (as I ſhall no doubt,
Where'er they' in hugger-mugger lurk)
I'll make them rue their handy-work,
And wiſh that they had rather dar'd
To pull the devil by the beard.
  Quoth Cerdon, Noble Orſin, th' haſt
Great reaſon to do as thou ſay'ſt,
And ſo has every body here,
As well as thou haſt, or thy Bear:
Others may do as they ſee good;
But if this twig be made of wood
That will hold tack, I'll make the fur
Fly 'bout the ears of that old cur,
And th' other mungrel vermin, Ralph,
That brav'd us all in his behalf.
Thy Bear is ſafe, and out of peril,
Though lugg'd indeed, and wounded very ill;
Myſelf and Trulla made a ſhift
To help him out at a dead lift;
And having brought him bravely off,
Have left him where he 's ſafe enough:
There let him reſt; for if we ſtay,
The ſlaves may hap to get away.
  This ſaid, they all engag'd to join
    ces in the ſame deſign,

And

And forthwith put themſelves, in ſearch
Of Hudibras, upon their march:
Where leave we them a while, to tell
What the victorious Knight befel;
For ſuch, Crowdero being faſt
In dungeon ſhut, we left him laſt.
Triumphant laurels ſeem'd to grow
No-where ſo green as on his brow,
Laden with which, as well as tir'd
With conquering toil, he now retir'd
Unto a neighbouring caſtle by,
To reſt his body, and apply
Fit med'cines to each glorious bruiſe
He got in fight, reds, blacks, and blues;
To mollify th' uneaſy pang
Of every honourable bang,
Which being by ſkilful midwife dreſt,
He laid him down to take his reſt.
But all in vain: he 'ad got a hurt
O' th' inſide, of a deadlier ſort,
By Cupid made, who took his ſtand
Upon a widow's jointure land
(For he, in all his am'rous battles,
No 'dvantage finds like goods and chattels),
Drew home his bow, and, aiming right,
Let fly an arrow at the Knight;

The

Ver. 315, 316.] In the two firſt editions of 1663, this and the following line ſtand thus:

As how he did, and *aiming* right,
An arrow he let fly at Knight,

The ſhaft againſt a rib did glance,
And gall him in the purtenance:
But time had ſomewhat 'ſwag'd his pain,
After he found his ſuit in vain:
For that proud dame, for whom his ſoul
Was burnt in 's belly like a coal
(That belly that ſo oft did ake,
And ſuffer griping for her ſake,
Till purging comfits, and ants' eggs
Had almoſt brought him off his legs)
Us'd him ſo like a baſe raſcallion,
That old Pyg---(what d' y' call him) malion,
That cut his miſtreſs out of ſtone,
Had not ſo hard a hearted one.
She had a thouſand jadiſh tricks,
Worſe than a mule that flings and kicks;
'Mong which one croſs-grain'd freak ſhe had,
As inſolent as ſtrange, and mad;
She could love none but only ſuch
As ſcorn'd and hated her as much.
'Twas a ſtrange riddle of a lady;
Not love, if any lov'd her: hey-day!
So cowards never uſe their might,
But againſt ſuch as will not fight.
So ſome diſeaſes have been found
Only to ſeize upon the ſound.
He that gets her by heart, muſt ſay her
The back way, like a witch's prayer.

Meanwhile

Ver. 338.] *Hey-day!---Ha day!* in all editions till 45; *then altered to Hey-day!*

Meanwhile the Knight had no ſmall taſk
To compaſs what he durſt not aſk:
He loves, but dares not make the motion;
Her ignorance is his devotion:
Like caitiff vile, that for miſdeed
Rides with his face to rump of ſteed;
Or rowing ſcull, he 's fain to love,
Look one way, and another move;
Or like a tumbler that does play
His game, and look another way,
Until he ſeize upon the coney;
Juſt ſo does he by matrimony.
But all in vain; her ſubtle ſnout
Did quickly wind his meaning out;
Which ſhe return'd with too much ſcorn,
To be by man of honour borne;
Yet much he bore, until the diſtreſs
He ſuffer'd from his ſpiteful miſtreſs
Did ſtir his ſtomach, and the pain
He had endur'd from her diſdain,
Turn'd to regret ſo reſolute,
That he reſolv'd to wave his ſuit,
And either to renounce her quite,
Or for a while play leaſt in ſight.
This reſolution being put on,
He kept ſome months, and more had done,
But being brought ſo nigh by Fate,
The victory he atchiev'd ſo late
Did ſet his thoughts agog, and ope
A door to diſcontinued hope,

That ſeem'd to promiſe he might win
His dame too, now his hand was in;
And that his valour, and the honour
He had newly gain'd, might work upon her:
Their ſcarfs made his mouth to water
With amorous longings to be at her.
Quoth he, unto himſelf, Who knows
But this brave conqueſt o'er my foes
May reach her heart, and make that ſtoop,
As I but now have forc'd the troop?
If nothing can oppugn love,
And virtue invious ways can prove,
What may not he confide to do,
That brings both love and virtue too?
But thou bring'ſt valour too, and wit,
Two things that ſeldom fail to hit.
Valour 's a mouſe-trap, wit a gin,
Which women oft are taken in:
Then, Hudibras, why ſhouldſt thou fear
To be, that art a conqueror?
Fortune the audacious doth *juvare*,
But lets the timidous miſcarry:
Then, while the honour thou haſt got
Is ſpick-and-ſpan new, piping hot,
Strike her up bravely thou hadſt beſt,
And truſt thy fortune with the reſt.
Such thoughts as theſe the Knight did keep,
More than his bangs, or fleas, from ſleep;
And as an owl, that in a barn
's a mouſe creeping in the corn,

Sits still, and shuts his round blue eyes,
As if he slept, until he spies
The little beast within his reach;
Then starts, and seizes on the wretch;
So from his couch the Knight did start,
To seize upon the widow's heart;
Crying, with hasty tone, and hoarse,
Ralpho, dispatch, to horse, to horse.
And 'twas but time; for now the rout,
We left engag'd to seek him out,
By speedy marches were advanc'd
Up to the fort where he entrench'd,
And all th' avenues had possest,
About the place, from east to west.
That done, a while they made a halt
To view the ground, and where t' assault:
Then call'd a council, which was best,
By siege or onslaught, to invest
The enemy; and 'twas agreed
By storm and onslaught to proceed.
This being resolv'd, in comely sort
They now drew up t' attack the fort;
When Hudibras, about to enter
Upon another-gates adventure,
To Ralpho call'd aloud to arm,
Not dreaming of approaching storm.
Whether Dame Fortune, or the care
Of angel bad, or tutelar,
Did arm, or thrust him on a danger,
To which he was an utter stranger,

That foreſight might, or might not, blot
The glory he had newly got;
Or to his ſhame it might be ſaid,
They took him napping in his bed,
To them we leave it to expound,
That deal in ſciences profound.
His courſer ſcarce he had beſtrid,
And Ralpho that on which he rid,
When ſetting ope the poſtern gate,
Which they thought beſt to ſally at,
The foe appear'd, drawn up and drill'd,
Ready to charge them in the field.
This ſomewhat ſtartled the bold Knight,
Surpris'd with th' unexpected ſight:
The bruiſes of his bones and fleſh
He thought began to ſmart afreſh;
Till, recollecting wonted courage,
His fear was ſoon converted to rage,
And thus he ſpoke: The coward foe,
Whom we but now gave quarter to,
Look, yonder 's rally'd, and appears
As if they had out-run their fears;
The glory we did lately get,
The Fates command us to repeat;
And to their wills we muſt ſuccomb,
Quocunque trahunt, 'tis our doom.

This

Ver. 437.] *Sed* is the ſpelling uſed in all editions to 1704, incluſive. Altered to *ſaid*, 1710.

Ver. 444.] *To take the field, and ſally at.* In edit. 1674. *and the following ones*, to 1704, excluſive.

This is the ſame numeric crew
Which we ſo lately did ſubdue;
The ſelf-ſame individuals that
Did run, as mice do from a cat,
When we courageouſly did wield
Our martial weapons in the field,
To tug for victory: and when
We ſhall our ſhining blades agen
Brandiſh in terror o'er our heads,
They 'll ſtraight reſume their wonted dreads.
Fear is an ague, that forſakes
And haunts, by fits, thoſe whom it takes;
And they 'll opine they feel the pain
And blows they felt to-day again.
Then let us boldly charge them home,
And make no doubt to overcome.
  This ſaid, his courage to inflame,
He call'd upon his miſtreſs' name.
His piſtol next he cock'd anew,
And out his nut-brown whinyard drew;
And, placing Ralpho in the front,
Reſerv'd himſelf to bear the brunt,
As expert warriors uſe; then ply'd,
With iron heel, his courſer's ſide,
Conveying ſympathetic ſpeed
From heel of Knight to heel of ſteed.

Meanwhile

Ver. 472.] *And haunts by fits.* *Haunts by turns*, in the two firſt editions of 1663.

Meanwhile the foe, with equal rage
And ſpeed, advancing to engage,
Both parties now were drawn ſo cloſe,
Almoſt to come to handy-blows,
When Orſin firſt let fly a ſtone
At Ralpho; not ſo huge a one
As that which Diomed did maul
Æneas on the bum withal;
Yet big enough, if rightly hurl'd,
T' have ſent him to another world,
Whether above ground, or below,
Which ſaints twice dipt are deſtin'd to.
The danger ſtartled the bold Squire,
And made him ſome few ſteps retire;
But Hudibras advanc'd to 's aid,
And rous'd his ſpirits, half diſmay'd:
He wiſely doubting left the ſhot
Of th' enemy, now growing hot,
Might at a diſtance gall, preſs'd cloſe,
To come pell-mell to handy-blows,
And that he might their aim decline,
Advanc'd ſtill in an oblique line;
But prudently forebore to fire,
Till breaſt to breaſt he had got nigher;
As expert warriors uſe to do,
When hand to hand they charge their foe.
This order the adventurous Knight,
Moſt ſoldier-like, obſerv'd in fight,
When Fortune (as ſhe 's wont) turn'd fickle,
And for the foe began to ſtickle.

The

The more ſhame for her Goodyſhip
To give ſo near a friend the ſlip.
For Colon, chuſing out a ſtone,
Level'd ſo right, it thump'd upon
His manly paunch with ſuch a force,
As almoſt beat him off his horſe.
He loos'd his whinyard, and the rein,
But laying faſt hold on the mane,
Preſerv'd his ſeat: and as a gooſe
In death contracts his talons cloſe,
So did the Knight, and with one claw,
The tricker of his piſtol draw.
The gun went off; and as it was
Still fatal to ſtout Hudibras,
In all his feats of arms, when leaſt
He dreamt of it to proſper beſt,
So now he far'd: the ſhot, let fly
At random 'mong the enemy,
Pierc'd Talgol's gabardine, and grazing
Upon his ſhoulder, in the paſſing
Lodg'd in Magnano's braſs habergeon,
Who ſtraight, A ſurgeon cry'd, A ſurgeon:
He tumbled down, and, as he fell,
Did Murther, Murther, Murther, yell.
This

Ver. 523.] *He loos'd his whinyard.* Thus it ſtands in the firſt editions of 1663. Altered, 1674, to, *He loos'd his weapon:* ſo it continued to 1700. Altered, 1704, to, *He loſt his whyniard.*

This ſtartled their whole body ſo,
That if the Knight had not let go
His arms, but been in warlike plight,
He 'ad won (the ſecond time) the fight;
As, if the Squire had but fall'n on,
He had inevitably done.
But he, diverted with the care
Of Hudibras's hurt, forbare
To preſs th' advantage of his fortune,
While danger did the reſt diſhearten.
For he with Cerdon being engag'd
In cloſe encounter, they both wag'd
The fight ſo well, 'twas hard to ſay
Which ſide was like to get the day.
And now the buſy work of Death
Had tir'd them ſo, they 'greed to breathe,
Preparing to renew the fight,
When the diſaſter of the Knight,
And th' other party, did divert
Their fell intent, and forc'd them part.
Ralpho

Ver. 545.] In the two firſt editions, for this and the three following lines theſe two are uſed,

As Ralpho might, but he with care
Of Hudibras his hurt forbare.

Ver. 548.] In 1674, *Hudibras his wound*, to 1704, excluſive.

Ver. 551.] *He had with Cerdon*, &c. Editions 1674 to 1704, excluſive,

Ver. 553.] *So deſperately*. 1674, &c.

Ver. 560.] *And force their ſullen rage to part*. Thus altered 1674 to 1704, excluſive.

Ralpho preſs'd up to Hudibras,
And Cerdon where Magnano was,
Each ſtriving to confirm his party
With ſtout encouragements and hearty.
Quoth Ralpho, Courage, valiant Sir,
And let revenge and honour ſtir
Your ſpirits up; once more, fall on,
The ſhatter'd foe begins to run:
For if but half ſo well you knew
To uſe your victory as ſubdue,
They durſt not, after ſuch a blow
As you have given them, face us now;
But from ſo formidable a ſoldier
Had fled like crows when they ſmell powder.
Thrice have they ſeen your ſword aloft
Wav'd o'er their heads, and fled as oft;
But if you let them recollect
Their ſpirits, now diſmay'd and checkt,
You 'll have a harder game to play,
Than yet ye 'ave had, to get the day.
Thus ſpoke the ſtout Squire, but was heard
By Hudibras with ſmall regard.
His thoughts were fuller of the bang
He lately took, than Ralph's harangue;
To which he anſwer'd, Cruel Fate
Tells me thy counſel comes too late.
The knotted blood within my hoſe,
That from my wounded body flows,

With

Ver. 587.] *The* knotted *blood.* Thus it is in all editions to 1710, and then altered *to clotted blood.*

With mortal criſis doth portend
My days to appropinque an end.
I am for action now unfit,
Either of fortitude or wit.
Fortune, my foe, begins to frown,
Reſolv'd to pull my ſtomach down.
I am not apt, upon a wound,
Or trivial baſting, to deſpond;
Yet I'd be loth my days to curtail;
For if I thought my wounds not mortal,
Or that we 'ad time enough as yet
To make an honourable retreat,
'Twere the beſt courſe; but if they find
We fly, and leave our arms behind,
For them to ſeize on, the diſhonour,
And danger too, is ſuch, I'll ſooner
Stand to it boldly, and take quarter,
To let them ſee I am no ſtarter.
In all the trade of war no feat
Is nobler than a brave retreat:
For thoſe that run away, and fly,
Take place at leaſt o' th' enemy.
This ſaid, the Squire, with active ſpeed,
Diſmounted from his bony ſteed,
To ſeize the arms which, by miſchance,
Fell from the bold Knight in a trance:

Theſe

Ver. 597.] *Curtal.* In all editions to 1704, inclusive.
Ver. 609, 610.] Not in the two firſt editions of it added in 1674.

These being found out, and reſtor'd
To Hudibras, their natural lord,
As a man may ſay, with might and main
He haſted to get up again.
Thrice he eſſay'd to mount aloft,
But, by his weighty bum, as oft
He was pull'd back, till having found
Th' advantage of the riſing ground,
Thither he led his warlike ſteed,
And having plac'd him right, with ſpeed
Prepar'd again to ſcale the beaſt;
When Orſin, who had newly dreſt
The bloody ſcar upon the ſhoulder
Of Talgol with Promethean powder,
And now was ſearching for the ſhot
That laid Magnano on the ſpot,
Beheld the ſturdy Squire aforeſaid,
Preparing to climb up his horſe-ſide;
He left his cure, and laying hold
Upon his arms, with courage bold
Cry'd out, 'Tis now no time to dally,
The enemy begin to rally;
Let us that are unhurt and whole
Fall on, and happy man be 's dole.

This

Ver. 617.]

The active Squire, with might and main,
Prepar'd in haſte to mount again.

Thus altered 1674. *Reſtored* 1704.

This said, like to a thunderbolt,
He flew with fury to th' assault,
Striving th' enemy to attack
Before he reach'd his horse's back.
Ralpho was mounted now, and gotten
O'erthwart his beast with active vaulting,
Wriggling his body to recover
His seat, and cast his right leg over;
When Orsin, rushing in, bestow'd
On horse and man so heavy a load,
The beast was startled, and begun
To kick and fling like mad, and run,
Bearing the tough Squire like a jack,
Or stout King Richard, on his back;
Till, stumbling, he threw him down,
Bore ornis'd, and cast into a swoon.
Meanwhile the Knight began to rouse
The sparkles of his wonted prowess;
He thrust his hand into his hose,
And found, both by his eyes and nose,
'Twas only choler, and not blood,
That from his wounded body flow'd.
This, with the hazard of the Squire,
Inflam'd him with despiteful ire;
Courageously he fac'd about,
And drew his other pistol out;
And now had half way bent the cock,
When Cerdon gave so fierce a shock,
With sturdy truncheon, thwart his arm,
That down it fell, and did no harm;

Then

Then ſtoutly preſſing on with ſpeed,
Aſſay'd to pull him off his ſteed.
The Knight his ſword had only left,
With which he Cerdon's head had cleft,
Or at the leaſt crop'd off a limb,
But Orſin came, and reſcued him.
He with his lance attack'd the Knight
Upon his quarters oppoſite:
But as a barque, that in foul weather,
Toſs'd by two adverſe winds together,
Is bruis'd and beaten to and fro,
And knows not which to turn him to;
So far'd the Knight between two foes,
And knew not which of them t' oppoſe;
Till Orſin, charging with his lance
At Hudibras, by ſpiteful chance
Hit Cerdon ſuch a bang, as ſtunn'd
And laid him flat upon the ground.
At this the Knight began to cheer up
And, raiſing up himſelf on ſtirrup,
Cry'd out, *Victoria*; lie thou there,
And I ſhall ſtraight diſpatch another
To bear thee company in death;
But firſt I'll halt a while, and breathe;
As well he might; for Orſin, griev'd
At th' wound that Cerdon had receiv'd,
Ran to relieve him with his lore,
And cure the hurt he gave before.
Meanwhile the Knight had wheel'd about
To breathe himſelf, and next find out

Th' advantage of the ground, where beſt
He might the ruffled foe infeſt.
This being reſolv'd, he ſpurr'd his ſteed,
To run at Orſin with full ſpeed,
While he was buſy in the care
Of Cerdon's wound, and unaware;
But he was quick, and had already
Unto the part apply'd remedy;
And ſeeing th' enemy prepar'd,
Drew up, and ſtood upon his guard:
Then like a warrior right expert
And ſkilful in the martial art,
The ſubtle Knight ſtraight made a halt,
And judg'd it beſt to ſtay th' aſſault,
Until he had reliev'd the Squire,
And then (in order) to retire;
Or, as occaſion ſhould invite,
With forces join'd renew the fight.
Ralpho, by this time diſentranc'd,
Upon his bum himſelf advanc'd,
Though ſorely bruis'd; his limbs all o'er
With ruthleſs bangs were ſtiff and ſore:
Right fain he would have got upon
His feet again, to get him gone,
When Hudibras to aid him came.
Quoth he (and call'd him by his name)
Courage, the day at length is ours,
And we once more, as conquerors,
th the field and honour won;
reſlignate and run:

I mean

I mean all ſuch as can, for ſome
This hand hath ſent to their long home;
And ſome lie ſprawling on the ground,
With many a gaſh and bloody wound.
Cæſar himſelf could never ſay
He got two victories in a day,
As I have done, that can ſay, twice I
In one day *veni, vidi, vici.*
The foe 's ſo numerous, that we
Cannot ſo often *vincere,*
And they *perire,* and yet enow
Be left to ſtrike an after-blow;
Then, leſt they rally, and once more
Put us to fight the buſineſs o'er,
Get up, and mount thy ſteed; diſpatch,
And let us both their motions watch.
Quoth Ralph, I ſhould not, if I were
In caſe for action, now be here;
Nor have I turn'd my back, or hang'd
An arſe, for fear of being bang'd.
It was for you I got theſe harms,
Adventuring to fetch off your arms.
The blows and drubs I have receiv'd,
Have bruis'd my body, and bereav'd
My limbs of ſtrength: unleſs you ſtoop,
And reach your hands to pull me up,
I ſhall lie here, and be a prey
To thoſe who now are run away.
That thou ſhalt not (quoth Hudibras;)
We read, the Ancients held it was

More honourable far *servare*
Civem, than slay an adversary;
The one we oft to-day have done,
The other shall dispatch anon:
And though thou 'rt of a different church,
I will not leave thee in the lurch.
This said, he jogg'd his good steed nigher,
And steer'd him gently towards the Squire,
Then bowing down his body, stretch'd
His hand out, and at Ralpho reach'd;
When Trulla, whom he did not mind,
Charg'd him like lightening behind.
She had been long in search about
Magnano's wound, to find it out,
But could find none, nor where the shot
That had so startled him was got:
But, having found the worst was past,
She fell to her own work at last,
The pillage of the prisoners,
Which in all feats of arms was her's;
And now to plunder Ralph she flew,
When Hudibras's hard fate drew
To succour him; for as he bow'd
To help him up, she laid a load
Of blows so heavy, and plac'd so well,
On th' other side, that down he fell.
Yield, scoundrel base, (quoth she) or die;
Thy life is mine, and liberty;
But if thou think'st I took thee tardy,
And dar'st presume to be so hardy

To

To try thy fortune o'er afreſh,
I'll wave my title to thy fleſh,
Thy arms and baggage, now my right,
And, if thou haſt the heart to try 't,
I'll lend thee back thyſelf a while,
And once more, for that carcaſe vile,
Fight upon tick.—Quoth Hudibras,
Thou offer'ſt nobly, valiant laſs,
And I ſhall take thee at thy word.
Firſt let me riſe and take my ſword;
That ſword which has ſo oft this day
Through ſquadrons of my foes made way,
And ſome to other worlds diſpatcht,
Now with a feeble ſpinſter matcht,
Will bluſh, with blood ignoble ſtain'd,
By which no honour 's to be gain'd:
But if thou 'lt take m' advice in this,
Conſider, whilſt thou may'ſt, what 'tis
To interrupt a victor's courſe,
B' oppoſing ſuch a trivial force:
For if with conqueſt I come off,
(And that I ſhall do ſure enough)
Quarter thou canſt not have, nor grace,
By law of arms, in ſuch a caſe;

Both

Ver. 791—795.] What a generous and undaunted heroine was Trulla! She makes the greateſt figure in the Canto, and alone conquers the valiant hero of the Poem. There are few inſtances, I believe, in either romance or hiſtory that come up to this.

Both which I now do offer freely.
I ſcorn (quoth ſhe) thou coxcomb ſilly,
(Clapping her hand upon her breech,
To ſhew how much ſhe priz'd his ſpeech)
Quarter or counſel from a foe;
If thou canſt force me to it, do:
But leſt it ſhould again be ſaid,
When I have once more won thy head,
I took thee napping, unprepar'd,
Arm, and betake thee to thy guard.
This ſaid, ſhe to her tackle fell,
And on the Knight let fall a peal
Of blows ſo fierce, and preſs'd ſo home,
That he retir'd, and follow'd 's bum.
Stand to 't (quoth ſhe) or yield to mercy;
It is not fighting *arſie-verſie*
Shall ſerve thy turn.—This ſtirr'd his ſpleen
More than the danger he was in,
The blows he felt, or was to feel,
Although th' already made him reel;
Honour, deſpight, revenge, and ſhame,
At once into his ſtomach came;
Which fir'd it ſo, he rais'd his arm
Above his head, and rain'd a ſtorm
Of blows ſo terrible and thick,
As if he meant to haſh her quick:
But ſhe upon her truncheon took them,
And by oblique diverſion broke them,
Waiting an opportunity
To pay all back with uſury,

Which

Which long ſhe fail'd not of; for now
The Knight with one dead-doing blow
Reſolving to decide the fight,
And ſhe with quick and cunning ſleight
Avoiding it, the force and weight
He charg'd upon it was ſo great,
As almoſt ſway'd him to the ground:
No ſooner ſhe th' advantage found,
But in ſhe flew; and ſeconding,
With home-made thruſt, the heavy ſwing,
She laid him flat upon his ſide,
And, mounting on his trunk aſtride,
Quoth ſhe, I told thee what would come
Of all thy vapouring, baſe ſcum:
Say, will the law of arms allow
I may have grace and quarter now?
Or wilt thou rather break thy word,
And ſtain thine honour, than thy ſword?
A man of war to damn his ſoul,
In baſely breaking his parole;

And

Ver. 856.] Inſtead of this and the nine following lines, in edition 1674, and the following editions, theſe four ſtood in the two firſt editions of 1663;

Shall I have quarter now, you ruffin?
Or wilt thou be worſe than thy huffing?
Thou ſaidſt th' wouldſt kill me, marry wouldſt thou?
Why doſt thou not, thou jack-a-nods thou?

And when before the fight, th' had'ſt vow'd
To give no quarter in cold blood;
Now thou haſt got me for a Tartar,
To make m' againſt my will take quarter,
Why doſt not put me to the ſword,
But cowardly fly from thy word?
  Quoth Hudibras, The day 's thine own;
Thou and thy ſtars have caſt me down:
My laurels are tranſplanted now,
And flouriſh on thy conquering brow:
My loſs of honour 's great enough,
Thou needſt not brand it with a ſcoff:
Sarcaſms may eclipſe thine own,
But cannot blur my loſt renown:
I am not now in Fortune's power,
He that is down can fall no lower.
The ancient heroes were illuſtrious
For being benign, and not bluſtrous
Againſt a vanquiſh'd foe: their ſwords
Were ſharp and trenchant, not their words;
And did in fight but cut work out
T' employ their courteſies about.
  Quoth ſhe, Although thou haſt deſerv'd,
Baſe Slubberdegullion, to be ſerv'd
As thou didſt vow to deal with me,
If thou hadſt got the victory,
Yet I ſhall rather act a part
That ſuits my fame, than thy deſert.
Thy arms, thy liberty, beſide
  That 's on th' outſide of thy hide,

Are

Are mine by military law,
Of which I will not bate one ſtraw;
The reſt, thy life and limbs, once more,
Though doubly forfeit, I reſtore.
Quoth Hudibras, It is too late
For me to treat or ſtipulate;
What thou command'ſt I muſt obey;
Yet thoſe whom I expung'd to-day,
Of thine own party, I let go,
And gave them life and freedom too,
Both Dogs and Bear, upon their parole,
Whom I took priſoners in this quarrel.
Quoth Trulla, Whether thou or they
Let one another run away,
Concerns not me; but was 't not thou
That gave Crowdero quarter too?
Crowdero whom, in irons bound,
Thou baſely threw'ſt into Lob's pound,
Where ſtill he lies, and with regret
His generous bowels rage and fret:
But now thy carcaſe ſhall redeem,
And ſerve to be exchang'd for him.

This

Ver. 913, 914.] This was but an equitable retaliation, though very diſgraceful to one of the Knight's ſtation. Is not the Poet to be blamed for bringing his hero to ſuch a direful condition, and for repreſenting him as ſtript and degraded by a trull? No, certainly. It was her right, by the law of arms (which the Poet muſt obſerve), to uſe her captive at her pleaſure. Trulla

This ſaid, the Knight did ſtraight ſubmit
And laid his weapons at her feet.
Next he diſrob'd his gabardine,
And with it did himſelf reſign.
She took it, and forthwith diveſting
The mantle that ſhe wore, ſaid jeſting,
Take that, and wear it for my ſake;
Then threw it o'er his ſturdy back.
And as the French, we conquer'd once,
Now give us laws for pantaloons,
The length of breeches, and the gathers,
Port-cannons, perriwigs, and feathers;
Juſt ſo the proud inſulting laſs
Array'd and dighted Hudibras.
Meanwhile the other champions, yeſt
In hurry of the fight diſperſt,
Arriv'd, when Trulla won the day,
To ſhare i' th' honour and the prey,
And out of Hudibras's hide
With vengeance to be ſatisfy'd;
Which now they were about to pour
Upon him in a wooden ſhower,
But Trulla thruſt herſelf between,
And ſtriding o'er his back again,

She

acted more honourably by him than he expected, and generouſly ſcreened him from a threatening ſtorm, ready to be poured on him by her comrades. With what pomp and ſolemnity does this famous heroine lead the captive in triumph to the ſtocks, to the eternal honour of her ſex!

She brandiſh'd o'er her head his ſword,
And vow'd they ſhould not break her word;
She 'ad giv'n him quarter, and her blood,
Or theirs, ſhould make that quarter good;
For ſhe was bound, by law of arms,
To ſee him ſafe from further harms.
In dungeon deep Crowdero, caſt
By Hudibras, as yet lay faſt,
Where, to the hard and ruthleſs ſtones,
His great heart made perpetual moans;
Him ſhe reſolv'd that Hudibras
Should ranſom, and ſupply his place.
This ſtopp'd their fury, and the baſting
Which towards Hudibras was haſting;
They thought it was but juſt and right
That what ſhe had atchiev'd in fight
She ſhould diſpoſe of how ſhe pleas'd;
Crowdero ought to be releas'd:
Nor could that any way be done
So well as this ſhe pitch'd upon:
For who a better could imagine?
This therefore they reſolv'd t' engage in.
The Knight and Squire firſt they made
Riſe from the ground where they were laid,
Then mounted both upon their horſes,
But with their faces to the arſes.
Orſin led Hudibras's beaſt,
And Talgol that which Ralpho preſt;
Whom ſtout Magnano, valiant Cerdon,
And Colon, waited as a guard on;

... leading Trulla in the rear,
... with all arms of either prisoner.
... this proud order and array
They put themselves upon their way,
Striving to reach th' inchanted Castle,
Where stout Crowdero in durance lay still.
Rather with greater speed than shows
And triumph over conquer'd foes
Do use t' allow, or than the Bears,
Or pageants borne before lord-mayors,
Are wont to use, they soon arriv'd,
In order soldier-like contriv'd,
Still marching in a warlike posture,
As fit for battle as for muster.
The Knight and Squire they first unhorse,
And bending 'gainst the fort their force,
They all advanc'd, and round about
Begirt the magical redoubt.
Magnan' led up in this adventure,
And made way for the rest to enter:
For he was skilful in Black Art,
No less than he that built the fort,
And with an iron mace laid flat
A breach, which straight all enter'd at,
And in the wooden dungeon found
Crowdero laid upon the ground:
Him they release from durance base,
Restor'd t' his Fiddle and his case,
And liberty, his thirsty rage
With luscious vengeance to assuage;

For

For he no ſooner was at large,
But Trulla ſtraight brought on the charge,
And in the ſelf-ſame limbo put
The Knight and Squire where he was ſhut;
Where leaving them in Hockley-i'-th'-hole,
Their bangs and durance to condole,
Confin'd and conjur'd into narrow
Enchanted manſion to know ſorrow,
In the ſame order and array
Which they advanc'd, they march'd away:
But Hudibras, who ſcorn'd to ſtoop
To Fortune, or be ſaid to droop,
Cheer'd up himſelf with ends of verſe,
And ſayings of philoſophers.
Quoth he, Th' one half of man, his mind,
Is, *ſui juris*, unconfin'd,
And cannot be laid by the heels,
Whate'er the other moiety feels.
'Tis not reſtraint, or liberty,
That makes men priſoners or free;
But perturbations that poſſeſs
The mind, or equanimities.
The whole world was not half ſo wide
To Alexander, when he cry'd,
Becauſe he had but one to ſubdue,
As was a paltry narrow tub to
Diogenes;

Ver. 1003.] *Where leaving them in Hockley-i'th'-hole.* Altered, 1674, to, *I' the* wretched *hole.* Reſtored, 1704.

Dungeons; who is not ſaid
(For aught that ever I could read)
To whine, put finger i' th' eye, and ſob,
Becauſe he 'ad ne'er another tub.
The Ancients make two ſeveral kinds
Of proweſs in heroic minds,
The active and the paſſive val'ant,
Both which are *pari libra* gallant;
For both to give blows, and to carry,
In fights are equi-neceſſary:
But in defeats the paſſive ſtout
Are always found to ſtand it out
Moſt deſperately, and to out-do
The active, 'gainſt a conquering foe.
Though we with blacks and blues are ſuggil'd,
Or, as the vulgar ſay, are cudgel'd,
He that is valiant, and dares fight,
Though drubb'd, can loſe no honour by 't.
Honour 's a leaſe for lives to come,
And cannot be extended from
The legal tenant: 'tis a chattel
Not to be forfeited in battle.
If he that in the field is ſlain,
Be in the bed of Honour lain,
He that is beaten may be ſaid
To lie in Honour's truckle-bed.
For as we ſee th' eclipſed ſun
By mortals is more gaz'd upon
Than when, adorn'd with all his light,
Shines in ſerene ſky moſt bright;

So

So valour, in a low eſtate,
Is moſt admir'd and wonder'd at.
Quoth Ralph, How great I do not know
We may by being beaten grow;
But none, that ſee how here we ſit,
Will judge us overgrown with wit.
As Gifted Brethren, preaching by
A carnal hour-glaſs, do imply.
Illumination can convey
Into them what they have to ſay,
But not how much; ſo well enough
Know you to charge, but not draw off:
For who, without a cap and bauble,
Having ſubdued a Bear and rabble,
And might with honour have come off,
Would put it to a ſecond proof?
A politic exploit, right fit
For Preſbyterian zeal and wit.

Quoth

Ver. 1061, 1062.] In thoſe days there was always an hour-glaſs ſtood by the pulpit, in a frame of iron made on purpoſe for it, and faſtened to the board on which the cuſhion lay, that it might be viſible to the whole congregation; who, if the ſermon did not hold till the glaſs was out (which was turned up as ſoon as the text was taken), would ſay that the preacher was lazy; and if he held out much longer, would yawn and ſtretch, and by thoſe ſigns ſignify to the preacher that they began to be weary of his diſcourſe, and wanted to be diſmiſſed. Theſe hour-glaſſes remained in ſome churches till within theſe forty years.

Ver. 1072.] Ralpho looked upon their ill plight to be owing to his *maſter's bad conduct*; and, to vent his

Quoth Hudibras, That cuckoo's tone,
Ralpho, thou always harp'ſt upon:
When thou at any thing wouldſt rail,
Thou tak'ſt Preſbytery, thy ſcale,
To take the height on 't, and explain
To what degree it is profane;
Whats'ever will not with (thy what-d'-ye-call)
Thy Light jump right, thou call'ſt Synodical:
As if Preſbytery were a ſtandard
To ſize whatſoever 's to be ſlander'd.
Doſt not remember how this day
Thou to my beard waſt bold to ſay,
That thou couldſt prove Bear-baiting equal
With Synods, orthodox and legal?
Do, if thou canſt, for I deny 't,
And dare thee to 't with all thy light.
Quoth Ralpho, Truly that is no
Hard matter for a man to do,
That has but any guts in 's brains,
And could believe it worth his pains:
But ſince you dare and urge me to it,
You 'll find I 've light enough to do it.
Synods are myſtical Bear-gardens,
Where Elders, Deputies, Church-wardens,
And

reſentment, he ſatirizes him in the moſt affecting part of his character, his religion: this, by degrees, brings on the old arguments about Synods. The Poet, who thought he had not ſufficiently laſhed claſſical aſſemblies, very judiciouſly completes it, now there is full leiſure for it.

And other Members of the Court,
Manage the Babyloniſh ſport;
For Prolocutor, Scribe, and Bear-ward,
Do differ only in a mere word.
Both are but ſeveral ſynagogues
Of carnal men, and Bears and Dogs:
Both antichriſtian aſſemblies,
To miſchief bent as far 's in them lies:
Both ſtave and tail, with fierce conteſts,
The one with men, the other beaſts.
The difference is, the one fights with
The tongue, the other with the teeth;
And that they bait but Bears in this,
In th' other Souls and Conſciences;
Where Saints themſelves are brought to ſtake
For Goſpel-light and Conſcience' ſake;
Expos'd to Sribes and Preſbyters,
Inſtead of Maſtive Dogs and Curs;
Than whom they 've leſs humanity,
For theſe at ſouls of men will fly.
This to the Prophet did appear,
Who in a viſion ſaw a Bear,
Prefiguring the beaſtly rage
Of Church-rule, in this latter age;
As is demonſtrated at full
By him that baited the Pope's Bull.
Bears naturally are beaſts of prey,
That live by rapine; ſo do they.
What are their Orders, Conſtitutions,
Church-cenſures, Curſes, Abſolutions,

But ſeveral myſtic chains they make,
To tie poor Chriſtians to the ſtake?
And then ſet Heathen officers,
Inſtead of Dogs, about their ears.
For to prohibit and diſpenſe,
To find out, or to make offence;
Of hell and heaven to diſpoſe,
To play with ſouls at faſt and looſe;
To ſet what characters they pleaſe,
And mulcts, on ſin and godlineſs;
Reduce the Church to Goſpel-order,
By rapine, ſacrilege, and murther;
To make Preſbytery ſupreme,
And Kings themſelves ſubmit to them;
And force all people, though againſt
Their conſciences, to turn Saints;
Muſt prove a pretty thriving trade,
When Saints monopoliſts are made:
When pious frauds and holy ſhifts
Are Diſpenſations and Gifts,
There godlineſs becomes mere ware,
And every Synod but a fair.
Synods are whelps o' th' Inquiſition,
A mongrel breed of like pernicion,
And growing up, became the ſires
Of Scribes, Commiſſioners, and Triers;
Whoſe buſineſs is, by cunning ſleight,
To caſt a figure for men's light,

To

Ver. 1129.] They were more tyrannical in office than *any* officers of the biſhop's court.

To find, in lines of beard and face,
The phyſiognomy of Grace;
And by the ſound and twang of noſe,
If all be ſound within diſcloſe;
Free from a crack or flaw of ſinning,
As men try pipkins by the ringing:
By black caps underlaid with white,
Give certain gueſs at inward light;
Which Serjeants at the Goſpel wear,
To make the Sp'ritual Calling clear.
The handkerchief about the neck
(Canonical cravat of ſmeck,

From

Ver. 1156.] Theſe Triers pretended to great ſkill in this reſpect; and if they diſliked the beard or face of a man, they would, for that reaſon alone, refuſe to admit him, when preſented to a living, unleſs he had ſome powerful friend to ſupport him. "The queſtions "that theſe men put to the perſons to be examined "were not abilities and learning, but grace in their "hearts, and that with ſo bold and ſaucy an inquiſi-"tion, that ſome men's ſpirits trembled at the interro-"gatories; they phraſing it ſo, as if (as was ſaid at "the council of Trent) they had the Holy Ghoſt in a "cloke-bag."

Their queſtions generally were theſe, or ſuch like, When were you converted? Where did you begin to feel the motions of the Spirit? In what year? in what month? in what day? about what hour of the day, had you the ſecret call, or motion of the Spirit, to undertake and labour in the miniſtry? What work of grace has God wrought upon your ſoul? And a great many other queſtions about regeneration, predeſtination, and the like.

Ver. 1166.] *Smectymnus* was a club of holders-forth.

A lawleſs linſy-woolſy brother,
Half of one order, half another;
A creature of amphibious nature,
On land a beaſt, a fiſh in water:
That always preys on grace or ſin;
A ſheep without, a wolf within.
This fierce inquiſitor has chief
Dominion over men's belief
And manners; can pronounce a ſaint
Idolatrous or ignorant,
When ſupercilliously he lifts
Through couriett boulter others' gifts:
For all men live and judge amiſs,
Whoſe talents jump not juſt with his;
He 'll lay on Gifts with hands, and place
On dulleſt noddle Light and Grace,
The manufacture of the Kirk.
Thoſe paſtors are but th' handy-work
Of his mechanic paws, inſtilling
Divinity in them by feeling:
From whence they ſtart up Choſen Veſſels,
Made by contact, as men get meaſles.
So Cardinals, they ſay, do grope
At th' other end the new-made Pope.
Hold, hold, quoth Hudibras, ſoft fire,
They ſay, does make ſweet malt. Good Squire,
Feſtina lente, not too faſt,
F[illegible]: (the proverb ſays) makes waſte.
[illegible]s and cavils thou doſt make
[illegible] and built upon miſtake:

And

And I ſhall bring you with your pack
Of fallacies, t' Elenchi back;
And put your arguments in mood
And figure to be underſtood.
I 'll force you, by right ratiocination,
To leave your vitilitigation,
And make you keep to th' queſtion cloſe,
And argue *dialecticè*.
The queſtion then, to ſtate it firſt,
Is, Which is better or which worſt,
Synods or Bears? Bears I avow
To be the worſt, and Synods thou;
But, to make good th' aſſertion,
Thou ſay'ſt they 're really all one.
If ſo, not worſe; for if they 're *idem*,
Why then *tantundem dat tantidem*.
For if they are the ſame, by courſe
Neither is better, neither worſe.
But I deny they are the ſame,
More than a maggot and I am.
That both are *animalia*
I grant, but not *rationalia*:
For though they do agree in kind,
Specific difference we find;
And can no more make Bears of theſe,
Than prove my horſe is Socrates.
That Synods are Bear-gardens, too,
Thou doſt affirm; but I ſay No:
And thus I prove it, in a word;
Whatſoever Aſſembly 's not impower'd

To Cenſure, Curſe, Abſolve, and Ordain,
Can be no Synod: but Bear-garden
Has no ſuch power; *ergo*, 'tis none,
And ſo thy ſophiſtry 's o'erthrown.
But yet we are beſide the queſt'on
Which thou didſt raiſe the firſt conteſt on;
For that was, Whether Bears are better
Than Synod-men? I ſay, *Negatur*.
That Bears are beaſts, and Synods men,
Is held by all: they 're better then;
For Bears and Dogs on four legs go,
As beaſts; but Synod-men on two.
'Tis true they all have teeth and nails;
But prove that Synod-men have tails;
Or that a rugged ſhaggy fur
Grows o'er the hide of Preſbyter;
Or that his ſnout and ſpacious ears
Do hold proportion with a Bear's.
A Bear 's a ſavage beaſt, of all
Moſt ugly and unnatural;
Whelp'd without form, until the dam
Has lickt it into ſhape and frame:
But all thy light can ne'er evict,
That ever Synod-man was lickt,
Or brought to any other faſhion
Than his own will and inclination.
But thou doſt further yet in this
Oppugn thyſelf and ſenſe; that is,
Thou wouldſt have Preſbyters to go
For Bears and Dogs, and Bear-wards too:

A ſtrange

A ſtrange chimæra of beaſts and men,
Made up of pieces heterogene;
Such as in Nature never met
In eodem ſubjecto yet.
Thy other arguments are all
Suppoſures hypothetical,
That do but beg; and we may chuſe
Either to grant them, or refuſe.
Much thou haſt ſaid, which I know when
And where thou ſtol'ſt from other men,
(Whereby 'tis plain thy Light and Gifts
Are all but plagiary ſhifts)
And is the ſame that Ranter ſaid,
Who, arguing with me, broke my head,
And tore a handful of my beard;
The ſelf-ſame cavils then I heard,
When, being in hot diſpute about
This controverſy, we fell out;
And what thou know'ſt I anſwer'd then,
Will ſerve to anſwer thee again.

Quoth

Ver. 1329.] The Ranters were a vile ſect that ſprung up in thoſe times. Alexander Roſs obſerves, "That "they held that God, devil, angels, heaven, and hell, "*&c.* were fictions and fables: that Moſes, John Bap- "tiſt, and Chriſt, were impoſtors; and what Chriſt and "the Apoſtles acquainted the world with, as to matter "of religion, periſhed with them: that preaching and "praying are uſeleſs, and that preaching is but public "lying: that there is an end of all miniſtry and ad- "miniſtrations, and people are to be taught immedi- "diately from God," *&c.*

Quoth Ralpho, Nothing but th' abuse
Of human learning you produce;
Learning, that conveys of the brain,
Profane, erroneous, and vain; 1320

A trade

Ver. 1333.] Ralpho was as great an enemy to human learning as Jack Cade and his fellow rebels. Cade's words to Lord Say, before he ordered his head to be cut off: "I am the beetle that must sweep the "Court clean of such filth as thou art: thou hast most "traiterously corrupted the youth of the realm, in "erecting a grammar-school: and whereas before our "forefathers had no other books but the Score and the "Tally, thou hast caused *Printing* to be used; and, "contrary to the King, his crown and dignity, thou "hast built a *Paper-mill*. It will be proved to thy "face, that thou hast men about thee that usually talk "of a *noun* and a *verb*, and such abominable words, "as no Christian ear can endure to hear."

It was the opinion of those tinkers, tailors, &c. that governed Chelmsford at the beginning of the Rebellion, "That learning had always been an enemy to "the Gospel, and that it were a happy thing if there "were no universities, and that all books were burnt "except the Bible."

"I tell you (says a writer of those times) wicked "books do as much wound us as the swords of our "adversaries; for this manner of learning is super-"fluous and costly: many tongues and languages are "only confusion; and only wit, reason, understand-"ing, and scholarship, are the main means that op-"pose us, and hinder our cause; therefore, if ever we "have the fortune to get the upper-hand, we will "down with all law and learning, and have no other "rule but the Carpenter's, nor any writing or reading *but the Score* and the Tally."

A trade of knowledge, as replete
As others are with fraud and cheat;
An art t' incumber Gifts and wit,
And render both for nothing fit;
Makes Light unactive, dull, and troubled,
Like little David in Saul's doublet:
A cheat that ſcholars put upon
Other men's reaſon and their own;
A fort of error, to enſconce
Abſurdity and ignorance,
That renders all the avenues
To truth impervious and abſtruſe,
By making plain things, in debate,
By art perplext and intricate:
For nothing goes for Senſe or Light,
That will not with old rules jump right;
As if rules were not in the ſchools
Deriv'd from truth, but truth from rules.
This Pagan, Heatheniſh invention
Is good for nothing but contention:
For as, in ſword-and-buckler fight,
All blows do on the target light;
So when men argue, the great'ſt part
O' th' conteſt falls on terms of art,
Until the fuſtian ſtuff be ſpent,
And then they fall to th' argument.
Quoth Hudibras, Friend Ralph, thou haſt
Out-run the conſtable at laſt:
For thou art fallen on a new
Diſpute, as ſenſeleſs as untrue,

But to the former opposite,
And contrary as black to white;
Mere disparata; that concerning
Presbytery, this human learning;
Two things s' averse, they never yet
But in thy rambling fancy met.
But I shall take a fit occasion
T' evince thee by' ratiocination,
Some other time, in place more proper
Than this we 're in; therefore let 's stop here,
And rest our weary'd bones a while,
Already tir'd with other toil.

HUDIBRAS.

PART II. CANTO I.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Knight, by damnable Magician,
Being caſt illegally in priſon,
Love brings his action on the caſe,
And lays it upon Hudibras.
How he receives the Lady's viſit,
And cunningly ſolicits his ſuit,
Which ſhe defers; yet, on parole,
Redeems him from th' inchanted hole.

BUT now, t' obſerve Romantique method,
Let bloody ſteel a while be ſheathed;

And

Arg. Ver. 1, 2.] Thus altered, 1674,

The Knight being clapp'd by th' heels in priſon,
The laſt unhappy expedition.

Reſtored 1704.

Arg. Ver. 5.] *How he receives*, &c. *How he* revi's, &c. In the two firſt editions of 1663.

Ver. 1.] The beginning of this Second Part may perhaps

And all those harsh and [illegible] sounds
Of [illegible], cuts, and wounds.
[illegible] more gentle tyre,
[illegible] breathe a while
In which that we may [illegible]
[illegible] by way of [illegible].
[illegible] make me strange,
That some men's fancies should be [illegible] change,
But make all people do and say
The same things still the self-same way?

Some

perhaps seem strange and abrupt to those who do not know that it was written on purpose in imitation of Virgil, who begins the Fourth Book of his Æneids in the very same manner, *At regina gravi*, &c. And this is enough to satisfy the curiosity of those who believe that invention and fancy ought to be measured, like cases in law, by precedents, or else they are in the power of the critic.

Ver. 11 | *Let bloody steel*, &c. Altered to *let* rusty *steel*, 1674, 1684, &c. To trusty *steel*, 1700. Restored 1704.

Ver. 5 | And the three following lines, stood in the two first editions of 1663, as follow:

And unto love turn we our style,
To let our readers breathe a while,
By this time tir'd with the horrid sounds
Of blows, and cuts, and blood, and wounds.

Ver. 10 | *That some men's fancies*, &c. That a man's fancy, in the two first editions of 1664.

Some writers make all ladies purloin'd,
And knights purſuing like a whirlwind:
Others make all their knights, in fits
Of jealouſy, to loſe their wits;
Till, drawing blood o' th' dames, like witches,
They 're forthwith cur'd of their capriches.
Some always thrive in their amours,
By pulling plaiſters off their ſores;
As cripples do to get an alms,
Juſt ſo do they, and win their dames.
Some force whole regions, in deſpite
O' geography, to change their ſite;
Make former times ſhake hands with latter,
And that which was before come after.
But thoſe that write in rhyme ſtill make
The one verſe for the other's ſake;
For one for ſenſe, and one for rhyme,
I think, 's ſufficient at one time.
But we forget in what ſad plight
We whilom left the captiv'd Knight
And penſive Squire, both bruis'd in body,
And conjur'd into ſafe cuſtody.
Tir'd with diſpute, and ſpeaking Latin,
As well as baſting and Bear-baiting,
And deſperate of any courſe,
To free himſelf by wit or force,

His

Ver. 32.] *Whilom.* Formerly, or, ſome time ago. Altered to *lately*, 1674. Reſtored 1704.

[illegible]
His dog-boat fortune was so low,
That either it must [illegible] end,
Or turn about again, and mend,
In which he found the event, no less
Than other times, beside his guess.
There is a tall long-sided dame,
'But wondrous light, ycleped Fame,
That like a thin camelion boards
Herself on air, and eats her words:
Upon her shoulders wings she wears
Like hanging sleeves, lined through with ears,
And eyes, and tongues, as poets list,
Made good by deep mythologist:
With these she through the welkin flies,
And sometimes carries truth, oft lies;
With letters hung, like eastern pigeons,
And Mercuries of furthest regions;
Diurnals writ for regulation
Of lying, to inform the nation,
And by their public use to bring down
The rate of whetstones in the kingdom.
About her neck a pacquet-mail,
Fraught with advice, some fresh, some stale,

Of

Ver. 48.] The beauty of this consists in the double meaning; the first alludes to Fame's living on Report. The second is an insinuation, that if a report is narrowly enquired into, and traced up to the original author, it is made to contradict itself.

Of men that walk'd when they were dead,
And cows of monſters brought to bed;
Of hailſtones big as pullets' eggs,
And puppies whelp'd with twice two legs;
A blazing-ſtar ſeen in the weſt,
By ſix or ſeven men at leaſt.
Two trumpets ſhe does ſound at once,
But both of clean contrary tones;
But whether both with the ſame wind,
Or one before, and one behind,
We know not, only this can tell,
The one ſounds vilely, th' other well;
And therefore vulgar authors name
Th' one Good, th' other Evil Fame.
This tattling goſſip knew too well
What miſchief Hudibras befel,
And ſtraight the ſpiteful tidings bears
Of all, to th' unkind Widow's ears.
Democritus ne'er laugh'd ſo loud,
To ſee bawds carted through the crowd,
Or funerals, with ſtately pomp,
March ſlowly on in ſolemn dump,
As ſhe laugh'd out, until her back,
As well as ſides, was like to crack.
She vow'd ſhe would go ſee the fight,
And viſit the diſtreſſed Knight;

To

Ver. 77.] *This tattling goſſip*, &c. *Twattling goſſip*, in the two firſt editions of 1663. Altered, as it ſtands here, 1674.

To fit the office of a neighbour,
And be a gossip at his labour;
And from his wooden jail, the stocks,
To let at large his fetter-locks:
And by exchange, parole, or ransom,
To free him from th' inchanted mansion.
This being resolv'd, she call'd for hood
And usher, implements abroad
Which ladies wear, beside a slender
Young waiting-damsel to attend her.
All which appearing, on she went
To find the Knight, in limbo pent:
And 'twas not long before she found
Him and his stout Squire in the pound;
Both coupled in inchanted tether,
By further leg behind together:
For as he sat upon his rump,
His head, like one in doleful dump,
Between his knees, his hands apply'd
Unto his ears on either side,
And by him, in another hole,
Afflicted Ralpho, cheek by jowl,

She

Ver. 91.] *And from his wooden jail*, &c. This and the following line stand in the two editions of 1664 thus,

That is to see him deliver'd safe
Of 's wooden burthen, and Squire Raph.

She came upon him in his wooden
Magician's circle, on the ſudden,
As ſpirits do t' a conjurer,
When in their dreadful ſhapes th' appear.
No ſooner did the Knight perceive her,
But ſtraight he fell into a fever,
Inflam'd all over with diſgrace,
To be ſeen by' her in ſuch a place;
Which made him hang his head and ſcoul,
And wink and goggle like an owl;
He felt his brains begin to ſwim,
When thus the Dame accoſted him.
This place (qouth ſhe) they ſay 's inchanted,
And with delinquent ſpirits haunted,
That here are ty'd in chains, and ſcourg'd,
Until their guilty crimes be purg'd:
Look, there are two of them appear,
Like perſons I have ſeen ſomewhere.
Some have miſtaken blocks and poſts
For ſpectres, apparitions, ghoſts,
With ſaucer-eyes and horns; and ſome
Have heard the devil beat a drum;

But

Ver. 111, 112.] There was never, certainly, a pleaſanter ſcene imagined than this before us; it is the moſt diverting incident in the whole Poem. The unlucky and unexpected viſit of the Lady; the attitude and ſurprize of the Knight; the confuſion and bluſhes of the lover; and the ſatirical raillery of a miſtreſs, are repreſented in lively colours, and conſpire to make this interview wonderfully *pleaſing*.

But if our eyes are not falſe gliſſes,
That give a wrong account of faces,
That beard and I ſhould be acquainted,
Before 'twas conjur'd and inchanted;
For though it be disfigur'd ſomewhat,
As if 't had lately been in combat,
It did belong to a worthy Knight,
Howe'er this goblin is come by 't.
When Hudibras the Lady heard
Diſcourſing thus upon his beard,
And ſpeak with ſuch reſpect and honour
Both of the beard and the beard's owner,
He thought it beſt to ſet as good
A face upon it as he cou'd;
And thus he ſpoke: Lady, your bright
And radiant eyes are in the right;
The beard 's th' identique beard you knew,
The ſame numerically true;
Nor is it worn by fiend or elf,
But its proprietor himſelf.
O heavens! quoth ſhe, can that be true?
I do begin to fear 'tis you;
Not by your individual whiſkers,
But by your dialect and diſcourſe,
That never ſpoke to man or beaſt
In notions vulgarly expreſt:

But

Ver. 142. Diſcourſing thus upon his beard. Altered, 1684. To take kind notice of his beard. Reſtored 1704.

But what malignant ſtar, alas!
Has brought you both to this ſad paſs?
  Quoth he, The fortune of the war,
Which I am leſs afflicted for,
Than to be ſeen with beard and face
By you in ſuch a homely caſe.
  Quoth ſhe, Thoſe need not be aſham'd
For being honourably maim'd;
If he that is in battle conquer'd,
Have any title to his own beard,
Though your's be ſorely lugg'd and torn,
It does your viſage more adorn
Than if 'twere prun'd, and ſtarch'd, and lander'd,
And cut ſquare by the Ruſſian ſtandard.
A torn beard 's like a tatter'd enſign,
That 's braveſt which there are moſt rents in.
That petticoat about your ſhoulders,
Does not ſo well become a ſoldier's;
And I'm afraid they are worſe handled,
Although i' th' rear, your beard the van led;
And thoſe uneaſy bruiſes make
My heart for company to ake,
To ſee ſo worſhipful a friend
I' th' pillory ſet, at the wrong end.
  Quoth Hudibras, This thing call'd Pain
Is (as the learned Stoics maintain)

Nor

Ver. 164.] *In ſuch a homely caſe.* *In ſuch* elenétique *caſe*, in the two firſt editions of 1664.

Nor had *simpliciter*, nor good,
But merely as 'tis understood.
Sense is deceitful, and may feign
As well in counterfeiting pain
As other gross *phænomenas*
In which it oft mistakes the case.
But since th' immortal intellect
(That 's free from error and defect,
Whose objects still persist the same)
Is free from outward bruise or maim,
Which nought external can expose
To gross material bangs or blows,
It follows we can ne'er be sure
Whether we pain or not endure,
And just so far are sore and griev'd
As by the fancy is believ'd.
Some have been wounded with conceit,
And dy'd of mere opinion straight;
Others, though wounded sore in reason,
Felt no contusion, nor discretion.
A Saxon duke did grow so fat,
That mice (as histories relate)
Ate grots and labyrinths to dwell in
His postique parts, without his feeling;
Then how is 't possible a kick
Should e'er reach that way to the quick?
Quoth she, I grant it is in vain
For one that 's basted to feel pain,
Because the pangs his bones endure
Contribute nothing to the cure;

Yet honour hurt is wont to rage
With pain no medicine can aſſuage.
Quoth he, That honour 's very ſqueamiſh,
That takes a baſting for a blemiſh:
For what 's more honourable than ſcars,
Or ſkin to tatters rent in wars?
Some have been beaten till they know
What wood a cudgel 's of by th' blow:
Some kick'd, until they can feel whether
A ſhoe be Spaniſh or neat's leather;
And yet have met, after long running,
With ſome whom they have taught that cunning.
The furtheſt way about, t' o'ercome,
In th' end does prove the neareſt home.
By laws of learned duelliſts,
They that are bruis'd with wood or fiſts,
And think one beating may for once
Suffice, are cowards and pultroons;
But if they dare engage t' a ſecond,
They 're ſtout and gallant fellows reckon'd.
Th' old Romans freedom did beſtow,
Our princes worſhip, with a blow.
King Pyrrhus cur'd his ſplenetick
And teſty courtiers with a kick.
The Negus, when ſome mighty lord
Or potentate 's to be reſtor'd,
And

Ver. 232.] *Pultroons.* So in all editions to 1716, incluſive. Altered, afterwards, to *poltroons.*
Ver. 239] A King of Æthiopia.

And pardon'd for ſome great offence,
With which he 's willing to diſpence,
Firſt has him laid upon his belly,
Then beaten back and ſide t' a jelly;
That done, he riſes, humbly bows,
And gives thanks for the princely blows;
Departs not meanly proud, and boaſting
Of his magnificent rib-roaſting.
The beaten ſoldier proves moſt manful,
That, like his ſword, endures the anvil,
And juſtly 's held more formidable,
The more his valour 's malleable:
But he that fears a baſtinado,
Will run away from his own ſhadow:
And though I'm now in durance faſt,
By our own party baſely caſt,
Ranſom, exchange, parole, refus'd,
And worſe than by the enemy us'd;
In cloſe *cataſta* ſhut, paſt hope
Of wit or valour to elope;
As beards, the nearer that they tend
To th' earth, ſtill grow more reverend;

And

Ver. 241.] *And pardon'd for ſome great offence.* This and the following line, in the two editions of 1664, ſtand thus;

To his good grace, for ſome offence
Forfeit before, and pardon'd ſince.

And cannons ſhoot the higher pitches,
The lower we let down their breeches;
I'll make this low dejected fate
Advance me to a greater height.
Quoth ſhe, You 'ave almoſt made me' in love
With that which did my pity move.
Great wits and valours, like great ſtates,
Do ſometimes ſink with their own weights:
Th' extremes of glory and of ſhame,
Like eaſt and weſt, become the ſame.
No Indian prince has to his palace
More followers than a thief to the gallows.
But if a beating ſeem ſo brave,
What glories muſt a whipping have?
Such great atchievements cannot fail
To caſt ſalt on a woman's tail:
For if I thought your natural talent
Of paſſive courage were ſo gallant,
As you ſtrain hard to have it thought,
I could grow amorous, and doat.
When Hudibras this language heard,
He prick'd up 's ears, and ſtroak'd his beard.
Thought he, this is the lucky hour,
Wines work when vines are in the flower:
This criſis then I'll ſet my reſt on,
And put her boldly to the queſt'on.
Madam, what you would ſeem to doubt,
Shall be to all the world made out;
How I've been drubb'd, and with what ſpirit
And magnanimity I bear it;

And if you doubt it to be true,
I'd [illegible] down against you;
And if I fail to love or wish,
Be you the winner, and take both.
Quoth she, I've heard old running stagers
Say, fools for arguments use wagers;
And though I pass'd your wilder, yet
I did not mean to hands your wit;
Which if you have, you must needs know
What I have told you before now,
And you b' experiment have proc'd,
I cannot love where I'm belov'd.
Quoth Hudibras, 'Tis a caprich
Beyond th' infliction of a witch;
So cheats to play with those still aim,
That do not understand the game.
Love in your heart as silly burns
As fire in antique Roman urns
To warm the dead, and vainly light
Those duly that he nothing by 't.
Have you not power to entertain,
And [illegible] love for [illegible]
[illegible]
Or do you love you [illegible] much,
To have all rivals [illegible]
What [illegible]
[illegible] would force?
[illegible] some say,
[illegible]

It

It is a kind of rape to marry
One that neglects, or cares not for ye:
For what does make it raviſhment
But being againſt the mind's conſent?
A rape that is the more inhuman,
For being acted by a woman.
Why are you fair, but to entice us
To love you, that you may deſpiſe us?
But though you cannot love, you ſay,
Out of your own fanatick way,
Why ſhould you not at leaſt allow
Thoſe that love you to do ſo too?
For, as you fly me, and purſue
Love more averſe, ſo I do you;
And am by your own doctrine taught
To practiſe what you call a fault.
  Quoth ſhe, if what you ſay is true,
You muſt fly me as I do you;
But 'tis not what we do, but ſay,
In love and preaching, that muſt ſway.
  Quoth he, To bid me not to love,
Is to forbid my pulſe to move,

My

Ver. 332.] *Fanatique* in ſome of the firſt editions, and *fanatick* in the reſt, from 1700, if not ſooner, to this time. Might not *fantaſtick* have been as proper, as his miſtreſs expreſſes herſelf, Verſes 545, 546?

And yet 'tis no fantaſtick pique
I have to love, nor coy diſlike.

My beard to grow, my ears to prick up,
Or (when I'm in a fit) to hiccup.
Command me to piſs out the moon,
And 'twill as eaſily be done.
Love's power 's too great to be withſtood
By feeble human fleſh and blood.
'Twas he that brought upon his knees
The hectoring kill-cow Hercules;
Transform'd his leager-lion's ſkin
T' a petticoat, and made him ſpin;
Seiz'd on his club, and made it dwindle
T' a feeble diſtaff and a ſpindle.
'Twas he that made Emperors gallants
To their own ſiſters and their aunts;
Set Popes and Cardinals agog,
To play with pages at leap-frog:
'Twas he that gave our Senate purges,
And fluxt the Houſe of many a burgeſs;
Made thoſe that repreſent the nation
Submit, and ſuffer amputation;
And all the Grandees o' th' Cabal
Adjourn to tubs at ſpring and fall.
He mounted Synod-men, and rode them
To Dirty-Lane and Little Sodom;
Made them curvet like Spaniſh Jenets,
And take the ring at Madam ——'s,

Ver. 370. *And take the ring at Madam* ——'s net was the perſon whoſe name was daſhed, ſ Roger L'Eſtrange, (*Key to Hudibras.*) "Her h

'Twas he that made Saint Francis do
More than the devil could tempt him to,
In cold and frosty weather grow
Enamour'd of a wife of snow;
And though she were of rigid temper,
With melting flames accost and tempt her,
Which after in enjoyment quenching,
He hung a garland on his engine.
Quoth she, If love have these effects,
Why is it not forbid our sex?
Why is 't not damn'd and interdicted,
For diabolical and wicked?
And sung, as out of tune, against,
As Turk and Pope are by the Saints?
I find I 've greater reason for it,
Than I believ'd before, t' abhor it.
Quoth Hudibras, These sad effects
Spring from your Heathenish neglects
Of Love's great power, which he returns
Upon yourselves with equal scorns,
And those who worthy lovers slight,
Plagues with prepostrous appetite:
This made the beauteous Queen of Crete
To take a town-bull for her sweet;

And

" was by profession a broom-man, and lay-elder. She " followed the laudable employment of bawding, and " managed several intrigues for those Brothers and Sis- " ters whose purity consisted chiefly in the whiteness " of their linen."

And from her greatneſs ſtoop ſo low,
To be the rival of a cow:
Others to proſtitute their great hearts,
To be baboons' and monkeys' ſweethearts:
Some with the devil himſelf in league grow,
By 's repreſentative a Negro.
'Twas this made veſtal maid love-ſick,
And venture to be bury'd quick:
Some by their fathers and their brothers
To be made miſtreſſes and mothers.
'Tis this that proudeſt dames enamours
On lacquies and *valets des chambres*;
Their haughty ſtomachs overcomes,
And makes them ſtoop to dirty grooms;
To ſlight the world, and to diſparage
Claps, iſſue, infamy, and marriage.
Quoth ſhe, Theſe judgments are ſevere,
Yet ſuch as I ſhould rather bear
Than truſt men with their oaths, or prove
Their faith and ſecreſy in love.
Says he, There is as weighty reaſon
For ſecreſy in love, as treaſon.
Love is a burglarer, a felon,
That at the windore eye does ſteal in,

To

Ver. 406.] *On lacquies and* valets des chambres. *Varlets des chambres*, in all edit. to 1704, incluſive.

Ver. 418.] *That at the* windore eye *does ſteal in.* Thus it ſtands in all editions to 1684, incluſive. Altered to *window eye*, edition 1700. Reſtored again, 1726, if not ſooner.

To rob the heart; and with his prey
Steals out again a closer way;
Which whosoever can discover,
He 's sure (as he deserves) to suffer.
Love is a fire, that burns and sparkles
In men, as naturally' as in charcoals,
Which sooty chemists stop in holes,
When out of wood they extract coals;
So lovers should their passions choke,
That though they burn they may not smoke.
'Tis like that sturdy thief that stole
And dragg'd beasts backwards into 's hole;
So love does lovers, and us men
Draws by the tails into his den,
That no impression may discover,
And trace t' his cave the wary lover.
But if you doubt I should reveal
What you intrust me under seal,
I'll prove myself as close and virtuous
As your own secretary' Albertus.
  Quoth she, I grant you may be close
In hiding what your aims propose:
Love-passions are like parables,
By which men still mean something else:
Though love be all the world's pretence,
Money 's the mythologick sense,
The real substance of the shadow,
Which all address and courtship 's made to.
  Thought he, I understand your play,
And how to quit you your own way;

He that will win his dame, muſt do
As Love does, when he bends his bow;
With one hand thruſt the lady from,
And with the other pull her home.
I grant, quoth he, wealth is a great
Provocative to amorous heat:
It is all philtres and high diet,
That makes love rampant, and to fly out:
'Tis beauty always in the flower,
That buds and bloſſoms at fourſcore:
'Tis that by which the ſun and moon,
At their own weapons, are out-done:
That makes knights-errant fall in trances,
And lay about them in romances:
'Tis virtue, wit, and worth, and all
That men divine and ſacred call:
For what is worth in any thing,
But ſo much money as 'twill bring?
Or what but riches is there known,
Which man can ſolely call his own,
In which no creature goes his half,
Unleſs it be to ſquint and laugh?
I do confeſs, with goods and land,
I 'd have a wife at ſecond hand;
And ſuch you are: nor is 't your perſon
My ſtomach 's ſet ſo ſharp and fierce on;
But 'tis (your better part) your riches,
That my enamour'd heart bewitches:
Let me your fortune but poſſeſs,
And ſettle your perſon how you pleaſe,

Or

Or make it o'er in truſt to the devil,
You 'll find me reaſonable and civil.
  Quoth ſhe, I like this plainneſs better
Than falſe mock paſſion, ſpeech, or letter,
Or any feat of qualm or ſowning,
But hanging of yourſelf or drowning;
Your only way with me to break
Your mind, is breaking of your neck:
For as, when merchants break, o'erthrown
Like nine-pins, they ſtrike others down;
So that would break my heart; which done,
My tempting fortune is your own.
Theſe are but trifles; every lover
Will damn himſelf over and over,
And greater matters undertake
For a leſs worthy miſtreſs' ſake:
Yet they 're the only ways to prove
Th' unfeign'd realities of love;
For he that hangs or beats out 's brains,
The devil 's in him if he feigns.
  Quoth Hudibras, This way 's too rough
For mere experiment and proof;
It is no jeſting, trivial matter,
To ſwing i' th' air, or douce in water,
And like a water-witch try love;
That 's to deſtroy, and not to prove:
As if a man ſhould be diſſected,
To find what part is diſſaffected:

Your

Ver. 483.] *Sowning.* Thus it ſtands in all editions to 1684, incluſive. Altered to *ſwooning*, 1700.

Your better way is to make over,
In truſt, your fortune to your lover:
Truſt is a trial; if it break,
'Tis not ſo deſperate as a neck:
Beſide, th' experiment 's more certain;
Men venture necks to gain a fortune:
The ſoldier does it every day
(Eight to the week) for ſixpence pay;
Your pettifoggers damn their ſouls,
To ſhare with knaves, in cheating fools;
And merchants, venturing through the main,
Slight pirates, rocks, and horns, for gain:
This is the way I adviſe you to;
Truſt me, and ſee what I will do.
  Quoth ſhe, I ſhould be loth to run
Myſelf all th' hazard, and you none;
Which muſt be done, unleſs ſome deed
Of your's aforeſaid do precede:
Give but yourſelf one gentle ſwing,
For trial, and I 'll cut the ſtring;
Or give that reverend head a maul,
Or two, or three, againſt a wall,
To ſhew you are a man of mettle,
And I 'll engage myſelf to ſettle.
  Quoth he, My head 's not made of braſs,
As Friar Bacon's noddle was,
Nor (like the Indian's ſcull) ſo tough,
That, authors ſay, 'twas muſket-proof;
As it had need to be, to enter,
  et, on any new adventure:

You ſee what bangs it has endur'd,
That would, before new feats, be cur'd:
But if that 's all you ſtand upon,
Here ſtrike me, Luck, it ſhall be done.
Quoth ſhe, The matter 's not ſo far gone
As you ſuppoſe; two words t' a bargain;
That may be done, and time enough,
When you have given downright proof;
And yet 'tis no fantaſtick pique
I have to love, nor coy diſlike;
'Tis no implicit, nice averſion
T' your converſation, mien, or perſon;
But a juſt fear, leſt you ſhould prove
Falſe and perfidious in love:
For, if I thought you could be true,
I could love twice as much as you.
Quoth he, My faith as adamantin
As chains of Deſtiny, I 'll maintain:
True as Apollo ever ſpoke,
Or oracle from heart of oak;
And if you 'll give my flame but vent,
Now in cloſe hugger-mugger pent,
And ſhine upon me but benignly,
With that one and that other pigſney,
The ſun and day ſhall ſooner part,
Than love or you ſhake off my heart;
The ſun, that ſhall no more diſpence
His own, but your bright influence.
I 'll carve your name on barks of trees,
With true-loves-knots and flouriſhes

That

That ſhall infuſe eternal ſpring,
And everlaſting flouriſhing;
Drink every letter on 't in ſtum,
And make it briſk champaign become.
Where'er you tread, your foot ſhall ſet
The primroſe and the violet;
All ſpices, perfumes, and ſweet powders,
Shall borrow from your breath their odours;
Nature her charter ſhall renew,
And take all lives of things from you;
The world depend upon your eye,
And when you frown upon it, die:
Only our loves ſhall ſtill ſurvive,
New worlds and natures to outlive,
And like to heralds' moons remain,
All creſcents, without change or wane.
  Hold, hold, quoth ſhe, no more of this,
Sir Knight, you take your aim amiſs;
For you will find it a hard chapter,
To catch me with poetick rapture,
In which your Maſtery of Art
Doth ſhew itſelf, and not your heart:
Nor will you raiſe in mine combuſtion,
By dint of high heroic fuſtian.
She that with poetry is won,
Is but a deſk to write upon;
And what men ſay of her, they mean
No more than on the thing they lean.
Some with Arabian ſpices ſtrive
To embalm her cruelly alive;

Or

Or ſeaſon her, as French cooks uſe
Their *haut-gouſts*, *boullies*, or *ragouſts*:
Uſe her ſo barbarouſly ill,
To grind her lips upon a mill,
Until the *facet doublet* doth
Fit their rhymes rather than her mouth:
Her mouth, compar'd t' an oyſter's, with
A row of pearl in 't, 'ſtead of teeth.
Others make poſies of her cheeks,
Where red and whiteſt colours mix;
In which the lily and the roſe,
For Indian lake and ceruſe goes.
The ſun and moon, by her bright eyes,
Eclips'd, and darken'd in the ſkies,
Are but black patches, that ſhe wears,
Cut into ſuns, and moons, and ſtars;
By which aſtrologers, as well
As thoſe in heaven above, can tell
What ſtrange events they do foreſhow
Unto her under-world below.
Her voice, the muſic of the ſpheres,
So loud, it deafens mortals' ears,
As wiſe philoſophers have thought,
And that 's the cauſe we hear it not.
This has been done by ſome, who thoſe
They' ador'd in rhyme would kick in proſe;

And

Ver. 613.] And the three following lines, not in the two firſt editions of 1664, but added 1674.

[illegible] would have [illegible],
[illegible] melodiously they [illegible],
That have the [illegible] to write [illegible]
[illegible] that [illegible] it [illegible];
[illegible] or [illegible] or [illegible],
[illegible] things [illegible] of [illegible] worst;
[illegible] nothing [illegible] his [illegible].
[illegible] the arrow [illegible] to [illegible] head.
Whether it be a [illegible] or [illegible]
They [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] the [illegible] mark on the [illegible]
[illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible].
[illegible] that carry [illegible] or [illegible],
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] higher, or [illegible]
[illegible] mark, which else they [illegible] come [illegible],
But when they take their [illegible] [illegible].
[illegible] I do wonder you should [illegible]
This way [illegible] [illegible] with your Muse,
As one [illegible] to pass your tricks on,
With [illegible] of poetick fiction:
[illegible] hop'd I should no more
Hear from you o' th' gallanting score;
For hard dry-bastings us'd to prove
The [illegible] remedies of love,
Next a dry-diet; but if those fail,
Yet this uneasy loop-hold jail,
In which ye're hamper'd by the fetlock,
Cannot but put y' in mind of wedlock;
Wedlock, that 's worse than any hole here,
may serve you for a cooler

T' allay

642.] A cant word for false dice.

T' allay your mettle, all agog
Upon a wife, the heavier clog:
Nor rather thank your gentler fate,
That for a bruis'd or broken pate
Has freed you from thoſe knobs that grow
Much harder on the marry'd brow:
But if no dread can cool your courage,
From venturing on that dragon, marriage;
Yet give me quarter, and advance
To nobler aims your puiſſance;
Level at beauty and at wit;
The faireſt mark is eaſieſt hit.
Quoth Hudibras, I am beforehand
In that already, with your command;
For where does beauty and high wit,
But in your conſtellation, meet?
Quoth ſhe, What does a match imply,
But likneſs and equality?
I know you cannot think me fit
To be th' yoke-fellow of your wit;
Nor take one of ſo mean deſerts,
To be the partner of your parts;
A grace which, if I could believe,
I 've not the conſcience to receive.
That conſcience, quoth Hudibras,
Is miſinform'd; I'll ſtate the caſe.
A man may be a legal donor
Of any thing whereof he 's owner,
And may confer it where he liſts,
I' th' judgment of all caſuiſts:

Then wit, and parts, and valour, may
Be ali'nated, and made away,
By thoſe that are proprietors,
As I may give or ſell my horſe.
Quoth ſhe, I grant the caſe is true,
And proper 'twixt your horſe and you;
But whether I may take, as well
As you may give away or ſell?
Buyers, you know, are bid beware;
And worſe than thieves receivers are.
How ſhall I anſwer Hue and Cry,
For a Roan-gelding, twelve hands high,
All ſpurr'd and ſwitch'd, a lock on 's hoof,
A ſorrel mane? Can I bring proof
Where, when, by whom, and what y' were ſold for,
And in the open market toll'd for?
Or, ſhould I take you for a ſtray,
You muſt be kept a year and day,
(Ere I can own you) here i' th' pound,
Where, if ye 're ſought, you may be found;
And in the mean time I muſt pay
For all your provender and hay.
Quoth he, It ſtands me much upon
T' enervate this objection,
And prove myſelf, by topick clear,
No gelding, as you would infer.
Loſs of virility's averr'd
To be the cauſe of loſs of beard,
That does (like embryo in the womb)
Abortive on the chin become:

This firſt a woman did invent,
In envy of man's ornament,
Semiramis of Babylon,
Who firſt of all cut men o' th' ſtone,
To mar their beards, and laid foundation
Of ſow-geldering operation:
Look on this beard, and tell me whether
Eunuchs wear ſuch, or geldings either?
Next it appears I am no horſe,
That I can argue and diſcourſe,
Have but two legs, and ne'er a tail.
Quoth ſhe, That nothing will avail;
For ſome philoſophers of late here,
Write men have four legs by Nature,
And that 'tis cuſtom makes them go
Erroneouſly upon but two;
As 'twas in Germany made good,
B' a boy that loſt himſelf in a wood,
And growing down t' a man, was wont
With wolves upon all four to hunt.
As for your reaſons drawn from tails,
We cannot ſay they 're true or falſe,
Till you explain yourſelf, and ſhow
B' experiment 'tis ſo or no.
Quoth he, If you 'll join iſſue on 't,
I'll give you ſatisfactory account;
So you will promiſe, if you loſe,
To ſettle all, and be my ſpouſe.
That never ſhall be done (quoth ſhe)
To one that wants a tail, by me;

For tails by Nature ſure were meant,
As well as beards, for ornament;
And though the vulgar count them homely,
In men or beaſt they are ſo comely,
So gentee, alamode, and handſome,
I'll never marry man that wants one:
And till you can demonſtrate plain,
You have one equal to your mane,
I'll be torn piece-meal by a horſe,
Ere I'll take you for better or worſe.
The Prince of Cambay's daily food
Is aſp, and baſiliſk, and toad,
Which makes him have ſo ſtrong a breath,
Each night he ſtinks a queen to death;
Yet I ſhall rather lie in 's arms
Than your's on any other terms.
  Quoth he, What Nature can afford
I ſhall produce, upon my word;
And if ſhe ever gave that boon
To man, I'll prove that I have one;
I mean by poſtulate illation,
When you ſhall offer juſt occaſion;
But ſince ye 'ave yet deny'd to give
My heart, your priſoner, a reprieve,
But made it ſink down to my heel,
Let that at leaſt your pity feel;
And for the ſufferings of your martyr,
Give it's poor entertainer quarter;
And by diſcharge, or mainprize, grant
Delivery from this baſe reſtraint.

Quoth

Quoth ſhe, I grieve to ſee your leg
Stuck in a hole here like a peg,
And if I knew which way to do 't,
(Your honour ſafe) I'd let you out.
That dames by jail-delivery
Of errant knights have been ſet free,
When by enchantment they have been,
And ſometimes for it, too, laid in,
Is that which knights are bound to do
By order, oath, and honour too;
For what are they renown'd and famous elſe,
But aiding of diſtreſſed damoſels?
But for a lady, no ways errant,
To free a knight, we have no warrant
In any authentical romance,
Or claſſick author yet of France;
And I 'd be loth to have you break
An ancient cuſtom for a freak,
Or innovation introduce
In place of things of antique uſe,
To free your heels by any courſe
That might b' unwholeſome to your ſpurs:
Which if I ſhould conſent unto,
It is not in my power to do;
For 'tis a ſervice muſt be done ye
With ſolemn previous ceremony;
Which always has been us'd t' untie
The charms of thoſe who here do lie:
For as the Ancients heretofore
To Honour's temple had no door

But that which thorough Virtue's lay;
So from this dungeon there 's no way
To honour'd freedom, but by paſſing
That other virtuous ſchool of laſhing,
Where knights are kept in narrow lifts,
With wooden lockets 'bout their wriſts;
In which they for a while are tenants,
And for their ladies ſuffer penance:
Whipping, that 's Virtue's governeſs,
Tutreſs of arts and ſciences;
That mends the groſs miſtakes of Nature,
And puts new life into dull matter;
That lays foundation for renown,
And all the honours of the gown:
This ſuffer'd, they are ſet at large,
And freed with honourable diſcharge;
Then, in their robes, the penitentials
Are ſtraight preſented with credentials,
And in their way attended on
By magiſtrates of every town;
And, all reſpect and charges paid,
They 're to their ancient ſeats convey'd.
Now if you 'll venture, for my ſake,
To try the toughneſs of your back,
And ſuffer (as the reſt have done)
The laying of a whipping-on
(And may you proſper in your ſuit
As you with equal vigour do 't)

I here engage myſelf to looſe ye,
And free your heels from caperdewſie.
But ſince our ſex's modeſty
Will not allow I ſhould be by,
Bring me on oath a fair account,
And honour too, when you have don 't;
And I 'll admit you to the place
You claim as due in my good grace.
If matrimony and hanging go
By deſtiny, why not whipping too?
What medicine elſe can cure the fits
Of lovers when they loſe their wits?
Love is a boy, by poets ſtyl'd,
Then ſpare the rod, and ſpoil the child.
A Perſian emperor whipp'd his grannam,
The ſea, his mother Venus came on;
And hence ſome reverend men approve
Of roſemary in making love.
As ſkilful coopers hoop their tubs
With Lydian and with Phrygian dubs,
Why may not whipping have as good
A grace, perform'd in time and mood,
With comely movement, and by art,
Raiſe paſſion in a lady's heart?

It

Ver. 831.] *I here engage myſelf to looſe ye.* This, and the following line, thus altered, 1674, &c.

I here engage to be your bayl,
And free you from the unknightly jayl.

Thus *continued to 1700, incluſive.* Reſtored 1704.

It is an eaſier way to make
Love by, than that which many take.
Who would not rather ſuffer whippin,
Than ſwallow toaſts of bits of ribbin?
Make wicked verſes, treats, and faces,
And ſpell names over, with beer-glaſſes?
Be under vows to hang and die
Love's ſacrifice, and all a lie?
With China-oranges and tarts,
And whining plays, lay baits for hearts?
Bribe chamber-maids with love and money,
To break no roguiſh jeſts upon ye?
For lilies limn'd on cheeks, and roſes,
With painted perfumes, hazard noſes?
Or, venturing to be briſk and wanton,
Do penance in a paper lantern?
All this you may compound for now,
By ſuffering what I offer you;
Which is no more than has been done
By knights for ladies long agone.
Did not the great La Mancha do ſo
For the Infanta Del Toboſo?
Did not th' illuſtrious Baſſa make
Himſelf a ſlave for Miſſe's ſake,
And with bull's pizzle, for her love,
Was taw'd as gentle as a glove?
Was not young Florio ſent (to cool
His flame for Biancafiore) to ſchool,
Where pedant made his pathic bum
For her ſake ſuffer martyrdom?

Did not a certain lady whip,
Of late, her huſband's own lordſhip?
And though a grandee of the Houſe,
Claw'd him with fundamental blows;
Ty'd him ſtark-naked to a bed-poſt,
And firk'd his hide, as if ſhe 'ad rid poſt;
And after in the Seſſions court,
Where whipping 's judg'd, had honour for 't?
This ſwear you will perform, and then
I 'll ſet you from th' inchanted den,
And the Magician's circle, clear.
  Quoth he, I do profeſs and ſwear,
And will perform what you enjoin,
Or may I never ſee you mine.
  Amen, (quoth ſhe) then turn'd about,
And bid her Squire let him out.
But ere an artiſt could be found
T' undo the charms another bound,
The ſun grew low and left the ſkies,
Put down (ſome write) by ladies' eyes.

The

Ver. 894.] *I 'll ſet you from th' inchanted den.* In all editions to 1704, incluſive. *I 'll free you,* in later editions.

Ver. 903.] The evening is here finely deſcribed; the Epics are not more exact in deſcribing times and ſeaſons than our Poet: we may trace his hero morning and night; and it ſhould be obſerved, in the concluſion of this Canto (conformably to the practice of the Critics upon Homer and Virgil) that one day is only paſſed ſince the opening of the Poem.

The moon pull'd off her veil of light,
That hides her face by day from ſight,
(Myſterious veil, of brightneſs made,
That 's both her luſtre and her ſhade!)
And in the lantern of the night,
With ſhining horns hung out her light;
For darkneſs is the proper ſphere
Where all falſe glories uſe t' appear.
The twinkling ſtars began to muſter,
And glitter with their borrow'd luſter,
While ſleep the weary'd world reliev'd,
By counterfeiting death reviv'd.
His whipping penance, till the morn,
Our votary thought it beſt t' adjourn,
And not to carry on a work
Of ſuch importance in the dark,
With erring haſte, but rather ſtay,
And do 't in th' open face of day;
And in the mean time go in queſt
Of next retreat to take his reſt.

Ver. 911, 912.]

For darkneſs is the proper ſphere,
Where all falſe glories uſe t' appear.

Theſe two lines not in the two firſt editions of 1664, and firſt inſerted 1674.

HUDIBRAS.

PART II. CANTO II.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Knight and Squire in hot diſpute,
Within an ace of falling out,
Are parted with a ſudden fright
Of ſtrange alarm, and ſtranger ſight;
With which adventuring to ſtickle,
They 're ſent away in naſty pickle.

'TIS ſtrange how ſome men's tempers ſuit
(Like bawd and brandy) with diſpute,
That for their own opinions ſtand faſt
Only to have them claw'd and canvaſt;
That keep their conſciences in caſes,
As fiddlers do their crowds and baſes;
Ne'er to be us'd, but when they 're bent
To play a fit for argument:
Make true and falſe, unjuſt and juſt,
Of no uſe but to be diſcuſt;
Diſpute,

Ver. 2.] (*Like bawd and* brandy). *Brandie*, in all editions to 1704, incluſive.

Diſpute, and ſet a paradox,
Like a ſtrait boot, upon the ſtocks,
And ſtretch it more unmercifully
Than Helmont, Montaigne, White, or Tully.
So th' ancient Stoics, in their porch,
With fierce diſpute maintain'd their church,
Beat out their brains in fight and ſtudy,
To prove that virtue is a body,
That *bonum* is an animal,
Made good with ſtout polemick brawl;
In which ſome hundreds on the place
Were ſlain outright, and many a face
Retrench'd of noſe, and eyes, and beard,
To maintain what their ſect averr'd.
All which the Knight and Squire, in wrath,
Had like t' have ſuffer'd for their faith;
Each ſtriving to make good his own,
As by the ſequel ſhall be ſhown.
The ſun had long ſince, in the lap
Of Thetis, taken out his nap,
And,

Ver. 14.] *Mountaygn*, or, *Mountaign—and Tully*. In all editions to 1704, incluſive. Altered to *Montaign* and *Lully*, in 1710, or 1716.

Ver. 29.] Several of the books in Homer's Iliad and Odyſſey begin with deſcribing the Morning: ſo, alſo, does Mr. Butler take care to let the world know at what time of the day (which he exactly deſcribes) theſe momentous actions of his hero were tranſacted. The morning's approach, the Knight's riſing, and rouzing up his Squire, are humouroufly deſcribed.

And, like a lobſter boil'd, the morn
From black to red began to turn;
When Hudibras, whom thoughts and aking
'Twixt ſleeping kept, all night, and waking,
Began to rub his drowſy eyes,
And from his couch prepar'd to riſe,
Reſolving to diſpatch the deed
He vow'd to do, with truſty ſpeed:
But firſt with knocking loud, and bawling,
He rouz'd the Squire, in truckle lolling:
And after many circumſtances
Which vulgar authors in romances
Do uſe to ſpend their time and wits on,
To make impertinent deſcription,
They got (with much ado) to horſe,
And to the Caſtle bent their courſe,
In which he to the Dame before
To ſuffer whipping-duty ſwore:
Where now arriv'd, and half unharneſt,
To carry on the work in earneſt,
He ſtopp'd, and paus'd upon the ſudden,
And, with a ſerious forehead plodding,
Sprung a new ſcruple in his head,
Which firſt he ſcratch'd, and after ſaid;
Whether it be direct infringing
An oath, if I ſhould wave this ſwinging,

And

Ver. 48.] *Whipping* duly *ſwore*. In the two firſt editions.

Ver. 55, 56.] This dialogue between Hudibras and Ralph

And what I 've ſworn to bear forbear,
And ſo b' equivocation ſwear;
Or whether 't be a leſſer ſin
To be forſworn, than act the thing;
Are deep and ſubtle points, which muſt,
T' inform my Conſcience, be diſcuſt;
In which to err a tittle may
To errors infinite make way:
And therefore I deſire to know
Thy judgment, ere we further go.
  Quoth Ralpho, Since you do injoin 't,
I ſhall enlarge upon the point;
And, for my own part, do not doubt
Th' affirmative may be made out.
But firſt, to ſtate the caſe aright,
For beſt advantage of our light;

And

Ralph ſets before us the hypocriſy and villany of all parties of the Rebels with regard to Oaths; what equivocations and evaſions they made uſe of, to account for the many perjuries they were daily guilty of, and the ſeveral oaths they readily took, and as readily broke, merely as they found it ſuited their intereſt, as appears from verſe 107, &c. and verſe 377, &c. of this Canto, and Part III. Cant. iii. verſe 547, &c. Archbiſhop Bramhall ſays, "That the hypocrites of thoſe "times, though they magnified the obligation of an "oath, yet in their own caſe diſpenſed with all oaths, "civil, military, and religious. We are now told "(ſays he) that the oaths we have taken are not to be "examined according to the interpretation of men: "No! How then? Surely according to the interpreta-"tion of devils."

And thus 'tis; Whether 't be a ſin
To claw and curry your own ſkin,
Greater or leſs, than to forbear,
And that you are forſworn forſwear.
But firſt, o' th' firſt: The inward man,
And outward, like a clan and clan,
Have always been at daggers-drawing,
And one another clapper-clawing;
Not that they really cuff or fence,
But in a ſpiritual myſtick ſenſe;
Which to miſtake, and make them ſquabble
In literal fray, 's abominable:
'Tis Heatheniſh, in frequent uſe
With Pagans and apoſtate Jews,
To offer ſacrifice of Bridewells,
Like modern Indians to their idols;
And mongrel Chriſtians of our times,
That expiate leſs with greater crimes,
And call the foul abomination
Contrition and mortification.
Is 't not enough we 're bruis'd and kicked,
With ſinful members of the Wicked;
Our veſſels, that are ſanctify'd,
Profan'd, and curry'd back and ſide;
But we muſt claw ourſelves with ſhameful
And Heathen ſtripes, by their example?
Which (were there nothing to forbid it)
Is impious, becauſe they did it:
This, therefore, may be juſtly reckon'd
A heinous ſin. Now to the ſecond;

That Saints may claim a diſpenſation
To ſwear and forſwear on occaſion,
I doubt not but it will appear
With pregnant light: the point is clear.
Oaths are but words, and words but wind;
Too feeble implements to bind;
And hold with deeds proportion ſo
As ſhadows to a ſubſtance do.
Then when they ſtrive for place, 'tis fit
The weaker veſſel ſhould ſubmit.
Although your Church be oppoſite
To ours, as Black friars are to White,
In rule and order, yet I grant
You are a Reformado ſaint;
And what the Saints do claim as due,
You may pretend a title to:
But Saints, whom oaths and vows oblige,
Know little of their privilege;
Further (I mean) than carrying on
Some ſelf-advantage of their own:
For if the devil, to ſerve his turn,
Can tell truth, why the Saints ſhould ſcorn,
When it ſerves theirs, to ſwear and lie,
I think there 's little reaſon why:
Elſe he 'as a greater power than they,
Which 'twere impiety to ſay.
We 're not commanded to forbear,
Indefinitely, at all to ſwear;
But to ſwear idly, and in vain,
—hout ſelf-intereſt or gain:

For breaking of an oath and lying,
Is but a kind of ſelf-denying,
A ſaint-like virtue; and from hence
Some have broke oaths by Providence:
Some, to the glory of the Lord,
Perjur'd themſelves, and broke their word:
And this the conſtant rule and practice
Of all our late Apoſtles' acts is.
Was not the Cauſe at firſt begun
With perjury, and carry'd on?
Was there an oath the Godly took,
But in due time and place they broke?
Did we not bring our oaths in firſt,
Before our plate, to have them burſt,
And caſt in fitter models, for
The preſent uſe of Church and War?
Did not our Worthies of the Houſe,
Before they broke the peace, break vows?

For

Ver. 136.] When it was firſt moved in the Houſe of Commons to proceed capitally againſt the King, Cromwell ſtood up and told them, "That if any man moved "this with deſign, he ſhould think him the greateſt "traitor in the world; but ſince Providence and ne-"ceſſity had caſt them upon it, he ſhould pray to God "to bleſs their counſels." And when he kept the King cloſe priſoner in Cariſbrook Caſtle, contrary to vows and proteſtations, he affirmed, "The Spirit would "not let him keep his word." And when, contrary to the public faith, they murdered him, they pretended they could not reſiſt the motions of the Spirit.

For having freed us firſt from both
Th' Allegiance and Suprem'cy oath,
Did they not next compel the nation
To take, and break the Proteſtation?
To ſwear, and after to recant,
The Solemn League and Covenant?
To take th' Engagement, and diſclaim it,
Enforc'd by thoſe who firſt did frame it?
Did they not ſwear, at firſt, to fight
For the King's ſafety and his right?
And after march'd to find him out,
And charg'd him home with horſe and foot;
But yet ſtill had the confidence
To ſwear it was in his defence?
Did they not ſwear to live and die
With Eſſex, and ſtraight laid him by?
If that were all, for ſome have ſwore
As falſe as they, if they did no more.
Did they not ſwear to maintain Law,
In which that ſwearing made a flaw?
For Proteſtant religion vow,
That did that vowing diſallow?
For Privilege of Parliament,
In which that ſwearing made a rent?
And ſince, of all the three, not one
Is left in being, 'tis well known.
Did they not ſwear, in expreſs words,
To prop and back the Houſe of Lords?
And after turn'd out the whole houſefull
Of Peers, as dangerous and unuſeful.

So Cromwell, with deep oaths and vows,
Swore all the Commons out o' th' Houſe;
Vow'd that the Red-coats would diſband,
Ay, marry would they, at their command;
And troll'd them on, and ſwore, and ſwore,
Till th' Army turn'd them out of door.
This tells us plainly what they thought,
That oaths and ſwearing go for nought,
And that by them th' were only meant
To ſerve for an expedient.
What was the Public Faith found out for,
But to flur men of what they fought for?
The Public Faith, which every one
Is bound t' obſerve, yet kept by none;
And if that go for nothing, why
Sould Private Faith have ſuch a tie?
Oaths were not purpos'd, more than Law,
To keep the Good and juſt in awe,
But to confine the Bad and Sinful,
Like mortal cattle in a pinfold.
A Saint 's of th' heavenly realm a Peer;
And as no Peer is bound to ſwear,
But on the Goſpel of his Honour,
Of which he may diſpoſe, as owner,
It follows, though the thing be forgery,
And falſe, t' affirm it is no perjury,
But a mere ceremony, and a breach
Of nothing but a form of ſpeech,
And goes for no more when 'tis took,
Than mere ſaluting of the Book.

Suppoſe the Scriptures are of force,
They 're but commiſſions of courſe;
And Saints have freedom to digreſs,
And vary from them, as they pleaſe;
Or miſinterpret them by private
Inſtructions, to all aims they drive at.
Then why ſhould we ourſelves abridge,
And curtail our own privilege?
Quakers (that, like to lanterns, bear
Their light within them) will not ſwear;
Their Goſpel is an Accidence,
By which they conſtrue Conſcience,
And hold no ſin ſo deeply red,
As that of breaking Priſcian's head,
(The head and founder of their order,
That ſtirring hats held worſe than murder)
Theſe, thinking they 're oblig'd to troth
In ſwearing, will not take an oath:
Like mules, who, if they 've not their will
To keep their own pace, ſtand ſtock ſtill:
But they are weak, and little know
What free-born Conſciences may do.
'Tis the temptation of the devil
That makes all human actions evil;
For Saints may do the ſame things by
The Spirit, in ſincerity,
Which other men are tempted to,
And at the devil's inſtance do,
And yet the actions be contrary,
Juſt as the Saints and Wicked vary.

For

For as on land there is no beaſt
But in ſome fiſh at ſea 's expreſt;
So in the Wicked there 's no vice
Of which the Saints have not a ſpice;
And yet that thing that 's pious in
The one, in th' other is a ſin.
Is 't not ridiculous and nonſenſe,
A Saint ſhould be a ſlave to Conſcience,
That ought to be above ſuch fancies,
As far as above Ordinances?
She 's of the wicked, as I gueſs,
B' her looks, her language, and her dreſs:
And though, like conſtables, we ſearch
For falſe wares one another's Church;
Yet all of us hold this for true,
No faith is to the Wicked due.
For truth is precious and divine,
Too rich a pearl for carnal ſwine.
Quoth Hudibras, All this is true;
Yet 'tis not fit that all men knew
Thoſe myſteries and revelations;
And therefore topical evaſions
Of ſubtle turns and ſhifts of ſenſe,
Serve beſt with th' Wicked for pretence;
Such as the learned Jeſuits uſe,
And Preſbyterians, for excuſe
Againſt the Proteſtants, when th' happen
To find their Churches taken napping:
As thus; A breach of Oath is duple,
And either way admits a ſcruple,

And may be *ex parte* of the maker,
More criminal than th' injur'd taker;
For he that frames too far a vows,
Will break it, like an o'er-heat brow:
And he that made, and forc'd it, broke it,
Not he that for Convenience took it.
A broken oath is, *quatenus* oath,
As sound t' all purposes of troth;
As broken laws are ne'er the worse,
Nay, till they 're broken have no force.
What 's justice to a man, or laws,
That never comes within their claws?
They have no power, but to admonish;
Cannot control, coerce, or punish,
Until they 're broken, and then touch
Those only that do make them such.
Beside, no engagement is allow'd
By men in prison made for good;
For when they 're set at liberty,
They 're from th' engagement too set free.
The Rabbins write, When any Jew
Did make to God or man a vow,
Which afterwards he found untoward,
And stubborn to be kept, or too hard,
Any three other Jews o' th' nation
Might free him from the obligation:
And have not two Saints power to use
A greater privilege than three Jews?
The court of Conscience, which in man
Should be supreme and soveran,

Is 't fit ſhould be ſubordinate
To every petty court i' th' ſtate,
And have leſs power than the leſſer,
To deal with perjury at pleaſure?
Have its proceedings diſallow'd, or
Allow'd, at fancy of pye-powder?
Tell all it does, or does not know,
For ſwearing *ex officio?*
Be forc'd t' impeach a broken hedge,
And pigs unring'd at *vif. franc.* pledge?
Diſcover thieves, and bawds, recuſants,
Prieſts, witches, eaves-droppers, and nuſance;
Tell who did play at games unlawful,
And who fill'd pots of ale but half-full;
And have no power at all, nor ſhift
To help itſelf at a dead lift?
Why ſhould not Conſcience have vacation
As well as other Courts o' th' nation;
Have equal power to adjourn,
Appoint appearance and return;
And make as nice diſtinction ſerve
To ſplit a caſe, as thoſe that carve,
Invoking cuckolds' names, hit joints?
Why ſhould not tricks as ſlight do points?
Is not th' High-court of Juſtice ſworn
To judge that law that ſerves their turn?
Make their own jealouſies high-treaſon,
And fix them whomſoe'er they pleaſe on?
Cannot the learned Counſel there
Make laws in any ſhape appear?

[illegible] part [illegible], the whole [illegible].
[illegible] are cracks to find out why.
[illegible] Ralpho, Honour's but a word
[illegible] by only in a Lord.
[illegible] 'tis but a huff
[illegible] with, instead of proof,
[illegible] a wen, looks big and swells,
[illegible], and just nothing else.
[illegible] quoth he) be what it will,
[illegible] world's opinion still.
[illegible] us not wise that run
[illegible] hazard they may shun,
[illegible] medium be found out
[illegible] all the world the doubt;
[illegible] if a man may do 't,
[illegible] whipt, or substitute.
[illegible] nice and dark the point appear,
[illegible] it may hold up and clear.
[illegible] may supply the place
[illegible] Saints, is a plain case.
[illegible] sentence many times,
[illegible] for another's crimes.
[illegible] of New-England use
[illegible] malefactors to excuse,
[illegible] the Gallicks in their head,
[illegible] the Churches have [illegible]
[illegible] happen [illegible] In a town
[illegible] a Cobler, and but one.
[illegible] of Doctrine could [illegible] Use.
[illegible] men's lives as well as shoes.

precious Brother having ſlain,
ies of peace, an Indian,
ut of malice, but mere zeal,
uſe he was an Infidel)
nighty Tottipottymoy
o our Elders an envoy,
laining ſorely of the breach
ague, held forth by Brother Patch,
ift the articles in force
en both Churches, his and ours,
hich he crav'd the Saints to render
his hands, or hang, th' offender;
hey maturely having weigh'd
had no more but him o' th' trade,
an that ſerv'd them in a double
city, to teach and cobble).
v'd to ſpare him; yet to do,
Indian Hoghan Moghan too,
rtial juſtice, in his ſtead did
an old Weaver that was bed-rid:
wherefore may not you be ſkipp'd,
in your room another whipp'd?
ll philoſophers, but the Sceptic,
whipping may be ſympathetic.
s enough, quoth Hudibras,
haſt reſolv'd and clear'd the caſe;
canſt, in Conſcience, not refuſe,
thy own Doctrine, to raiſe Uſe:
w thou wilt not (for my ſake)
nder-conſcienc'd of thy back;

Then

Mould them as witches do their clay,
When they make pictures to deſtroy,
And vex them into any form
That fits their purpoſe to do harm?
Rack them until they do confeſs,
Impeach of treaſon whom they pleaſe,
And moſt perfidiouſly condemn
Thoſe that engag'd their lives for them?
And yet do nothing in their own ſenſe,
But what they ought by Oath and Conſcience.
Can they not juggle, and with ſlight
Conveyance play with wrong and right;
And ſell their blaſts of wind as dear
As Lapland witches bottled air?
Will not Fear, Favour, Bribe, and Grudge,
The ſame caſe ſeveral ways adjudge?
As ſeamen with the ſelf-ſame gale,
Will ſeveral different courſes ſail;
As, when the ſea breaks o'er its bounds,
And overflows the level grounds,
Thoſe banks and dams, that, like a ſcreen,
Did keep it out, now keep it in;
So when tyrannical uſurpation
Invades the freedom of a nation,
The laws o' th' land, that were intended
To keep it out, are made defend it.

Does

Ver. 345. *Grudge.*] *Grutch*, in the four firſt editions.
Ver. 353.] *So when tyrannical*, in the four firſt editions. Altered to *tyrannick*, in 1700, if not ſooner.

Does not in Chancery every man ſwear
What makes beſt for him in his anſwer?
Is not the winding-up witneſſes,
And nicking, more than half the buſineſs?
For witneſſes, like watches, go
Juſt as they 're ſet, too faſt or ſlow;
And where in Conſcience they 're ſtrait-lac'd,
'Tis ten to one that ſide is caſt.
Do not your Juries give their verdict
As if they felt the cauſe, not heard it?
And as they pleaſe, make matter o' fact
Run all on one ſide, as they 're packt?
Nature has made man's breaſt no windores,
To publiſh what he does within doors;
Nor what dark ſecrets there inhabit,
Unleſs his own raſh folly blab it.
If Oaths can do a man no good
In his own buſineſs, why they ſhou'd
In other matters, do him hurt,
I think there 's little reaſon for 't.
He that impoſes an Oath makes it,
Not he that for Convenience takes it:
Then how can any man be ſaid
To break an oath he never made?
Theſe reaſons may perhaps look oddly
To th' Wicked, though they evince the Godly;
But if they will not ſerve to clear
My honour, I am ne'er the near.
Honour is like that glaſſy bubble,
That finds philoſophers ſuch trouble,

Whoſe

Whoſe leaſt part crackt, the whole does fly,
And wits are crackt to find out why.
Quoth Ralpho, Honour 's but a word
To ſwear by only in a Lord:
In other men 'tis but a huff
To vapour with, inſtead of proof,
That, like a wen, looks big and ſwells,
Is ſenſeleſs, and juſt nothing elſe.
Let it (quoth he) be what it will,
It has the world's opinion ſtill.
But as men are not wiſe that run
The ſlighteſt hazard they may ſhun,
There may a medium be found out
To clear to all the world the doubt;
And that is, if a man may do 't,
By proxy whipt, or ſubſtitute.
Though nice and dark the point appear,
(Quoth Ralph) it may hold up and clear.
That Sinners may ſupply the place
Of ſuffering Saints, is a plain caſe.
Juſtice gives ſentence many times,
On one man for another's crimes.
Our Brethren of New-England uſe
Choice malefactors to excuſe,
And hang the Guiltleſs in their ſtead,
Of whom the Churches have leſs need;
As lately 't happen'd: In a town
There liv'd a Cobler, and but one,
That out of Doctrine could cut Uſe,
And mend men's lives as well as ſhoes.

This

This precious Brother having ſlain,
In times of peace, an Indian,
Not out of malice, but mere zeal,
(Becauſe he was an Infidel)
The mighty Tottipottymoy
Sent to our Elders an envoy,
Complaining ſorely of the breach
Of league, held forth by Brother Patch,
Againſt the articles in force
Between both Churches, his and ours,
For which he crav'd the Saints to render
Into his hands, or hang, th' offender:
But they maturely having weigh'd
They had no more but him o' th' trade,
(A man that ſerv'd them in a double
Capacity, to teach and cobble)
Reſolv'd to ſpare him; yet to do
The Indian Hoghan Moghan too,
Impartial juſtice, in his ſtead did
Hang an old Weaver that was bed-rid:
Then wherefore may not you be ſkipp'd,
And in your room another whipp'd?
For all philoſophers, but the Sceptic,
Hold whipping may be ſympathetic.
  It is enough, quoth Hudibras,
Thou haſt reſolv'd and clear'd the caſe;
And canſt, in Conſcience, not refuſe,
From thy own Doctrine, to raiſe Uſe:
I know thou wilt not (for my ſake)
Be tender-conſcienc'd of thy back;

Then

Then ſtrip thee of thy carnal jerkin,
And give thy outward-fellow a ferking;
For when thy veſſel is new hoop'd,
All leaks of ſinning will be ſtopp'd.
Quoth Ralpho, you miſtake the matter;
For in all ſcruples of this nature,
No man includes himſelf, nor turns
The point upon his own concerns.
As no man of his own ſelf catches
The itch, or amorous French aches;
So no man does himſelf convince,
By his own doctrine, of his ſins:
And though all cry down ſelf, none means
His own ſelf in a literal ſenſe:
Beſides, it is not only foppiſh,
But vile, idolatrous, and Popiſh,
For one man out of his own ſkin
To friſk and whip another's ſin;
As pedants out of ſchool-boys' breeches
Do claw and curry their own itches.
But in this caſe it is profane,
And ſinful too, becauſe in vain;
For we muſt take our Oaths upon it
You did the deed, when I have done it.
Quoth Hudibras, That 's anſwer'd ſoon;
Give us the whip, we 'll lay it on.
Quoth Ralpho, That we may ſwear true,
'Twere properer that I whipp'd you;
For when with your conſent 'tis done,
The act is really your own.

Quoth Hudibras, It is in vain
(I ſee) to argue 'gainſt the grain,
Or, like the ſtars, incline men to
What they 're averſe themſelves to do:
For, when diſputes are weary'd out,
'Tis intereſt ſtill reſolves the doubt:
But ſince no reaſon can confute ye,
I 'll try to force you to your duty;
For ſo it is, howe'er you mince it,
As, ere we part, I ſhall evince it;
And curry (if you ſtand out) whether
You will or no, your ſtubborn leather.
Canſt thou refuſe to bear thy part
I' th' public Work, baſe as thou art?
To higgle thus, for a few blows,
To gain thy Knight an opulent ſpouſe,
Whoſe wealth his bowels yearn to purchaſe,
Merely for th' intereſt of the Churches?
And when he has it in his claws,
Will not be hide-bound to the Cauſe:
Nor ſhalt thou find him a curmudgin,
If thou diſpatch it without grudging:
If not, reſolve, before we go,
That you and I muſt pull a crow.
Ye 'ad beſt (quoth Ralpho) as the Ancients
Say wiſely, Have a care o' th' main chance,
And Look before you ere you leap;
For As you ſow, ye 're like to reap:
And were y' as good as George-a-Green,
I ſhould make bold to turn again;

Nor

Nor am I dominical of the iſſue
In a juſt quarrel, and mine is ſo.
Is't fitting for a man of honour
To whip the Saints, like Bishop Bonner?
A Knight t' whip the Beadle's office,
For which y' are like to raiſe brave trophies?
But I adviſe you (not for fear,
But for your own ſake) to forbear,
And for the Churches, which may chance,
From hence, to ſpring a variance,
And raiſe among themſelves new ſcruples,
When common danger hardly couples.
Remember how in arms and politicks
We ſtill have worſted all your holy tricks:
Trepann'd your Party with intrigue,
And took your Grandees down a peg;
New-model'd th' Army, and caſhier'd
All that to Legion Smec adher'd;
Made a mere utenſil o' your Church,
And after left it in the lurch;
A ſcaffold to build up our own,
And when we 'ad done with 't pull'd it down;
Capoch'd your Rabbins of the Synod,
And ſnapp'd their Canons with a Why-not:
(Grave Synod-men, that were rever'd
For ſolid face, and depth of beard)

Their

Ver. 529.] *O'er-reach'd*, in all editions but the two firſt of 1664, to 1704, inclusive. *Capoch'd*, reſtored in later editions, which ſignifies *hooded*, or *blindfolded*.

Their Claſſick model prov'd a maggot,
Their Direct'ry an Indian pagod;
And drown'd their Diſcipline like a kitten,
On which they 'ad been ſo long a ſitting;
Decry'd it as a holy cheat,
Grown out of date and obſolete,
And all the Saints of the firſt graſs,
As caſtling foals of Balaam's aſs.
At this the Knight grew high in chafe,
And, ſtaring furiouſly on Ralph,
He trembled and look'd pale with ire,
Like aſhes firſt, then red as fire.
Have I (quoth he) been ta'en in fight,
And for ſo many moons lain by 't,
And, when all other means did fail,
Have been exchang'd for tubs of ale?
Not but they thought me worth a ranſom
Much more conſiderable and handſome,
But for their own ſakes, and for fear
They were not ſafe when I was there;
Now to be baffled by a ſcoundrel,
An upſtart Sectary, and a mongrel,
Such as breed out of peccant humours
Of our own Church, like wens or tumours,
And, like a maggot in a ſore,
Would that which gave it life devour;

It

Ver. 543.] This, and the following line, not in the two firſt editions of 1664. Added 1674.

It never shall be done or said:
With that he seiz'd upon his blade;
And Ralpho too, as quick and bold,
Upon his basket-hilt laid hold,
With equal readiness prepar'd,
To draw and stand upon his guard:
When both were parted on the sudden,
With hideous clamour, and a loud one,
As if all sorts of noise had been
Contracted into one loud din;
Or that some member to be chosen
Had got the odds above a thousand;
And by the greatness of his noise,
Prov'd fittest for his country's choice.
This strange surprisal put the Knight
And wrathful Squire into a fright;
And though they stood prepar'd, with fatal
Impetuous rancour, to join battle,
Both thought it was the wisest course
To wave the fight, and mount to horse,
And to secure, by swift retreating,
Themselves from danger of worse beating.
Yet neither of them would disparage,
By uttering of his mind, his courage;
Which made them stoutly keep their ground,
With horror and disdain wind-bound.
And now the cause of all their fear
By slow degrees approach'd so near,

They

They might diſtinguiſh different noiſe
Of horns, and pans, and dogs, and boys,
And kettle-drums, whoſe ſullen dub
Sounds like the hooping of a tub.
But when the ſight appear'd in view,
They found it was an antique ſhew;
A triumph that, for pomp and ſtate,
Did proudeſt Romans' emulate:
For as the Aldermen of Rome
Their foes at training overcome,
And not enlarging territory,
(As ſome, miſtaken, write in ſtory)
Being mounted in their beſt array,
Upon a carre, and who but they?
And follow'd with a world of tall-lads,
That merry ditties troll'd, and ballads,
Did ride with many a Good-morrow,
Crying, Hey for our town, through the Borough;
So when this triumph drew ſo nigh,
They might particulars deſcry,
They never ſaw two things ſo pat,
In all reſpects, as this and that.
Firſt he that led the cavalcate
Wore a ſow-gelder's flagellate,

On

Ver. 587. *They might diſtinguiſh*, &c.] They might *diſcern reſpective noiſe*, in the two firſt editions of 1664.

Ver. 596. *Their foes.*] *For foes*, in all editions to 1704, incluſive.

Ver. 609, 610.] *Cavalcate,—Flagellate*, in the four firſt editions. Afterwards altered to, *cavalcade, flagellet.*

On which he blew as ſtrong a levet,
As well-fee'd lawyer on his brev'ate,
When over one another's heads
They charge (three ranks at once) like Sweads.
Next pans and kettles of all keys,
From trebles down to double baſe;
And after them, upon a nag,
That might paſs for a forehand ſtag,
A Cornet rode, and on his ſtaff
A ſmock diſplay'd did proudly wave;
Then bagpipes of the loudeſt drones,
With ſnuffling, broken-winded tones,
Whoſe blaſts of air, in pockets ſhut,
Sound filthier than from the gut,
And make a viler noiſe than ſwine,
In windy weather, when they whine.
Next one upon a pair of panniers,
Full fraught with that which, for good-manners,
Shall here be nameleſs, mixt with grains,
Which he diſpens'd among the ſwains,
And buſily upon the crowd
At random round about beſtow'd.
Then, mounted on a horned horſe,
One bore a gauntlet and gilt ſpurs,
Ty'd to the pummel of a long ſword
He held reverſt, the point turn'd downward:

Next

Ver. 613, 614.] Theſe two lines are not in the two firſt editions of 1664, but added in 1674. *Like Sweads*, altered, 1684, to *Swedes*.

Next after, on a raw-bon'd steed,
The conqueror's Standard-bearer rid,
And here aloft before the champion
A petticoat display'd, and rampant;
Near whom the Amazon triumphant
Bestrid her beast, and on the rump on't
Sat face to tail, and bum to bum;
The warrior whilom overcome,
Arm'd with a spindle and a distaff,
Which as he rode she made him twist off;
And when he loiter'd, o'er her shoulder
Chastiz'd the reformado soldier.
Before the Dame, and round about,
March'd whifflers and staffiers on foot,
With lackies, grooms, valets, and pages,
In fit and proper equipages;
Of whom some torches bore, some links,
Before the proud virago minx,
That was both Madam and a Don,
Like Nero's Sporus or Pope Joan;
And at fit periods the whole rout
Set up their throats with clamorous shout.
The Knight transported, and the Squire,
Put up their weapons and their ire;
And Hudibras, who us'd to ponder
On such sights with judicious wonder,
Could hold no longer to impart
His animadversions, for his heart.
Quoth he, In all my life, till now,
I ne'er saw so profane a show;

It is a Paganiſh invention,
Which Heathen writers often mention;
And he who made it had read Goodwin,
Or Roſs, or Cælius Rhodogine,
With all the Grecian Speeds and Stows,
That beſt deſcribe thoſe ancient ſhows;
And has obſerv'd all fit decorums
We find deſcrib'd by old hiſtorians:
For as the Roman conqueror,
That put an end to foreign war,
Entering the town in triumph for it,
Bore a ſlave with him in his chariot;
So this inſulting female brave
Carries, behind her here, a ſlave:
And as the Ancients long ago,
When they in field defy'd the foe,
Hung out their mantles *della guerre*,
So her proud Standard-bearer here,
Waves on his ſpear, in dreadful manner,
A Tyrian petticoat for banner.
Next links and torches, heretofore
Still borne before the emperor:
And as in antique triumph eggs
Were borne for myſtical intrigues;
There 's one, in truncheon like a ladle,
That carries eggs too, freſh or addle;

And

Ver. 671.] This, and the following line, not in the two firſt editions of 1664, but added 1674.

And ſtill at random, as he goes,
Among the rabble-rout beſtows.
Quoth Ralpho, You miſtake the matter;
For all th' antiquity you ſmatter
Is but a riding us'd of courſe,
When The grey mare 's the better horſe;
When o'er the breeches greedy women
Fight, to extend their vaſt dominion,
And in the cauſe impatient Grizel
Has drubb'd her huſband with bull's pizzle,
And brought him under Covert-baron,
To turn her vaſſal with a murrain;
When wives their ſexes ſhift, like hares,
And ride their huſbands, like night-mares,
And they, in mortal battle vanquiſh'd,
Are of their charter diſenfranchis'd,
And by the right of war, like gills,
Condemn'd to diſtaff, horns, and wheels:
For when men by their wives are cow'd,
Their horns of courſe are underſtood.
Quoth Hudibras, Thou ſtill giv'ſt ſentence
Impertinently, and againſt ſenſe:
'Tis not the leaſt diſparagement
To be defeated by th' event,
Nor to be beaten by main force;
That does not make a man the worſe,
Although his ſhoulders with battoon
Be claw'd and cudgel'd to ſome tune.
A tailor's prentice has no hard
Meaſure, that 's bang'd with a true yard;

But to turn tail, or run away,
And without blows give up the day;
Or to ſurrender ere th' aſſault,
That 's no man's fortune, but his fault;
And renders men of honour leſs
Than all th' adverſity of ſucceſs;
And only unto ſuch this ſhew
Of horns and petticoats is due.
There is a leſſer profanation,
Like that the Romans call'd Ovation:
For as ovation was allow'd
For conqueſt purchas'd without blood;
So men decree thoſe leſſer ſhows
For victory gotten without blows,
By dint of ſharp hard words, which ſome
Give battle with, and overcome;
Theſe mounted in a chair-curule,
Which Moderns call a Cucking-ſtool,
March proudly to the river's ſide,
And o'er the waves in triumph ride;
Like dukes of Venice, who are ſaid
The Adriatic ſea to wed;
And have a gentler wife than thoſe
For whom the ſtate decrees thoſe ſhows.
But both are Heatheniſh, and come
From th' Whores of Babylon and Rome,
And by the Saints ſhould be withſtood,
As antichriſtian and lewd;
And we, as ſuch, ſhould now contribute
Our utmoſt ſtrugglings to prohibit.

This

This ſaid, they both advanc'd, and rode
A dog-trot through the bawling crowd
T' attack the leader, and ſtill preſt,
Till they approach'd him breaſt to breaſt:
Then Hudibras, with face and hand,
Made ſigns for ſilence; which obtain'd,
What means (quoth he) this devil's proceſſion
With men of orthodox profeſſion?
'Tis ethnique and idolatrous,
From Heatheniſm deriv'd to us.
Does not the Whore of Babylon ride
Upon her horned Beaſt aſtride,
Like this proud Dame, who either is
A type of her, or ſhe of this?
Are things of ſuperſtitious function,
Fit to be us'd in Goſpel ſunſhine?
It is an antichriſtian opera,
Much us'd in midnight times of Popery;
Of running after ſelf-inventions
Of wicked and profane intentions;
To ſcandalize that ſex for ſcolding,
To whom the Saints are ſo beholding.
Women, who were our firſt apoſtles,
Without whoſe aid we 'ad all been loſt elſe;

Women,

Ver. 775.] The women were zealous contributors to the Good Cauſe, as they called it. Mr. James Howel obſerves, "That unuſual voluntary collections were "made both in town and country; the ſeamſtreſs "brought in her ſilver thimble, the chamber-maid her "bodkin,

Women, that left no ſtone unturn'd
In which the Cauſe might be concern'd;
Brought in their children's ſpoons and whiſtles,
To purchaſe ſwords, carbines, and piſtols;
Their huſbands, cullies, and ſweethearts,
To take the Saints' and Churches' parts;
Drew ſeveral Gifted Brethren in,
That for the Biſhops would have been,
And fix'd them conſtant to the party,
With motives powerful and hearty:
Their huſbands robb'd, and made hard ſhifts
T' adminiſter unto their Gifts
All they could rap, and rend, and pilfer,
To ſcraps and ends of gold and ſilver;
Rub'd down the Teachers, tir'd and ſpent
With holding forth for Parliament;
Pamper'd and edify'd their zeal
With marrow-puddings many a meal:
Enabled them, with ſtore of meat,
On controverted points, to eat;
And cramm'd them, till their guts did ake,
With caudle, cuſtard, and plum-cake.
What have they done, or what left undone,
That might advance the Cauſe at London?

March'd

"bodkin, the cook her ſilver ſpoon, into the common
"treaſury of war.—And ſome ſort of females were
"freer in their contributions, ſo far as to part with
"their rings and ear-rings, as if ſome golden calf were
"to be molten and ſet up to be idolized."

March'd rank and file, with drum and enſign,
T' intrench the City for defence in;
Rais'd rampiers with their own ſoft hands,
To put the enemy to ſtands;
From ladies down to oyſter-wenches
Labour'd like pioneers in trenches,
Fall'n to their pick-axes and tools,
And help'd the men to dig like moles.
Have not the handmaids of the City
Choſe of their Members a Committee,
For raiſing of a common purſe,
Out of their wages, to raiſe horſe?
And do they not as Tryers ſit,
To judge what officers are fit?
Have they—At that an egg let fly
Hit him directly o'er the eye,
And, running down his cheek, beſmear'd
With orange-tawny ſlime his beard;
But beard and ſlime being of one hue,
The wound the leſs appear'd in view.

Then

Ver. 807.] *Faln*, in the three firſt editions. *Fell*, edition 1684.

Ver. 813, 814.] "The Houſe conſidered in the "next place, that divers weak perſons have crept into "places beyond their abilities; and, to the end that "men of greater parts may be put into their rooms, "they appointed the Lady Middleſex, Mrs. Dunch, "the Lady Foſter, and the Lady Anne Waller, by "reaſon of their great experience in ſoldiery in the "kingdom, to be a Committee of Tryers for the bu-"ſineſs." See "The Parliament of Ladies," p. 6.

Then he that on the panniers rode,
Let fly on th' other ſide a load,
And, quickly charg'd again, gave fully,
In Ralpho's face, another volley.
The Knight was ſtartled with the ſmell,
And for his ſword began to feel;
And Ralpho, ſmother'd with the ſtink,
Graſp'd his, when one that bore a link
O' th' ſudden clapp'd his flaming cudgel,
Like linſtock, to the horſe's touch-hole;
And ſtraight another, with his flambeau,
Gave Ralpho o'er the eyes a damn'd blow.
The beaſts began to kick and fling,
And forc'd the rout to make a ring;
Through which they quickly broke their way,
And brought them off from further fray;
And, though diſorder'd in retreat,
Each of them ſtoutly kept his ſeat:
For quitting both their ſwords and reins,
They graſp'd with all their ſtrength the manes,
And, to avoid the foe's purſuit,
With ſpurring put their cattle to 't,
And till all four were out of wind,
And danger too, ne'er look'd behind.
After they 'ad paus'd awhile, ſupplying
Their ſpirits, ſpent with fight and flying,
And Hudibras recruited force
Of lungs, for action or diſcourſe;

Quoth

Ver. 839.] *Rains*, in the four firſt editions.

Quoth he, That man is ſure to loſe
That fouls his hands with dirty foes;
For where no honour 's to be gain'd,
'Tis thrown away in being maintain'd:
'Twas ill for us we had to do
With ſo diſhonourable a foe:
For though the law of arms doth bar
The uſe of venom'd ſhot in war,
Yet by the nauſeous ſmell, and noiſome,
Their caſe-ſhot ſavour ſtrong of poiſon,
And doubtleſs have been chew'd with teeth
Of ſome that had a ſtinking breath;
Elſe, when we put it to the puſh,
They had not giv'n us ſuch a bruſh:
But as thoſe pultroons that fling dirt
Do but defile, but cannot hurt;
So all the honour they have won,
Or we have loſt, is much at one.
'Twas well we made ſo reſolute
A brave retreat, without purſuit;
For if we had not, we had ſped
Much worſe, to be in triumph led;
Than which the Ancients held no ſtate
Of man's life more unfortunate.
But if this bold adventure e'er
Do chance to reach the Widow's ear,

It

Ver. 868. *Without purſuit.*] *T' avoid purſuit,* in the two firſt editions of 1664.

It may, being deſtin'd to aſſert
Her ſex's honour, reach her heart:
And as ſuch homely treats (they ſay)
Portend good fortune, ſo this may.
Veſpaſian being daub'd with dirt,
Was deſtin'd to the empire for 't;
And from a ſcavenger did come
To be a mighty prince in Rome:
And why may not this foul addreſs
Preſage in love the ſame ſucceſs?
Then let us ſtraight, to cleanſe our wounds,
Advance in queſt of neareſt ponds;
And after (as we firſt deſign'd)
Swear I've perform'd what ſhe enjoin'd.

Ver. 879.] This, and the five following lines, in the two firſt editions of 1664. Added in 1674.

HUDIBRAS.

PART II. CANTO III.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Knight, with various doubts poſſeſt,
To win the Lady goes in queſt
Of Sidrophel the Roſycrucian,
To know the Deſt'nies' reſolution;
With whom being met, they both chop logic
About the ſcience aſtrologic;
Till falling from diſpute to fight,
The Conjurer's worſted by the Knight.

DOUBTLESS the pleaſure is as great
Of being cheated, as to cheat;
As lookers-on feel moſt delight,
That leaſt perceive a juggler's ſleight,
And, ſtill the leſs they underſtand,
The more they' admire his ſleight of hand.
Some with a noiſe and greaſy light
Are ſnapt, as men catch larks by night,
Enſnar'd and hamper'd by the ſoul,
As nooſes by the legs catch fowl.

Some

Some with a medicine and receipt
Are drawn to nibble at the bait;
And though it be a two-foot trout,
'Tis with a ſingle hair pull'd out.
Others believe no voice t' an organ
So ſweet as lawyer's in his bar-gown,
Until with ſubtle cobweb-cheats
They 're catch'd in knotted law, like nets;
In which, when once they are imbrangled,
The more they ſtir, the more they 're tangled;
And while their purſes can diſpute,
There 's no end of th' immortal ſuit.
Others ſtill gape t' anticipate
The cabinet-deſigns of Fate,
Apply to wizards, to foreſee
What ſhall, and what ſhall never be;
And, as thoſe vultures do forebode,
Believe events prove bad or good;
A ſlam more ſenſeleſs than the roguery
Of old auruſpicy and augury,
That out of garbages of cattle
Preſag'd th' events of truce or battle;
From flight of birds, or chicken's pecking,
Succeſs of great'ſt attempts would reckon:
Though cheats, yet more intelligible,
Than thoſe that with the ſtars do fribble.

This

Ver. 25.] *Apply to wizards.* *Run after,* in the edition of 1664.

This Hudibras by proof found true,
As in due time and place we 'll ſhew:
For he with beard and face made clean,
Being mounted on his ſteed again
(And Ralpho got a cock-horſe too,
Upon his beaſt, with much ado)
Advanc'd on for the Widow's houſe,
T' acquit himſelf, and pay his vows;
When various thoughts began to buſtle,
And with his inward man to juſtle.
He thought what danger might accrue,
If ſhe ſhould find he ſwore untrue;
Or, if his Squire or he ſhould fail,
And not be punctual in their tale,
It might at once the ruin prove
Both of his honour, faith, and love:
But if he ſhould forbear to go,
She might conclude he 'ad broke his vow;
And that he durſt not now, for ſhame,
Appear in court to try his claim.
This was the pen'worth of his thought,
To paſs time, and uneaſy trot.
Quoth he, In all my paſt adventures
I ne'er was ſet ſo on the tenters,
Or taken tardy with dilemma,
That every way I turn does hem me,
And with inextricable doubt
Beſets my puzzled wits about:
For though the Dame has been my bail,
To free me from enchanted jail,

Yet as a dog, committed cloſe
For ſome offence, by chance breaks looſe,
And quits his clog; but all in vain,
He ſtill draws after him his chain:
So though my ankle ſhe has quitted,
My heart continues ſtill committed;
And like a bail'd and mainpriz'd lover,
Although at large, I am bound over:
And when I ſhall appear in court
To plead my cauſe, and anſwer for 't,
Unleſs the judge do partial prove,
What will become of me and love?
For if in our account we vary,
Or but in circumſtance miſcarry;
Or if ſhe put me to ſtrict proof,
And make me pull my doublet off,
To ſhew, by evident record,
Writ on my ſkin, I 've kept my word,
How can I e'er expect to have her,
Having demurr'd unto her favour?
But faith, and love, and honour loſt,
Shall be reduc'd t' a Knight o' th' Poſt?
Beſide, that ſtripping may prevent
What I 'm to prove by argument,
And juſtify I have a tail,
And that way, too, my proof may fail.
Oh! that I could enucleate,
And ſolve the problems of my fate;
Or find, by necromantic art,
How far the Deſt'nies take my part;

For

For if I were not more than certain
To win and wear her and her fortune,
I'd go no farther in this courtſhip,
To hazard ſoul, eſtate, and worſhip:
For though an oath obliges not,
Where any thing is to be got
(As thou haſt prov'd), yet 'tis profane,
And ſinful, when men ſwear in vain.
Quoth Ralph, Not far from hence doth dwell
A cunning man, hight Sidrophel,
That deals in Deſtiny's dark counſels,
And ſage opinions of the Moon ſells;
To whom all people, far and near,
On deep importances repair;
When braſs and pewter hap to ſtray,
And linen ſlinks out o' the way;
When geeſe and pullen are ſeduc'd,
And ſows of ſucking pigs are chows'd;
When cattle feel indiſpoſition,
And need th' opinion of phyſician;
When murrain reigns in hogs or ſheep,
And chickens languiſh of the pip;
When yeſt and outward means do fail,
And have no power to work on ale;

When

Ver. 106.] William Lilly, the famous aſtrologer of thoſe times, who in his yearly almanacks foretold victories for the Parliament with as much certainty as the preachers did in their ſermons.

When butter does refuſe to come,
And love proves croſs and humourſome;
To him with queſtions, and with urine,
They for diſcovery flock, or curing.
Quoth Hudibras, This Sidrophel
I 've heard of, and ſhould like it well,
If thou canſt prove the Saints have freedom
To go to ſorcerers when they need them.
Says Ralpho, There 's no doubt of that;
Thoſe principles I quoted late
Prove that the Godly may alledge
For any thing their privilege,
And to the devil himſelf may go,
If they have motives thereunto:
For, as there is a war between
The devil and them, it is no ſin,
If they by ſubtle ſtratagem
Make uſe of him, as he does them.
Has not this preſent Parliament
A ledger to the devil ſent,
Fully impower'd to treat about
Finding revolted witches out?
And has not he, within a year,
Hang'd threeſcore of them in one ſhire?
Some only for not being drown'd,
And ſome for ſitting above ground,
Whole days and nights, upon their breeches,
And feeling pain, were hang'd for witches;
And ſome for putting knaviſh tricks
Upon green geeſe and turkey-chicks,

Or pigs that ſuddenly deceaſt
Of griefs unnatural, as he gueſt;
Who after prov'd himſelf a witch,
And made a rod for his own breech.
Did not the devil appear to Martin
Luther in Germany, for certain?
And would have gull'd him with a trick,
But Mart. was too, too politick.
Did he not help the Dutch to purge,
At Antwerp, their cathedral church?
Sing catches to the Saints at Maſcon,
And tell them all they came to aſk him?
Appear in divers ſhapes to Kelly,
And ſpeak i' th' Nun of Loudon's belly?
Meet with the Parliament's Committee,
At Woodſtock, on a perſonal treaty?
At Sarum take a cavalier,
I' th' Cauſe's ſervice, priſoner?
As Withers in immortal rhyme
Has regiſter'd to after-time.
Do not our great Reformers uſe
This Sidrophel to forebode news;
To write of victories next year,
And caſtles taken yet i' th' air?

Of

Ver. 169.] This Withers was a Puritanical officer in the Parliament army, and a great pretender to poetry, as appears from his Poems enumerated by A. Wood.

Of battles fought at ſea, and ſhips
Sunk two years hence, the laſt eclipſe?
A total o'erthrow given the King
In Cornwall, horſe and foot, next ſpring?
And has not he point-blank foretold
Whatſoe'er the Cloſe Committee would?
Made Mars and Saturn for the Cauſe,
The Moon for fundamental laws?
The Ram, the Bull, and Goat, declare
Againſt the Book of Common-Prayer?
The Scorpion take the Proteſtation,
And Bear engage for Reformation?
Made all the Royal ſtars recant,
Compound, and take the Covenant?
  Quoth Hudibras, The caſe is clear
The Saints may' employ a conjurer,
As thou haſt prov'd it by their practice;
No argument like matter of fact is:
And we are beſt of all led to
Men's principles by what they do.
Then let us ſtrait advance in queſt
Of this profound gymnoſophiſt,
And, as the Fates and he adviſe,
Purſue or wave this enterpriſe.
This ſaid, he turn'd about his ſteed,
And eftſoons on th' adventure rid;
Where leave we him and Ralph awhile,
And to the conjurer turn our ſtyle,
To let our reader underſtand
What 's uſeful of him before-hand.

He

He had been long towards mathematics,
Optics, philoſophy, and ſtatics,
Magic, horoſcopy, aſtrology,
And was old dog at phyſiology;
But as a dog that turns the ſpit
Beſtirs himſelf, and plies his feet
To climb the wheel, but all in vain,
His own weight brings him down again,
And ſtill he 's in the ſelf-ſame place
Where at his ſetting out he was;
So in the circle of the arts
Did he advance his natural parts,
Till falling back ſtill, for retreat,
He fell to juggle, cant, and cheat:
For as thoſe fowls that live in water
Are never wet, he did but ſmatter;
Whate'er he labour'd to appear,
His underſtanding ſtill was clear;
Yet none a deeper knowledge boaſted,
Since old Hodge Bacon, and Bob Groſted.

Th'

Ver. 224.] Roger Bacon, commonly called *Friar Bacon*, lived in the reign of our Edward I. and for ſome little ſkill he had in the mathematicks, was by the rabble accounted a conjurer, and had the ſottiſh ſtory of the Brazen Head fathered upon him by the ignorant Monks of thoſe days.

Ibid.] Biſhop Groſted was Biſhop of Lincoln, both Henry III. *A. D.* 1235. "He was ſuſpected by the "clergy to be a conjurer; for which crime he was de-"prived by Pope Innocent IV. and ſummoned to ap-

Th' intelligible world he knew,
And all men dream on 't to be true,
That in this world there 's not a wart
That has not there a counterpart;
Nor can there on the face of ground
An individual beard be found
That has not, in that foreign nation,
A fellow of the ſelf-ſame faſhion;
So cut, ſo colour'd, and ſo curl'd,
As thoſe are in th' inferior world.
He 'ad read Dee's prefaces before,
The Devil, and Euclid, o'er and o'er;
And all th' intrigues 'twixt him and Kelly,
Leſcus and th' Emperor, would tell ye:
But with the moon was more familiar
Than e'er was almanac well-willer;
Her ſecrets underſtood ſo clear,
That ſome believ'd he had been there;

Knew

" pear at Rome." But this is a miſtake; for the Pope's antipathy to him was occaſioned by his frankly expoſtulating with him (both perſonally and by letter) on his encroachments upon the Engliſh church and monarchy. He was perſecuted by Pope Innocent, but it is not certain that he was deprived, though Bale thinks he was.

Ver. 235.] Dee was a Welſhman, and educated at Oxford, where he commenced Doctor, and afterwards travelled into foreign parts, in queſt of chemiſtry, &c.

Ver. 238.] Albertus Laſcus, Laſky, or Alaſco, Prince Palatine of Poland, concerned with Dee and Kelly.

Knew when ſhe was in fitteſt mood
For cutting corns, or letting blood;
When for anointing ſcabs or itches,
Or to the bum applying leeches;
When ſows and bitches may be ſpay'd,
And in what ſign beſt cyder 's made;
Whether the wane be, or increaſe,
Beſt to ſet garlic, or ſow peaſe;
Who firſt found out the man i' th' moon,
That to the Ancients was unknown;
How many dukes, and earls, and peers,
Are in the planetary ſpheres;
Their airy empire and command,
Their ſeveral ſtrengths by ſea and land;
What factions they 'ave, and what they drive at
In public vogue, or what in private:
With what deſigns and intereſts
Each party manages conteſts.
He made an inſtrument to know
If the moon ſhine at full or no;
That would, as ſoon as e'er ſhe ſhone, ſtraight
Whether 'twere day or night demonſtrate;
Tell what her diameter to an inch is,
And prove that ſhe 's not made of green cheeſe.
It would demonſtrate, that the man in
The moon 's a ſea Mediterranean;
And that it is no dog nor bitch
That ſtands behind him at his breech,
But a huge Caſpian ſea, or lake,
With arms, which men for legs miſtake;

How

How large a gulf his tail compoſes,
And what a goodly bay his noſe is;
How many German leagues by th' ſcale
Cape Snout 's from Promontory Tail.
He made a planetary gin,
Which rats would run their own heads in,
And come on purpoſe to be taken,
Without th' expence of cheeſe or bacon.
With lute-ſtrings he would counterfeit
Maggots that crawl on diſh of meat;
Quote moles and ſpots on any place
O' th' body, by the index face;
Detect loſt maidenheads by ſneezing,
Or breaking wind of dames, or piſſing;
Cure warts and corns, with application
Of medicines to th' imagination;
Fright agues into dogs, and ſcare,
With rhymes, the tooth-ach and catarrh;
Chace evil ſpirits away by dint
Of ſickle, horſe-ſhoe, hollow-flint;
Spit fire out of a walnut-ſhell,
Which made the Roman ſlaves rebel;
And fire a mine in China here,
With ſympathetic gun-powder.
He knew whatſoever 's to be known,
But much more than he knew would own.
What medicine 'twas that Paracelſus
Could make a man with, as he tells us;
What figur'd ſlates are beſt to make,
On watery ſurface, duck or drake;

What bowling-ſtones, in running race
Upon a board, have ſwifteſt pace;
Whether a pulſe beat in the black
Lift of a dappled louſe's back;
If ſyſtole or diaſtole move
Quickeſt when he 's in wrath or love;
When two of them do run a race,
Whether they gallop, trot, or pace;
How many ſcores a flea will jump,
Of his own length, from head to rump,
Which Socrates and Chærephon
In vain aſſay'd ſo long agone;
Whether his ſnout a perfect noſe is,
And not an elephant's proboſcis;
How many different ſpecieſes
Of maggots breed in rotten cheeſe;
And which are next of kin to thoſe
Engender'd in a chandler's noſe;
Or thoſe not ſeen, but underſtood,
That live in vinegar and wood.
A paltry wretch he had, half-ſtarv'd,
That him in place of zany ſerv'd,
Hight Whachum, bred to daſh and draw,
Not wine, but more unwholeſome law;

To

Ver. 317. *How many different ſpecieſes.*] *Species's*, in editions 1664, 1674, 1684. Altered to *ſpecieſes*, 1689.

Ver. 325. *Whachum.*] Journeyman to Sidrophel, who was one *Tom Jones*, a fooliſh Welſhman. In a Key to a poem of Mr. Butler's, Whachum is ſaid to be one *Richard*

To make 'twixt words and lines huge gaps,
Wide as meridians in maps;
To ſquander paper, and ſpare ink,
Or cheat men of their words, ſome think.
From this, by merited degrees,
He 'd to more high advancement riſe,
To be an under-conjurer,
Or journeyman aſtrologer:
His buſineſs was to pump and wheedle,
And men with their own keys unriddle;
To make them to themſelves give anſwers,
For which they pay the necromancers;
To fetch and carry' intelligence
Of whom, and what, and where, and whence,
And all diſcoveries diſperſe
Among th' whole pack of conjurers;
What cut-purſes have left with them,
For the right owners to redeem,
And what they dare not vent, find out,
To gain themſelves and th' art repute;
Draw figures, ſchemes, and horoſcopes,
Of Newgate, Bridewell, brokers' ſhops,
Of thieves aſcendant in the cart,
And find out all by rules of art:
Which way a ſerving-man, that 's run
With clothes or money away, is gone;

Who

Richard Green, who publiſhed a pamphlet of about five ſheets of baſe ribaldry, and called, *Hudibras in a Snare*. It was printed about the year 1667.

Who pick'd a fob at Holding-forth,
And where a watch, for half the worth,
May be redeem'd; or ſtolen plate
Reſtor'd at conſcionable rate.
Beſide all this, he ſerv'd his maſter
In quality of poetaſter,
And rhymes appropriate could make
To every month i' th' almanack;
When terms begin and end could tell,
With their returns, in doggerel;
When the Exchequer opes and ſhuts,
And ſowgelder with ſafety cuts;
When men may eat and drink their fill,
And when be temperate, if they will;
When uſe, and when abſtain from vice,
Figs, grapes, phlebotomy, and ſpice.
And as in priſon mean rogues beat
Hemp for the ſervice of the great,
So Whachum beat his dirty brains
T' advance his maſter's fame and gains,
And, like the devil's oracles,
Put into doggerel rhymes his ſpells;
Which, over every month's blank page
I' th' almanack, ſtrange bilks preſage.
He would an elegy compoſe
On maggots ſqueez'd out of his noſe;
In lyric numbers write an ode on
His miſtreſs' eating a black-pudden;
And, when impriſon'd air eſcap'd her,
It puft him with poetic rapture.

His

His ſonnets charm'd th' attentive crowd,
By wide-mouth'd mortal troll'd aloud,
That, circled with his long-ear'd gueſts,
Like Orpheus look'd among the beaſts:
A carman's horſe could not paſs by,
But ſtood ty'd up to poetry;
No porter's burthen paſs'd along,
But ſerv'd for burthen to his ſong:
Each window like a pillory appears,
With heads thruſt through, nail'd by the ears;
All trades run in as to the ſight
Of monſters, or their dear delight
The gallow-tree, when cutting purſe
Breeds buſineſs for heroic verſe;
Which none does hear but would have hung
T' have been the theme of ſuch a ſong.
Thoſe two together long had liv'd,
In manſion prudently contriv'd,
Where neither tree nor houſe could bar
The free detection of a ſtar;
And nigh an ancient obeliſk
Was rais'd by him, found out by Fiſk,
On which was written, not in words,
But hieroglyphic mute of birds,

Many

Ver. 404.] Mr. Butler alludes to one *Fiſk*, of whom Lilly obſerves, that he was a licentiate in phyſic, and born near Framlingham in Suffolk; was bred at a country ſchool, and deſign'd for the univerſity, but went not thither, ſtudying phyſic and aſtrology at home, which afterwards he practiſed at Colcheſter; after which he came to London, and practiſed there.

Many rare pithy ſaws, concerning
The worth of aſtrologic learning:
From top of this there hung a rope,
To which he faſten'd teleſcope,
The ſpectacles with which the ſtars
He reads in ſmalleſt characters.
It happen'd as a boy, one night,
Did fly his tarſel of a kite,
The ſtrangeſt long-wing'd hawk that flies,
That, like a bird of Paradiſe,
Or herald's martlet, has no legs,
Nor hatches young ones, nor lays eggs;
His train was ſix yards long, milk-white,
At th' end of which there hung a light,
Inclos'd in lantern made of paper,
That far off like a ſtar did appear:
This Sidrophel by chance eſpy'd,
And with amazement ſtaring wide,
Bleſs us! quoth he, what dreadful wonder
Is that appears in heaven yonder?
A comet, and without a beard!
Or ſtar that ne'er before appear'd?
I'm certain 'tis not in the ſcrowl
Of all thoſe beaſts, and fiſh, and fowl,
With which, like Indian plantations,
The learned ſtock the conſtellations;
Nor thoſe that drawn for ſigns have been
To th' houſes where the planets inn.
It muſt be ſupernatural,
Unleſs it be that cannon-ball

That,

That, ſhot i' th' air point-blank upright,
Was borne to that prodigious height
That, learn'd philoſophers maintain,
It ne'er came backwards down again,
But in the airy region yet
Hangs, like the body of Mahomet:
For if it be above the ſhade
That by the earth's round bulk is made,
'Tis probable it may, from far,
Appear no bullet, but a ſtar.
This ſaid, he to his engine flew,
Plac'd near at hand, in open view,
And rais'd it till it level'd right
Againſt the glow-worm tail of kite,
Then peeping through, Bleſs us! (quoth he)
It is a planet, now, I ſee;
And, if I err not, by his proper
Figure, that 's like tobacco-ſtopper,
It ſhould be Saturn: yes, 'tis clear
'Tis Saturn; but what makes him there?
He 's got between the Dragon's tail
And farther leg behind o' th' Whale;
Pray Heaven divert the fatal omen,
For 'tis a prodigy not common,
And can no leſs than the world's end,
Or Nature's funeral, portend.
With that he fell again to pry,
Through perſpective, more wiſtfully,
When, by miſchance, the fatal ſtring,
That kept the towering fowl on wing,

Breaking,

Breaking, down fell the ſtar. Well ſhot,
Quoth Whachum, who right wiſely thought
He 'ad level'd at a ſtar, and hit it;
But Sidrophel, more ſubtil-witted,
Cry'd out, What horrible and fearful
Portent is this, to ſee a ſtar fall?
It threatens Nature, and the doom
Will not be long before it come!
When ſtars do fall, 'tis plain enough
The day of judgment 's not far off;
As lately 'twas reveal'd to Sedgwick,
And ſome of us find out by magick:
Then, ſince the time we have to live
In this world 's ſhorten'd, let us ſtrive
To make our beſt advantage of it,
And pay our loſſes with our profit.
This feat fell out not long before
The Knight, upon the forenam'd ſcore,

In

Ver. 477.] William Sedgwick, a whimſical enthuſiaſt, ſometimes a Preſbyterian, ſometimes an Independent, and at other times an Anabaptiſt; ſometimes a prophet, and pretended to foretel things, out of the pulpit, to the deſtruction of ignorant people; at other times pretended to revelations; and, upon pretence of a viſion that Doomſday was at hand, he retired to the houſe of Sir Francis Ruſſel in Cambridgeſhire; and, finding ſeveral gentlemen at bowls, called upon them to prepare for their diſſolution; telling them that he had lately received a revelation that Doomſday would be ſome day the week following. Upon which they ever after called him *Doomſday Sedgwick*.

In queſt of Sidrophel advancing,
Was now in proſpect of the manſion;
Whom he diſcovering, turn'd his glaſs,
And found far off 'twas Hudibras.
Whachum (quoth he) look yonder, ſome
To try or uſe our art are come:
The one 's the learned Knight;—ſeek out,
And pump them what they come about.
Whachum advanc'd, with all ſubmiſſ'neſs
T' accoſt them, but much more their buſineſs:
He held a ſtirrup, while the Knight
From leathern Bare-bones did alight;
And taking from his hand the bridle,
Approach'd, the dark Squire to unriddle.
He gave him firſt the time o' th' day,
And welcom'd him, as he might ſay:
He aſk'd him whence they came, and whither
Their buſineſs lay? Quoth Ralpho, Hither.
Did you not loſe?—Quoth Ralpho, Nay.
Quoth Whachum, Sir, I meant your way!
Your Knight, quoth Ralpho, is a lover,
And pains intolerable doth ſuffer;
For lovers' hearts are not their own hearts,
Nor lights, nor lungs, and ſo forth downwards.
What time?—Quoth Ralpho, Sir, too long,
Three years it off and on has hung.——
Quoth he, I meant what time o' the day 'tis;
Quoth Ralpho, Between ſeven and eight 'tis.
Why then (quoth Whachum) my ſmall art
Tells me the dame has a hard heart,

Or

Or great eſtate.—Quoth Ralpho, A jointer,
Which makes him have ſo hot a mind t' her.
Meanwhile the Knight was making water,
Before he fell upon the matter;
Which having done, the Wizard ſteps in,
To give him ſuitable reception;
But kept his buſineſs at a bay,
Till Whachum put him in the way;
Who having now, by Ralpho's light,
Expounded th' errand of the Knight,
And what he came to know, drew near,
To whiſper in the conjurer's ear;
Which he prevented thus: What was 't,
Quoth he, that I was ſaying laſt,
Before theſe gentlemen arriv'd?
Quoth Whachum, Venus you retriev'd,
In oppoſition with Mars,
And no benign and friendly ſtars
T' allay the effect. Quoth Wizard, So!
In Virgo? Ha! quoth Whachum, No;
Has Saturn nothing to do in it,
One tenth of 's circle to a minute?
'Tis well, quoth he.—Sir, you 'll excuſe
This rudeneſs I am forc'd to uſe;
It is a ſcheme and face of heaven,
As th' aſpects are diſpos'd this even,
I was contemplating upon
When you arriv'd; but now I 've done.
Quoth Hudibras, If I appear
Unſeaſonable in coming here

At ſuch a time, to interrupt
Your ſpeculations, which I hop'd
Aſſiſtance from, and come to uſe,
'Tis fit that I aſk your excuſe.
  By no means, Sir, quoth Sidrophel:
The ſtars your coming did foretel;
I did expect you here, and knew,
Before you ſpake, your buſineſs too.
  Quoth Hudibras, Make that appear,
And I ſhall credit whatſoe'er
You tell me after, on your word,
Howe'er unlikely or abſurd.
  You are in love, Sir, with a widow,
Quoth he, that does not greatly heed you,
And for three years has rid your wit
And paſſion, without drawing bit;
And now your buſineſs is to know
If you ſhall carry her or no.
  Quoth Hudibras, You' re in the right,
But how the devil you come by 't
I can't imagine; for the ſtars
I 'm ſure, can tell no more than a horſe;
Nor can their aſpects (though you pore
Your eyes out on them) tell you more
Than th' oracle of ſieve and ſheers,
That turns as certain as the ſpheres:
But if the devil 's of your counſel,
Much may be done, my noble Donzel;
And 'tis on his account I come,
To know from you my fatal doom.

Quoth

Quoth Sidrophel, If you ſuppoſe,
Sir Knight, that I am one of thoſe,
I might ſuſpect, and take th' alarm,
Your buſineſs is but to inform;
But if it be, 'tis ne'er the near,
You have a wrong ſow by the ear;
For I aſſure you, for my part,
I only deal by rules of art;
Such as are lawful, and judge by
Concluſions of aſtrology;
But for the devil know nothing by him,
But only this, that I defy him.
Quoth he, Whatever others deem ye,
I underſtand your metonymy;
Your words of ſecond-hand intention,
When things by wrongful names you mention;
The myſtic ſenſe of all your terms,
That are indeed but magic charms
To raiſe the devil, and mean one thing,
And that is down-right conjuring;
And in itſelf more warrantable
Than cheat, or canting to a rabble,
Or putting tricks upon the moon,
Which by confederacy are done.
Your ancient conjurers were wont
To make her from her ſphere diſmount,
And to their incantation ſtoop;
They ſcorn'd to pore through teleſcope,
Or idly play at bo-peep with her,
To find out cloudy or fair weather,

Which every almanack can tell,
Perhaps as learnedly and well
As you yourſelf.---Then, friend, I doubt
You go the fartheſt way about:
Your modern Indian magician
Makes but a hole in th' earth to piſs in,
And ſtraight reſolves all queſtions by 't,
And ſeldom fails to be i' th' right.
The Roſycrucian way 's more ſure
To bring the devil to the lure;
Each of them has a ſeveral gin,
To catch intelligences in.
Some by the noſe, with fumes, trapan them,
As Dunſtan did the devil's grannam;
Others with characters and words
Catch them, as men in nets do birds;
And ſome with ſymbols, ſigns, and tricks,
Engrav'd in planetary nicks,
With their own influences will fetch them
Down from their orbs, arreſt, and catch them;
Make them depoſe and anſwer to
All queſtions, ere they let them go.
Bumbaſtus kept a devil's bird
Shut in the pummel of his ſword,

That

Ver. 618.] St. Dunſtan was made Archbiſhop of Canterbury, *anno* 961. His ſkill in the liberal arts and ſciences (qualifications much above the genius of the age he lived in) gained him firſt the name of a Conjurer, and then of a Saint: he is revered as ſuch by the Romaniſts, who keep a holiday in honour of him, yearly, on the 19th of May.

That taught him all the cunning pranks
Of paſt and future mountebanks.
Kelly did all his feats upon
The devil's looking-glaſs, a ſtone,
Where playing with him at bo-peep,
He ſolv'd all problems ne'er ſo deep.
Agrippa kept a Stygian pug,
I' th' garb and habit of a dog,
That was his tutor, and the cur
Read to th' occult philoſopher,
And taught him ſubt'ly to maintain
All other ſciences are vain.

To this, quoth Sidrophello, Sir,
Agrippa was no conjurer,
Nor Paracelſus, no, nor Behmen;
Nor was the dog a cacodæmon,

But

Ver 631.] This Kelly was chief ſeer, or, as Lilly calls him, Speculator to Dr. Dee; was born at Worceſter, and bred an apothecary, and was a good proficient in chemiſtry, and pretended to have the grand elixir, or philoſopher's ſtone, which Lilly tells us he made, or at leaſt received ready-made, from a Friar in Germany, on the confines of the Emperor's dominions. He pretended to ſee apparitions in a cryſtal or beryl looking-glaſs (or a round ſtone like a cryſtal). Alaſco, Palatine of Poland, Pucel, a learned Florentine, and Prince Roſemberg of Germany, the Emperor's Vicecy in Bohemia, were long of the ſociety with him and Dr. Dee, and often preſent at their apparitions, as was once the King of Poland himſelf: but Lilly obſerves, that he was ſo wicked that the angels would not appear to him willingly, nor be obedient to him.

But a true dog, that would ſhew tricks
For th' Emperor, and leap o'er ſticks;
Would fetch and carry, was more civil
Than other dogs, but yet no devil;
And whatſoe'er he 's ſaid to do,
He went the ſelf-ſame way we go.
As for the Roſycroſs philoſophers,
Whom you will have to be but ſorcerers,
What they pretend to is no more
Than Triſmegiſtus did before,
Pythagoras, old Zoroaſter,
And Apollonius their maſter,
To whom they do confeſs they owe
All that they do, and all they know.
Quoth Hudibras, Alas! what is 't t' us
Whether 'twas ſaid by Triſmegiſtus,
If it be nonſenſe, falſe, or myſtic,
Or not intelligible, or ſophiſtic?
'Tis not antiquity, nor author,
That makes truth Truth, although Time's daughter;
'Twas he that put her in the pit,
Before he pull'd her out of it;
And as he eats his ſons, juſt ſo
He feeds upon his daughters too.
Nor does it follow, 'cauſe a herald
Can make a gentleman, ſcarce a year old,

To

Ver. 669, 670.] Such gentry were Thomas Pury the elder, firſt a weaver in Glouceſter, then an ignorant ſolicitor. John Blackſton, a poor ſhopkeeper of Newcaſtle.

To be deſcended of a race
Of ancient kings in a ſmall ſpace,
That we ſhould all opinions hold
Authentic, that we can make old.
Quoth Sidrophel, It is no part
Of prudence to cry down an art,
And what it may perform deny,
Becauſe you underſtand not why;
(As Averrhois play'd but a mean trick,
To damn our whole art for eccentric)
For who knows all that knowledge contains?
Men dwell not on the tops of mountains,
But on their ſides, or riſing's ſeat;
So 'tis with knowledge's vaſt height.
Do not the hiſtories of all ages
Relate miraculous preſages
Of ſtrange turns, in the world's affairs,
Foreſeen by' aſtrologers, ſoothſayers,
Chaldeans,

caſtle. John Birch, formerly a carrier, afterwards colonel. Richard Salway, colonel, formerly a grocer's man. Thomas Rainſborough, a ſkipper of Lynn, colonel and vice-admiral of England. Colonel Thomas Scot, a brewer's clerk. Colonel Philip Skippon, originally a waggoner to Sir Francis Vere. Colonel John Jones, a ſerving-man. Colonel Barkſtead, a pitiful thimble and bodkin goldſmith. Colonel Pride, a foundling and drayman. Colonel Hewſon, a one-eyed cobler; and Colonel Harriſon, a butcher. Theſe, and hundreds more, affected to be thought gentlemen, and lorded it over perſons of the firſt rank and quality.

Chaldeans, learn'd Genethliacs,
And ſome that have writ almanacks?
The Median Emperor dreamt his daughter
Had piſt all Aſia under water,
And that a vine, ſprung from her haunches,
O'erſpread his empire with its branches;
And did not ſoothſayers expound it,
As after by th' event he found it?
When Cæſar in the ſenate fell,
Did not the ſun eclips'd foretell,
And, in reſentment of his ſlaughter,
Look'd pale for almoſt a year after?
Auguſtus having, by' overſight,
Put on his left ſhoe 'fore his right,
Had like to have been ſlain that day,
By ſoldiers mutinying for pay.
Are there not myriads of this ſort,
Which ſtories of all times report?
Is it not ominous in all countries,
When crows and ravens croak upon trees?
The Roman ſenate, when within
The city walls an owl was ſeen,
Did cauſe their clergy, with luſtrations,
(Our Synod calls Humiliations)
The round-fac'd prodigy t' avert
From doing town or country hurt.
And if an owl have ſo much power,
Why ſhould not planets have much more,
That in a region far above
Inferior fowls of the air move,

And

And ſhould ſee further, and foreknow
More than their augury below?
Though that once ſerv'd the polity
Of mighty ſtates to govern by;
And this is what we take in hand
By powerful Art to underſtand;
Which, how we have perform'd, all ages
Can ſpeak th' events of our preſages.
Have we not lately, in the moon,
Found a new world, to th' old unknown?
Diſcover'd ſea and land, Columbus
And Magellan could never compaſs?
Made mountains with our tubes appear,
And cattle grazing on them there?
  Quoth Hudibras, You lie ſo ope,
That I, without a teleſcope,
Can find your tricks out, and deſcry
Where you tell truth, and where you lye;
For Anaxagoras, long agone,
Saw hills, as well as you, i' th' moon,
And held the ſun was but a piece
Of red-hot iron as big as Greece;
Believ'd the heavens were made of ſtone,
Becauſe the ſun had voided one;
And, rather than he would recant
Th' opinion, ſuffer'd baniſhment.
  But what, alas! is it to us,
Whether i' th' moon men thus or thus
Do eat their porridge, cut their corns,
Or whether they have tails or horns?

What trade from thence can you advance,
But what we nearer have from France?
What can our travellers bring home,
That is not to be learnt at Rome?
What politics, or ſtrange opinions,
That are not in our own dominions?
What ſcience can be brought from thence,
In which we do not here commence?
What revelations, or religions,
That are not in our native regions?
Are ſweating lanterns, or ſcreen-fans,
Made better there than they 're in France?
Or do they teach to ſing and play
O' th' guitar there a newer way?
Can they make plays there, that ſhall fit
The public humour with leſs wit?
Write wittier dances, quainter ſhows,
Or fight with more ingenious blows?
Or does the man i' th' moon look big,
And wear a huger periwig?
Shew in his gait, or face, more tricks
Than our own native lunaticks?
But if we' outdo him here at home,
What good of your deſign can come?
As wind i' th' hypocondres pent,
Is but a blaſt if downward ſent;
But if it upward chance to fly,
Becomes new-light and prophecy:
So when your ſpeculations tend
Above their juſt and uſeful end,

Although

Although they promiſe ſtrange and great
Diſcoveries of things far ſet,
They are but idle dreams and fancies,
And ſavour ſtrongly of the ganzas.
Tell me but what 's the natural cauſe
Why on a ſign no painter draws
The full-moon ever, but the half?
Reſolve that with your Jacob's ſtaff;
Or why wolves raiſe a hubbub at her,
And dogs howl when ſhe ſhines in water?
And I ſhall freely give my vote,
You may know ſomething more remote.
At this deep Sidrophel look'd wiſe,
And, ſtaring round with owl-like eyes,
He put his face into a poſture
Of ſapience, and began to bluſter;
For, having three times ſhook his head
To ſtir his wit up, thus he ſaid:
Art has no mortal enemies
Next ignorance, but owls and geeſe;
Thoſe conſecrated geeſe, in orders,
That to the Capitol were warders,
And being then upon patrol,
With noiſe alone beat off the Gaul;
Or thoſe Athenian ſceptic owls,
That will not credit their own ſouls,
Or any ſcience underſtand,
Beyond the reach of eye or hand;
But, meaſuring all things by their own
Knowledge, hold nothing 's to be known:

Thoſe

[illegible]
[illegible] all philosophy.
And will not know upon what ground
In Nature we our doctrine found,
Although with pregnant evidence
We can demonstrate it to sense,
As I just now have done to you,
Foretelling what you came to know.
Were the stars only made to light
Robbers and burgunters by night?
To wait on drunkards, thieves, gold-finders,
And lovers solacing behind doors,
Or giving one another pledges
Of matrimony under hedges?
Or witches simpling, and on gibbets
Cutting from malefactors snippets?
Or from the pillory tips of ears
Of rebel-saints and perjurers?
Only to stand by, and look on,
But not know what is said or done?
Is there a constellation there
That was not born and bred up here;
And therefore cannot be to learn
In any inferior concern?
Were they not, during all their lives,
Most of them pirates, whores, and thieves?
And is it like they have not still
In their old practices some skill?
Is there a planet that by birth
Does not derive its house from earth;

And

And therefore probably muſt know
What is and hath been done below?
Who made the Balance, or whence came
The Bull, the Lion, and the Ram?
Did not we here the Argo rig,
Make Berenice's periwig?
Whoſe livery does the coachman wear?
Or who made Caſſiopeia's chair?
And therefore, as they came from hence,
With us may hold intelligence.
Plato deny'd the world can be
Govern'd without geometry,
(For money being the common ſcale
Of things, by meaſure, weight, and tale,
In all th' affairs of church and ſtate,
'Tis both the balance and the weight)
Then much leſs can it be without
Divine aſtrology made out;
That puts the other down in worth,
As far as heaven 's above the earth.
  Theſe reaſons (quoth the Knight) I grant
Are ſomething more ſignificant
Than any that the learned uſe
Upon this ſubject to produce;
And yet they 're far from ſatisfactory,
T' eſtabliſh and keep up your factory.
Th' Egyptians ſay, the ſun has twice
Shifted his ſetting and his riſe;
Twice has he riſen in the weſt,
As many times ſet in the eaſt;

But

But whether that be true or no,
The devil any of you know.
Some hold the heavens, like a top,
Are kept by circulation up,
And, were 't not for their wheeling round,
They'd instantly fall to the ground;
As sage Empedocles of old,
And from him modern authors, hold.
Plato believ'd the sun and moon
Below all other planets run.
Some Mercury, some Venus, seat
Above the Sun himself in height.
The learned Scaliger complain'd
'Gainst what Copernicus maintain'd,
That, in twelve hundred years and odd,
The sun had left its ancient road,
And nearer to the earth is come,
'Bove fifty thousand miles from home;
Swore 'twas a most notorious flam,
And he that had so little shame
To vent such fopperies abroad,
Deserv'd to have his rump well claw'd;
Which Monsieur Bodin hearing, swore
That he deserv'd the rod much more,
That durst upon a truth give doom,
He knew less than the Pope of Rome.

Cardan

Ver. 873. *And were 't not.*] *And 'twere not,* in the four first editions. Altered in edit. 1689.

Ver. 894. *He knew less,* &c.] *He knew no more,* &c. two first editions 1664.

Cardan believ'd great ſtates depend
Upon the tip o' th' Bear's-tail's end,
That, as ſhe whiſk'd it towards the ſun,
Strow'd mighty empires up and down;
Which others ſay muſt needs be falſe,
Becauſe your true bears have no tails.
Some ſay the Zodiac conſtellations
Have long ſince chang'd their antique ſtations
Above a ſign, and prove the ſame
In Taurus now, once in the Ram;
Affirm the Trigons chopp'd and chang'd,
The watery with the fiery rang'd;
Then how can their effects ſtill hold
To be the ſame they were of old?
This, though the art were true, would make
Our modern ſoothſayers miſtake;
And is one cauſe they tell more lyes,
In figures and nativities,
Than th' old Chaldean conjurers,
In ſo many hundred thouſand years;
Beſide their nonſenſe in tranſlating,
For want of Accidence and Latin,

Like

Ver. 901.] This and the three following lines inſerted 1674. In the firſt editions of 1664, they ſtand thus:

Some ſay the ſtars i' th' Zodiack,
Are more than a whole ſign gone back
Since Ptolemy; and prove the ſame
In Taurus now, then in the Ram.

Like Idus, and Calendæ, Engliſht
The Quarter-days, by ſkilful linguiſt;
And yet, with canting, ſleight, and cheat,
'Twill ſerve their turn to do the feat;
Make fools believe in their foreſeeing
Of things before they are in being;
To ſwallow gudgeons ere they 're catch'd,
And count their chickens ere they 're hatch'd;
Make them the conſtellations prompt,
And give them back their own accompt;
But ſtill the beſt to him that gives
The beſt price for 't, or beſt believes.
Some towns, ſome cities, ſome, for brevity,
Have caſt the 'verſal world's nativity,
And made the infant-ſtars confeſs,
Like fools or children, what they pleaſe.
Some calculate the hidden fates
Of monkeys, puppy-dogs, and cats;
Some running-nags, and fighting-cocks;
Some love, trade, law-ſuits, and the pox:
Some take a meaſure of the lives
Of fathers, mothers, huſbands, wives;
Make oppoſition, trine, and quartile,
Tell who is barren and who fertile;
As if the planets' firſt aſpect
The tender infant did infect
In ſoul and body, and inſtil
All future good and future ill;
Which in their dark fatal'ties lurking,
At deſtin'd periods fall a-working,

And break out, like the hidden ſeeds
Of long diſeaſes, into deeds,
In friendſhips, enmities, and ſtrife,
And all th' emergencies of life:
No ſooner does he peep into
The world, but he has done his do,
Catch'd all diſeaſes, took all phyſick
That cures or kills a man that is ſick:
Marry'd his punctual doſe of wives,
Is cuckolded, and breaks, or thrives.
There 's but the twinkling of a ſtar
Between a man of peace and war;
A thief and juſtice, fool and knave,
A huffing officer and a ſlave;
A crafty lawyer and pick-pocket,
A great philoſopher and a blockhead;
A formal preacher and a player,
A learn'd phyſician and manſlayer:
As if men from the ſtars did ſuck
Old-age, diſeaſes, and ill-luck,
Wit, folly, honour, virtue, vice,
Trade, travel, women, claps, and dice,
And draw, with the firſt air they breathe,
Battle and murder, ſudden death.
Are not theſe fine commodities
To be imported from the ſkies,

Ver. 956. *Is cuckolded.*] *Cookolded,* in the two firſt editions of 1664.

And vended here among the rabble,
For ſtaple goods and warrantable?
Like money by the Druids borrow'd,
In th' other world to be reſtored.
Quoth Sidrophel, To let you know
You wrong the art, and artiſts too,
Since arguments are loſt on thoſe
That do our principles oppoſe,
I will (although I 've done 't before)
Demonſtrate to your ſenſe once more,
And draw a figure that ſhall tell you
What you, perhaps, forget beſel you,
By way of horary inſpection,
Which ſome account our worſt erection.
With that he circles draws, and ſquares,
With cyphers, aſtral characters,
Then looks them o'er to underſtand them,
Although ſet down hab-nab, at random.
Quoth he, This ſcheme of th' heavens ſet,
Diſcovers how in fight you met,
At Kingſton, with a May-pole idol,
And that y' were bang'd both back and ſide well;
And, though you overcame the Bear,
The Dogs beat you at Brentford fair;
Where ſturdy butchers broke your noddle,
And handled you like a fop-doodle.
Quoth Hudibras, I now perceive
You are no conjurer, by your leave:
That paltry ſtory is untrue,
And forg'd to cheat ſuch gulls as you.

Not

Not true! quoth he; Howe'er you vapour,
I can what I affirm make appear;
Whachum ſhall juſtify it t' your face,
And prove he was upon the place:
He play'd the ſaltinbancho's part,
Transform'd t' a Frenchman by my art;
He ſtole your cloak, and pick'd your pocket,
Chows'd and caldes'd ye like a blockhead;
And what you loſt I can produce,
If you deny it, here i' th' houſe.
Quoth Hudibras, I do believe
That argument 's demonſtrative;
Ralpho, bear witneſs, and go fetch us
A conſtable to ſeize the wretches;
For though they 're both falſe knaves and cheats,
Impoſtors, jugglers, counterfeits,
I 'll make them ſerve for perpendiculars,
As true as e'er were us'd by bricklayers.
They 're guilty, by their own confeſſions,
Of felony; and at the Seſſions,
Upon the bench, I will ſo handle them,
That the vibration of this pendulum
Shall make all tailors' yards of one
Unanimous opinion;
A thing he long has vapour'd of,
But now ſhall make it out by proof.
Quoth Sidrophel, I do not doubt
To find friends that will bear me out;
Nor have I hazarded my art,
And neck, ſo long on the State's part,

Ver. 1010. *Caldes'd.*] Put the fortune-teller on him.

To be expos'd, i' th' end, to ſuffer
By ſuch a braggadocio huffer.
  Huffer! quoth Hudibras, this ſword
Shall down thy falſe throat cram that word.
Ralpho, make haſte, and call an officer,
To apprehend this Stygian ſophiſter;
Mean-while I 'll hold them at a bay,
Leſt he and Whachum run away.
  But Sidrophel, who from th' aſpect
Of Hudibras did now erect
A figure worſe portending far
Than that of moſt malignant ſtar,
Believ'd it now the fitteſt moment
To ſhun the danger that might come on 't,
While Hudibras was all alone,
And he and Whachum, two to one.
This being reſolv'd, he ſpy'd, by chance,
Behind the door, an iron lance,
That many a ſturdy limb had gor'd,
And legs, and loins, and ſhoulders bor'd;
He ſnatch'd it up, and made a paſs,
To make his way through Hudibras.
Whachum had got a fire-fork,
With which he vow'd to do his work;
But Hudibras was well prepar'd,
And ſtoutly ſtood upon his guard:
He put by Sidrophello's thruſt,
And in right manfully he ruſht;
The weapon from his gripe he wrung,
And laid him on the earth along.

Whachum

Whachum his ſea-coal prong threw by,
And baſely turn'd his back to fly;
But Hudibras gave him a twitch,
As quick as lightning, in the breech,
Juſt in the place where honour 's lodg'd,
As wiſe philoſophers have judg'd,
Becauſe a kick in that place more
Hurts honour, than deep wounds before.
Quoth Hudibras, The ſtars determine
You are my priſoners, baſe vermin:
Could they not tell you ſo, as well
As what I came to know foretel?
By this what cheats you are we find,
That in your own concerns are blind.
Your lives are now at my diſpoſe,
To be redeem'd by fine or blows:
But who his honour would defile,
To take, or ſell, two lives ſo vile?
I 'll give you quarter; but your pillage,
The conquering warrior's crop and tillage,
Which with his ſword he reaps and plows,
That 's mine, the law of arms allows.
This ſaid in haſte, in haſte he fell
To rummaging of Sidrophel.
Firſt he expounded both his pockets,
And found a watch, with rings and lockets,
Which had been left with him t' erect
A figure for, and ſo detect;
A copper-plate, with almanacks
Engrav'd upon 't, with other knacks

Of Booker's, Lilly's, Sarah Jimmers,
And blank-ſchemes to diſcover nimmers;
A moon-dial, with Napier's bones,
And ſeveral conſtellation ſtones,
Engrav'd in planetary hours,
That over mortals had ſtrange powers
To make them thrive in law or trade,
And ſtab or poiſon to evade;
In wit or wiſdom to improve,
And be victorious in love.
Whachum had neither croſs nor pile,
His plunder was not worth the while;
All which the conqueror did diſcompt,
To pay for curing of his rump.
But Sidrophel, as full of tricks
As Rota-men of politicks,
Straight caſt about to over-reach
Th' unwary conqueror with a fetch,
And make him glad, at leaſt, to quit
His victory, and fly the pit,
Before the ſecular prince of darkneſs
Arriv'd to ſeize upon his carcaſe:

And

Ver. 1093.] John Booker was born in Manchester, and was a famous aſtrologer in the time of the Civil wars. He was a great acquaintance of Lilly's; and ſo was this Sarah Jimmers, whom Lilly calls *Sarah Shelborn*, a great ſpeculatrix. He owns he was very familiar with her (*quod nota*); ſo that it is no wonder that the Knight found ſeveral of their knick-knacks in Sidrophel's cabinet.

And as a fox, with hot purſuit
Chac'd through a warren, caſts about
To ſave his credit, and among
Dead vermin on a gallows hung,
And while the dogs run underneath,
Eſcap'd (by counterfeiting death)
Not out of cunning, but a train
Of atoms juſtling in his brain,
As learn'd philoſophers give out;
So Sidrophello caſt about,
And fell to 's wonted trade again,
To feign himſelf in earneſt ſlain:
Firſt ſtretch'd out one leg, then another,
And, ſeeming in his breaſt to ſmother
A broken ſigh; quoth he, Where am I?
Alive, or dead? or which way came I
Through ſo immenſe a ſpace ſo ſoon?
But now I thought myſelf i' th' moon,
And that a monſter, with huge whiſkers,
More formidable than a Switzer's,
My body through and through had drill'd,
And Whachum by my ſide had kill'd;
Had croſs-examin'd both our hoſe,
And plunder'd all we had to loſe:
Look, there he is! I ſee him now,
And feel the place I am run through:
And there lies Whachum by my ſide
Stone dead, and in his own blood dy'd.
Oh! oh! with that he fetch'd a groan,
And fell again into a ſwoon,

Shut

Shut both his eyes, and ſtopt his breath,
And to the life out-acted death,
That Hudibras, to all appearing,
Believ'd him to be dead as herring.
He held it now no longer ſafe
To tarry the return of Ralph,
But rather leave him in the lurch:
Thought he, he has abus'd our Church,
Refus'd to give himſelf one firk
To carry on the Public Work;
Deſpis'd our Synod-men like dirt,
And made their Diſcipline his ſport;
Divulg'd the ſecrets of their Claſſes,
And their Conventions prov'd high-places;
Diſparag'd their tythe-pigs, as Pagan,
And ſet at nought their cheeſe and bacon;
Rail'd at their Covenant, and jeer'd
Their reverend Parſons, to my beard;
For all which ſcandals to be quit
At once, this juncture fails out fit.
I 'll make him henceforth to beware,
And tempt my fury if he dare:
He muſt at leaſt hold up his hand,
By twelve frecholders to be ſcann'd,
Who, by their ſkill in palmiſtry,
Will quickly read his deſtiny,
And make him glad to read his leſſon,
Or take a turn for 't at the Seſſion,
Unleſs his light and gifts prove truer
Than ever yet they did, I 'm ſure;

For

For if he 'ſcape with whipping now,
'Tis more than he can hope to do;
And that will diſengage my Conſcience
Of th' obligation, in his own ſenſe:
I 'll make him now by force abide
What he by gentle means deny'd,
To give my honour ſatisfaction,
And right the Brethren in the action.
This being reſolv'd, with equal ſpeed
And conduct he approach'd his ſteed,
And, with activity unwont,
Aſſay'd the lofty beaſt to mount;
Which once atchiev'd, he ſpurr'd his palfry,
To get from th' enemy and Ralph free;
Left danger, fears, and foes behind,
And beat, at leaſt three lengths, the wind.

AN HEROICAL EPISTLE*, OF HUDIBRAS TO SIDROPHEL.

Ecce iterum Criſpinus.——

WELL, Sidrophel, though 'tis in vain
To tamper with your crazy brain,
Without trepanning of your ſcull,
As often as the moon 's at full,
'Tis not amiſs, ere ye 're giv'n o'er,
To try one deſperate medicine more;

For

* This Epiſtle was publiſhed ten years after the Third Canto of this Second Part, to which it is now annexed, namely, in the year 1674; and is ſaid, in a Key to a burleſque poem of Mr. Butler's, publiſhed 1706, p. 13, to have been occaſioned by Sir Paul Neal, a conceited virtuoſo, and member of the Royal Society, who conſtantly affirmed that Mr. Butler was not the Author of Hudibras, which gave riſe to this Epiſtle; and by ſome he has been taken for the real Sidrophel of the Poem. This was the gentleman who, I am told, made a great diſcovery of an elephant in the moon, which, upon examination, proved to be no other than a mouſe which had miſtaken its way, and got into his teleſcope. See *The Elephant in the Moon*, in the ſecond volume of Butler's Poems.

For, where your caſe can be no worſe,
The deſperat'ſt is the wiſeſt courſe.
Is 't poſſible that you, whoſe ears
Are of the tribe of Iſſachar's,
And might (with equal reaſon) either
For merit, or extent of leather,
With William Pryn's, before they were
Retrench'd and crucify'd, compare,
Should yet be deaf againſt a noiſe
So roaring as the public voice?
That ſpeaks your virtues free and loud,
And openly in every crowd,
As loud as one that ſings his part
T' a wheel-barrow or turnip-cart,
Or your new nick'd-nam'd old invention
To cry green-haſtings with an engine;
(As if the vehemence had ſtunn'd,
And torn your drum-heads with the ſound)
And, 'cauſe your folly 's now no news,
But overgrown, and out of uſe,
Perſuade yourſelf there 's no ſuch matter,
But that 'tis vaniſh'd out of Nature;
When Folly, as it grows in years,
The more extravagant appears;
For who but you could be poſſeſt
With ſo much ignorance and beaſt,
That neither all men's ſcorn and hate,
Nor being laugh'd and pointed at,
Nor bray'd ſo often in a mortar,
Can teach you wholeſome ſenſe and nurture;

But

But (like a reprobate) what courſe
Soever us'd, grow worſe and worſe?
Can no tranſfuſion of the blood,
That makes fools cattle, do you good?
Nor putting pigs t' a bitch to nurſe,
To turn them into mongrel-curs,
Put you into a way, at leaſt,
To make yourſelf a better beaſt?
Can all your critical intrigues,
Of trying ſound from rotten eggs;
Your ſeveral new-found remedies,
Of curing wounds and ſcabs in trees;
Your arts of fluxing them for claps,
And purging their infected ſaps;
Recovering ſhankers, cryſtallines,
And nodes and botches in their rinds,
Have no effect to operate
Upon that duller block, your pate?
But ſtill it muſt be lewdly bent
To tempt your own due puniſhment;
And, like your whimſy'd chariots, draw
The boys to courſe you without law;
As if the art you have ſo long
Profeſs'd, of making old dogs young,
In you had virtue to renew
Not only youth, but childhood too.
Can you, that underſtand all books,
By judging only with your looks,
Reſolve all problems with your face,
As others do with B's and A's;

Unriddle

Unriddle all that mankind knows
With ſolid bending of your brows;
All arts and ſciences advance,
With ſcrewing of your countenance,
And with a penetrating eye
Into th' abſtruſeſt learning pry;
Know more of any trade b' a hint,
Than thoſe that have been bred up in 't,
And yet have no art, true or falſe,
To help your own bad naturals?
But ſtill, the more you ſtrive t' appear,
Are found to be the wretcheder:
For fools are known by looking wiſe,
As men find woodcocks by their eyes.
Hence 'tis that 'cauſe ye 'ave gain'd o' th' college
A quarter ſhare (at moſt) of knowledge,
And brought in none, but ſpent repute,
Y' aſſume a power as abſolute
To judge, and cenſure, and control,
As if you were the ſole Sir Poll,
And ſaucily pretend to know
More than your dividend comes to:
You 'll find the thing will not be done
With ignorance and face alone:
No, though ye 've purchas'd to your name,
In hiſtory, ſo great a fame;

That

Ver. 86.] Sir Politick Would-be, in "Volpone."

Ver. 91, 92.] Theſe two lines, I think, plainly diſcover that Lilly, and not Sir Paul Neal, was here laſhed under the name of *Sidrophel*; for Lilly's fame abroad

That now your talent 's ſo well known,
For having all belief outgrown,
That every ſtrange prodigious tale
Is meaſur'd by your German ſcale—
By which the virtuoſi try
The magnitude of every lye,
Caſt up to what it does amount,
And place the bigg'ſt to your account;
That all thoſe ſtories that are laid
Too truly to you, and thoſe made,
Are now ſtill charg'd upon your ſcore,
And leſſer authors nam'd no more.
Alas! that faculty betrays
Thoſe ſooneſt it deſigns to raiſe;
And all your vain renown will ſpoil,
As guns o'ercharg'd the more recoil;

Though

abroad was indiſputable. Mr. Strickland, who was many years Agent for the Parliament in Holland, thus publiſhes it: "I came purpoſely into the Committee "this day, to ſee the man who is ſo famous in thoſe "parts where I have ſo long continued: I aſſure you, "his name is famous all over Europe. I came to do "him juſtice." Lilly is alſo careful to tell us, that the King of Sweden ſent him a gold chain and medal worth about 50l. for making honourable mention of his Majeſty in one of his almanacks; which, he ſays, was tranſlated into the language ſpoke at Hamburgh, and printed, and cried about the ſtreets as it was in London. Thus he trumpets to the world the fame he acquired by his infamous practices, if we may credit his own hiſtory.

Ver. 105. *Betrays.*] *Deſtroys*, in all the editions I have ſeen.

Though he that has but impudence,
To all things has a fair pretence;
And, put among his wants but ſhame,
To all the world may lay his claim:
Though you have try'd that nothing 's borne
With greater eaſe than public ſcorn,
That all affronts do ſtill give place
To your impenetrable face;
That makes your way through all affairs,
As pigs through hedges creep with theirs:
Yet, as 'tis counterfeit and braſs,
You muſt not think 'twill always paſs;
For all impoſtors, when they 're known,
Are paſt their labour, and undone:
And all the beſt that can befal
An artificial natural,
Is that which madmen find, as ſoon
As once they 're broke looſe from the moon,
And, proof againſt her influence,
Relapſe to e'er ſo little ſenſe,
To turn ſtark fools, and ſubjects fit
For ſport of boys and rabble-wit.

HUDIBRAS.

PART III. CANTO I.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Knight and Squire reſolve at once,
The one the other to renounce;
They both approach the Lady's bower,
The Squire t' inform, the Knight to wooe her.
She treats them with a maſquerade,
By Furies and Hobgoblins made;
From which the Squire conveys the Knight,
And ſteals him from himſelf by night.

'TIS true no lover has that power
T' enforce a deſperate amour,
As he that has two ſtrings t' his bow,
And burns for love and money too;

For

We are now come to the Third Part of Hudibras, which is conſiderably longer than either the Firſt or the Second; and yet can the ſevereſt critic ſay that Mr. Butler grows inſipid in his invention, or faulters in his judgment? No; he ſtill continues to ſhine in both theſe excellencies; and, to manifeſt the extenſiveneſs of his abilities, he leaves no art untried to ſpin out theſe adventures to a length proportionable to his wit and ſatire. I dare ſay the reader is not weary of him; nor will he be ſo at the concluſion of the Poem: and the reaſon is evident, becauſe this laſt part is as fruitful of wit and humour as the former; and a poetic fire is equally diffuſed through the whole Poem, that burns every where clearly, and every where irreſiſtibly.

For then he 's brave and reſolute,
Diſdains to render in his ſuit;
Has all his flames and raptures double,
And hangs, or drowns, with half the trouble;
While thoſe who ſillily purſue
The ſimple downright way, and true,
Make as unlucky applications,
And ſteer againſt the ſtream their paſſions.
Some forge their miſtreſſes of ſtars,
And, when the ladies prove averſe,
And more untoward to be won
Than by Caligula the moon,
Cry out upon the ſtars for doing
Ill offices, to croſs their wooing,
When only by themſelves they 're hindered,
For truſting thoſe they made her kindred,
And ſtill, the harſher and hide-bounder
The damſels prove, become the fonder;
For what mad lover ever dy'd
To gain a ſoft and gentle bride?
Or for a lady tender-hearted,
In purling ſtreams or hemp departed?
Leap'd headlong int' Elyſium,
Through th' windows of a dazzling room?
But for ſome croſs ill-natur'd dame,
The amorous fly burnt in his flame.
This to the Knight could be no news,
With all mankind ſo much in uſe,
Who therefore took the wiſer courſe,
To make the moſt of his amours,

Reſolv'd to try all ſorts of ways,
As follows in due time and place.
No ſooner was the bloody fight
Between the Wizard and the Knight,
With all th' appurtenances, over,
But he relaps'd again t' a lover,
As he was always wont to do,
When he 'ad diſcomfited a foe,
And us'd the only antique philters
Deriv'd from old heroic tilters.
But now, triumphant and victorious,
He held th' atchievement was too glorious
For ſuch a conqueror to meddle
With petty conſtable or beadle,
Or fly for refuge to the hoſteſs
Of th' inns of Court and Chancery, Juſtice;
Who might, perhaps, reduce his cauſe
To th' ordeal trial of the laws,
Where none eſcape, but ſuch as branded
With red-hot irons have paſt bare-handed;
And if they cannot read one verſe
I' th' Pſalms, muſt ſing it, and that 's worſe.
He, therefore, judging it below him
To tempt a ſhame the devil might owe him,
Reſolv'd to leave the Squire for bail
And mainprize for him to the jail,
To anſwer, with his veſſel, all
That might diſaſtrouſly befal,

And

Ver. 43. *And us'd*, &c.] *And us'd as*, in edit. 1678.

And thought it now the fitteſt juncture
To give the Lady a rencounter,
T' acquaint her with his expedition,
And conqueſt o'er the fierce magician;
Deſcribe the manner of the fray,
And ſhew the ſpoils he brought away;
His bloody ſcourging aggravate,
The number of the blows, and weight;
All which might probably ſucceed,
And gain belief he 'ad done the deed:
Which he reſolv'd t' enforce, and ſpare
No pawning of his ſoul to ſwear;
But, rather than produce his back,
To ſet his conſcience on the rack;
And, in purſuance of his urging
Of articles perform'd, and ſcourging,
And all things elſe, upon his part,
Demand delivery of her heart,
Her goods and chattels, and good graces,
And perſon, up to his embraces.
Thought he, the ancient errant knights
Won all their ladies' hearts in fights,
And cut whole giants into fritters,
To put them into amorous twitters;
Whoſe ſtubborn bowels ſcorn'd to yield,
Until their gallants were half kill'd;
But when their bones were drubb'd ſo ſore,
They durſt not wooe one combat more,
The ladies' hearts began to melt,
Subdued by blows their lovers felt.

So Spaniſh heroes, with their lances,
At once wound bulls, and ladies' fancies;
And he acquires the nobleſt ſpouſe
That widows greateſt herds of cows;
Then what may I expect to do,
Who 've quell'd ſo vaſt a buffalo?
Meanwhile the Squire was on his way,
The Knight's late orders to obey;
Who ſent him for a ſtrong detachment
Of beadles, conſtables, and watchmen,
T' attack the cunning-man, for plunder
Committed falſely on his lumber;
When he, who had ſo lately ſack'd
The enemy, had done the fact,
Had rifled all his pokes and fobs
Of gimcracks, whims, and jiggumbobs,
Which he by hook or crook had gather'd,
And for his own inventions father'd;
And when they ſhould, at gaol-delivery,
Unriddle one another's thievery,
Both might have evidence enough
To render neither halter-proof:
He thought it deſperate to tarry,
And venture to be acceſſary;
But rather wiſely ſlip his fetters,
And leave them for the Knight, his betters.
He call'd to mind th' unjuſt foul play
He would have offer'd him that day,
To make him curry his own hide,
Which no beaſt ever did beſide,

Without

Without all poſſible evaſion,
But of the riding diſpenſation:
And therefore, much about the hour
The Knight (for reaſons told before)
Reſolv'd to leave him to the fury
Of juſtice and an unpack'd jury,
The Squire concurr'd t' abandon him,
And ſerve him in the ſelf-ſame trim;
T' acquaint the Lady what he 'ad done,
And what he meant to carry on;
What project 'twas he went about,
When Sidrophel and he fell out;
His firm and ſtedfaſt reſolution,
To ſwear her to an execution;
To pawn his inward ears to marry her,
And bribe the devil himſelf to carry her;
In which both dealt, as if they meant
Their party-ſaints to repreſent,
Who never fail'd, upon their ſharing
In any proſperous arms-bearing,
To lay themſelves out to ſupplant
Each other couſin-german ſaint.
But ere the Knight could do his part,
The Squire had got ſo much the ſtart,
He 'ad to the Lady done his errand,
And told her all his tricks aforehand.
Juſt as he finiſh'd his report,
The Knight alighted in the court,
And, having ty'd his beaſt t' a pale,
And taking time for both to ſtale,

He put his band and beard in order,
The ſprucer to accoſt and board her:
And now began t' approach the door,
When ſhe, wh' had ſpy'd him out before,
Convey'd th' informer out of ſight,
And went to entertain the Knight;
With whom encountering, after congees
Of humble and ſubmiſſive congees,
And all due ceremonies paid,
He ſtroak'd his beard, and thus he ſaid:
  Madam, I do, as is my duty,
Honour the ſhadow of your ſhoe-tye;
And now am come to bring your ear
A preſent you 'll be glad to hear;
At leaſt I hope ſo: the thing 's done,
Or may I never ſee the ſun;
For which I humbly now demand
Performance at your gentle hand;
And that you 'd pleaſe to do your part,
As I have done mine, to my ſmart.
  With that he ſhrugg'd his ſturdy back,
As if he felt his ſhoulders ake:
But ſhe, who well enough knew what
(Before he ſpoke) he would be at,
Pretended not to apprehend
The myſtery of what he mean'd;
And therefore wiſh'd him to expound
His dark expreſſions leſs profound.
  Madam, quoth he, I come to prove
How much I 've ſuffer'd for your love,

Which

Which (like your votary) to win,
I have not ſpar'd my tatter'd ſkin;
And, for thoſe meritorious laſhes,
To claim your favour and good graces.
  Quoth ſhe, I do remember once
I freed you from th' inchanted ſconce,
And that you promis'd, for that favour,
To bind your back to th' good behaviour,
And for my ſake and ſervice vow'd
To lay upon 't a heavy load,
And what 'twould bear t' a ſcruple prove,
As other knights do oft make love;
Which whether you have done or no
Concerns yourſelf, not me, to know;
But if you have, I ſhall confeſs
Y' are honeſter than I could gueſs.
  Quoth he, If you ſuſpect my troth,
I cannot prove it but by oath;
And if you make a queſtion on 't,
I 'll pawn my ſoul that I have done 't:
And he that makes his ſoul his ſurety,
I think, does give the beſt ſecurity.
  Quoth ſhe, Some ſay the ſoul 's ſecure
Againſt diſtreſs and forfeiture;
Is free from action, and exempt
From execution and contempt;
And to be ſummon'd to appear
In th' other world 's illegal here,
And therefore few make any account
Int' what incumbrances they run 't:

For

For moſt men carry things ſo even
Between this world, and hell, and heaven,
Without the leaſt offence to either,
They freely deal in all together,
And equally abhor to quit
This world for both, or both for it;
And when they pawn and damn their ſouls,
They are but priſoners on paroles.
For that, quoth he, 'tis rational
They may be accomptable in all:
For when there is that intercourſe
Between divine and human powers,
That all that we determine here
Commands obedience every where;
When penalties may be commuted
For fines, or ears, and executed,
It follows nothing binds ſo faſt
As ſouls in pawn and mortgage paſt:
For oaths are th' only teſts and ſeals
Of right and wrong, and true and falſe;
And there 's no other way to try
The doubts of law and juſtice by.
Quoth ſhe, What is it you would ſwear?
There 's no believing till I hear:
For, till they 're underſtood, all tales
(Like nonſenſe) are not true nor falſe.
Quoth he, When I reſolv'd t' obey
What you commanded th' other day,
And to perform my exerciſe,
(As ſchools are wont) for your fair eyes,

T' avoid

T' avoid all ſcruples in the caſe,
I went to do 't upon the place;
But as the caſtle is inchanted
By Sidrophel the witch, and haunted
With evil ſpirits, as you know,
Who took my Squire and me for two,
Before I 'd hardly time to lay
My weapons by, and diſarray,
I heard a formidable noiſe,
Loud as the Stentrophonic voice,
That roar'd far off, Diſpatch, and ſtrip,
I 'm ready with th' infernal whip,
That ſhall diveſt thy ribs of ſkin,
To expiate thy lingering ſin;
Thou 'aſt broke perfidiouſly thy oath,
And not perform'd thy plighted troth,
But ſpar'd thy renegado back,
Where thou 'adſt ſo great a prize at ſtake;
Which now the Fates have order'd me,
For penance and revenge, to flea,
Unleſs thou preſently make haſte;
Time is, time was: and there it ceaſt.
With which, though ſtartled, I confeſs,
Yet th' horror of the thing was leſs
Than th' other diſmal apprehenſion
Of interruption or prevention;
And therefore, ſnatching up the rod,
I laid upon my back a load,
Reſolv'd to ſpare no fleſh and blood,
To make my word and honour good;

Till tir'd, and taking truce at length,
For new recruits of breath and ſtrength,
I felt the blows ſtill ply'd as faſt,
As if they 'ad been by lovers plac'd,
In raptures of Platonic laſhing,
And chaſte contemplative bardaſhing;
When, facing haſtily about,
To ſtand upon my guard and ſcout,
I found th' infernal cunning-man,
And th' under-witch, his Caliban,
With ſcourges (like the Furies) arm'd,
That on my outward quarters ſtorm'd.
In haſte I ſnatch'd my weapon up,
And gave their helliſh rage a ſtop;
Call'd thrice upon your name, and fell
Courageouſly on Sidrophel,
Who now, transform'd himſelf t' a bear,
Began to roar aloud and tear;
When I as furiouſly preſs'd on,
My weapon down his throat to run,
Laid hold on him, but he broke looſe,
And turn'd himſelf into a gooſe,
Div'd under water in a pound,
To hide himſelf from being found.
In vain I ſought him; but as ſoon
As I perceiv'd him fled and gone,
Prepar'd, with equal haſte and rage,
His under-ſorcerer t' engage;
But, bravely ſcorning to defile
My ſword with feeble blood, and vile,

I judg'd

I judg'd it better from a quick-
ſet hedge to cut a knotted ſtick,
With which I furiouſly laid on,
Till in a harſh and doleful tone
It roar'd, O hold, for pity, Sir;
I am too great a ſufferer,
Abus'd, as you have been, b' a witch,
But conjur'd int' a worſe caprich,
Who ſends me out on many a jaunt,
Old houſes in the night to haunt,
For opportunities t' improve
Deſigns of thievery or love;
With drugs convey'd in drink or meat,
All feats of witches counterfeit,
Kill pigs and geeſe with powder'd glaſs,
And make it for inchantment paſs;
With cow-itch meazle like a leper,
And choke with fumes of Guiney pepper;
Make lechers, and their punks, with dewtry,
Commit fantaſtical advowtry;
Bewitch Hermetic-men to run
Stark ſtaring mad with manicon;
Believe mechanic virtuoſi
Can raiſe them mountains in Potoſi;
And, ſillier than the antic fools,
Take treaſure for a heap of coals;
Seek out for plants with ſignatures,
To quack off univerſal cures;
With figures ground on panes of glaſs,
Make people on their heads to paſs;

And

And mighty heaps of coin increaſe,
Reflected from a ſingle piece;
To draw in fools, whoſe natural itches
Incline perpetually to witches,
And keep me in continual fears,
And danger of my neck and ears;
When leſs delinquents have been ſcourg'd,
And hemp on wooden anvils forg'd,
Which others for cravats have worn
About their necks, and took a turn.
I pity'd the ſad puniſhment
The wretched caitiff underwent,
And held my drubbing of his bones
Too great an honour for pultrones;
For knights are bound to feel no blows
From paltry and unequal foes,
Who, when they flaſh, and cut to pieces,
Do all with civileſt addreſſes:
Their horſes never give a blow,
But when they make a leg and bow.
I therefore ſpar'd his fleſh, and preſt him
About the witch with many a queſtion.
Quoth he, For many years he drove
A kind of broking-trade in love,
Employ'd in all th' intrigues and truſt
Of feeble ſpeculative luſt;
Procurer to th' extravagancy
And crazy ribaldry of fancy,
By thoſe the devil had forſook,
As things below him, to provoke;

But

But being a virtuoſo, able
To ſmatter, quack, and cant, and dabble,
He held his talent moſt adroit,
For any myſtical exploit,
As others of his tribe had done,
And rais'd their prices three to one;
For one predicting pimp has th' odds
Of chaldrons of plain downright bawds.
But, as an elf (the devil's valet)
Is not ſo ſlight a thing to get;
For thoſe that do his buſineſs beſt,
In hell are us'd the ruggedeſt;
Before ſo meriting a perſon
Could get a grant, but in reverſion,
He ſerv'd two 'prenticeſhips, and longer,
I' th' myſtery of a lady-monger:
For (as ſome write) a witch's ghoſt,
As ſoon as from the body looſt,
Becomes a puiney imp itſelf,
And is another witch's elf:
He, after ſearching far and near,
At length found one in Lancaſhire,
With whom he bargain'd beforehand,
And, after hanging, entertain'd:
Since which he 'as play'd a thouſand feats,
And practis'd all mechanic cheats;
Transform'd himſelf to th' ugly ſhapes
Of wolves, and bears, baboons, and apes,
Which he has vary'd more than witches,
Or Pharaoh's wizards, could their ſwitches;

And all with whom he 'as had to do,
Turn'd to as monſtrous figures too;
Witneſs myſelf, whom he 'as abus'd,
And to this beaſtly ſhape reduc'd,
By feeding me on beans and peaſe
He crams in naſty crevices,
And turns to comfits by his arts,
To make me reliſh for deſerts,
And one by one, with ſhame and fear,
Lick up the candy'd provender.
Beſide—But as h' was running on,
To tell what other feats he 'ad done,
The Lady ſtopt his full career,
And told him now 'twas time to hear.
If half thoſe things (ſaid ſhe) be true,
(They 're all, quoth he, I ſwear by you);
Why then, ſaid ſhe, that Sidrophel
Has damn'd himſelf to th' pit of hell,
Who, mounted on a broom, the nag
And hackney of a Lapland hag,
In queſt of you came hither poſt,
Within an hour (I 'm ſure) at moſt,
Who told me all you ſwear and ſay,
Quite contrary another way;
Vow'd that you came to him, to know
If you ſhould carry me or no,
And would have hir'd him and his imps.
To be your match-makers and pimps,
T' engage the devil on your ſide,
And ſteal (like Proſerpine) your bride;

But

But he disdaining to embrace
So filthy a design and base,
You fell to vapouring and huffing,
And drew upon him like a ruffian;
Surpriz'd him meanly, unprepar'd,
Before he 'ad time to mount his guard,
And left him dead upon the ground,
With many a bruise and desperate wound;
Swore you had broke and robb'd his house,
And stole his talismanique louse,
And all his new-found old inventions,
With flat felonious intentions,
Which he could bring out where he had,
And what he bought them for, and paid:
His flea, his morpion, and punese,
He 'ad gotten for his proper ease,
And all in perfect minutes made,
By th' ablest artist of the trade;
Which (he could prove it) since he lost,
He has been eaten up almost,
And altogether might amount
To many hundreds on account;
For which he 'ad got sufficient warrant
To seize the malefactors errant,
Without capacity of bail,
But of a cart's or horse's tail;
And did not doubt to bring the wretches
To serve for pendulums to watches,
Which, modern virtuosi say,
Incline to hanging every way.

Beſide, he ſwore, and ſwore 'twas true,
That, ere he went in queſt of you,
He ſet a figure to diſcover
If you were fled to Rye or Dover,
And found it clear that, to betray
Yourſelves and me, you fled this way,
And that he was upon purſuit,
To take you ſomewhere hereabout.
He vow'd he had intelligence
Of all that paſs'd before and ſince,
And found that, ere you came to him,
Y' had been engaging life and limb
About a caſe of tender conſcience,
Where both abounded in your own ſenſe,
Till Ralpho, by his light and grace,
Had clear'd all ſcruples in the caſe,
And prov'd that you might ſwear and own
Whatever 's by the Wicked done;
For which, moſt baſely to requite
The ſervice of his gifts and light,
You ſtrove t' oblige him, by main force,
To ſcourge his ribs inſtead of your's,
But that he ſtood upon his guard,
And all your vapouring outdar'd;
For which, between you both, the feat
Has never been perform'd as yet.

While thus the Lady talk'd, the Knight
Turn'd th' outſide of his eyes to white
(As men of inward light are wont
To turn their optics in upon 't);

He wonder'd how ſhe came to know
What he had done, and meant to do;
Held up his affidavit-hand,
As if he 'ad been to be arraign'd;
Caſt towards the door a ghaſtly look,
In dread of Sidrophel, and ſpoke:
  Madam, if but one word be true
Of all the wizard has told you,
Or but one ſingle circumſtance
In all th' apocryphal romance,
May dreadful earthquakes ſwallow down
This veſſel, that is all your own!
Or may the heavens fall, and cover
Theſe reliques of your conſtant lover!
  You have provided well (quoth ſhe)
(I thank you) for yourſelf and me,
And ſhewn your Preſbyterian wits
Jump punctual with the Jeſuits;
A moſt compendious way, and civil,
At once to cheat the world, the devil,
And heaven and hell, yourſelves, and thoſe
On whom you vainly think t' impoſe.
Why then (quoth he) may hell ſurprize
That trick (ſaid ſhe) will not paſs twice:
I 've learn'd how far I 'm to believe
Your pinning oaths upon your ſleeve;
But there 's a better way of clearing
What you would prove, than downright ſwearing;
For, if you have perform'd the feat,
The blows are viſible as yet,

Enough to ſerve for ſatisfaction
Of niceſt ſcruples in the action;
And if you can produce thoſe knobs,
Although they 're but the witch's drubs,
I 'll paſs them all upon account,
As if your natural ſelf had don't;
Provided that they paſs th' opinion
Of able juries of old women,
Who, us'd to judge all matter of facts
For bellies, may do ſo for backs.
Madam (quoth he) your love 's a million,
To do is leſs than to be willing,
As I am, were it in my power,
T' obey what you command, and more;
But for performing what you bid,
I thank you as much as if I did.
You know I ought to have a care,
To keep my wounds from taking air;
For wounds in thoſe that are all heart,
Are dangerous in any part.
I find (quoth ſhe) my goods and chattels
Are like to prove but mere drawn-battels;
For ſtill the longer we contend,
We are but farther off the end;
But granting now we ſhould agree,
What is it you expect from me?
Your plighted faith (quoth he) and word
You paſt in heaven on record,
Where all contracts, to have and t' hold,
Are everlaſtingly enroll'd;

And

And if 'tis counted treaſon here
To raze records, 'tis much more there.
Quoth ſhe, There are no bargains driven,
Nor marriages clapp'd up, in heaven,
And that 's the reaſon, as ſome gueſs,
There is no heaven in marriages;
Two things that naturally preſs
Too narrowly, to be at eaſe;
Their buſineſs there is only love,
Which marriage is not like t' improve;
Love, that 's too generous t' abide
To be againſt its nature ty'd;
For, where 'tis of itſelf inclin'd,
It breaks looſe when it is confin'd,
And like the ſoul, its harbourer,
Debarr'd the freedom of the air,
Diſdains againſt its will to ſtay,
But ſtruggles out, and flies away;
And therefore never can comply
T' endure the matrimonial tye,
That binds the female and the male,
Where th' one is but the other's bail;
Like Roman gaolers, when they ſlept,
Chain'd to the priſoners they kept,
Of which the true and faithfulleſt lover
Gives beſt ſecurity to ſuffer.
Marriage is but a beaſt, ſome ſay,
That carries double in foul way,
And therefore 'tis not to b' admir'd
It ſhould ſo ſuddenly be tir'd;

A bargain, at a venture made,
Between two partners in a trade;
(For what 's inferr'd by t' have and t' hold,
But ſomething paſt away, and ſold?)
That, as it makes but one of two,
Reduces all things elſe as low,
And at the beſt is but a mart
Between the one and th' other part,
That on the marriage-day is paid,
Or hour of death, the bet is laid;
And all the reſt of better or worſe,
Both are but loſers out of purſe:
For when upon their ungot heirs
They' entail themſelves, and all that 's theirs,
What blinder bargain e'er was driven,
Or wager laid at ſix and ſeven?
To paſs themſelves away, and turn
Their children's tenants ere they 're born?
Beg one another idiot
To guardians, ere they are begot;
Or ever ſhall, perhaps, by th' one
Who 's bound to vouch them for his own,
Though got b' implicit generation,
And general club of all the nation;
For which ſhe 's fortify'd no leſs
Than all the iſland, with four ſeas;
Exacts the tribute of her dower,
In ready inſolence and power,
And makes him paſs away, to have
And hold, to her, himſelf, her ſlave,

More wretched than an ancient villain,
Condemn'd to drudgery and tilling;
While all he does upon the by,
She is not bound to juſtify,
Nor at her proper coſt and charge
Maintain the feats he does at large.
Such hideous ſots were thoſe obedient
Old vaſſals to their ladies regent,
To give the cheats the eldeſt hand
In foul play by the laws o' th' land,
For which ſo many a legal cuckold
Has been run down in courts, and truckel'd:
A law that moſt unjuſtly yokes
All Johns of Stiles to Joans of Noakes,
Without diſtinction of degree,
Condition, age, or quality;
Admits no power of revocation,
Nor valuable conſideration,
Nor writ of Error, nor reverſe
Of judgment paſt, for better or worſe;
Will not allow the privileges
That beggars challenge under hedges,
Who, when they 're griev'd, can make dead horſes
Their ſpiritual judges of divorces,
While nothing elſe but *rem* in *re*
Can ſet the proudeſt wretches free;
A ſlavery beyond enduring,
But that 'tis of their own procuring.
As ſpiders never ſeek the fly,
But leave him, of himſelf, t' apply;

So men are by themſelves employ'd,
To quit the freedom they enjoy'd,
And run their necks into a nooſe,
They'd break them after to break looſe.
As ſome whom death would not depart,
Have done the feat themſelves by art:
Like Indian widows, gone to bed,
In flaming curtains, to the dead;
And men as often dangled for 't,
And yet will never leave the ſport.
Nor do the ladies want excuſe
For all the ſtratagems they uſe,
To gain th' advantage of the ſet,
And lurch the amorous rook and cheat.
For, as the Pythagorean ſoul
Runs through all beaſts, and fiſh, and fowl,
And has a ſmack of every one,
So love does, and has ever done;
And therefore, though 'tis ne'er ſo fond,
Takes ſtrangely to the vagabond.
'Tis but an ague that 's reverſt,
Whoſe hot fit takes the patient firſt,
That after burns with cold as much
As iron in Greenland does the touch;
Melts in the furnace of deſire,
Like glaſs, that 's but the ice of fire;
And when his heat of fancy 's over,
Becomes as hard and frail a lover:
For, when he 's with love-powder laden,
And prim'd and cock'd by Miſs or Madam,

The

The ſmalleſt ſparkle of an eye
Gives fire to his artillery,
And off the loud oaths go, but, while
They 're in the very act, recoil:
Hence 'tis ſo few dare take their chance
Without a ſeparate maintenance;
And widows, who have try'd one lover,
Truſt none again till they 've made over;
Or, if they do, before they marry,
The foxes weigh the geeſe they carry,
And, ere they venture o'er a ſtream,
Know how to ſize themſelves and them.
Whence wittieſt ladies always chuſe
To undertake the heavieſt gooſe:
For now the world is grown ſo wary,
That few of either ſex dare marry,
But rather truſt, on tick, t' amours,
The croſs and pile for better or worſe;
A mode that is held honourable
As well as French, and faſhionable:
For when it falls out for the beſt,
Where both are incommoded leaſt,
In ſoul and body two unite
To make up one hermaphrodite,
Still amorous, and fond, and billing,
Like Philip and Mary on a ſhilling,
They 've more punctilios and capriches
Between the petticoat and breeches,
More petulant extravagances,
Than poets make them in romances;

Though,

Though, when their heroes 'ſpouſe the dames,
We hear no more of charms and flames;
For then their late attracts decline,
And turn as eager as prick'd wine,
And all their catterwauling tricks,
In earneſt to as jealous piques,
Which th' Ancients wiſely ſignify'd
By th' yellow manteaus of the bride:
For jealouſy is but a kind
Of clap and grincam of the mind,
The natural effects of love,
As other flames and aches prove:
But all the miſchief is, the doubt
On whoſe account they firſt broke out.
For though Chineſes go to bed,
And lie-in in their ladies' ſtead,
And, for the pains they took before,
Are nurs'd and pamper'd to do more,
Our green-men do it worſe, when they' hap
To fall in labour of a clap;
Both lay the child to one another,
But who 's the father, who the mother,
'Tis hard to ſay in multitudes,
Or who imported the French goods.
But health and ſickneſs being all one,
Which both engag'd before to own,
And are not with their bodies bound
To worſhip, only when they 're ſound,
Both give and take their equal ſhares
Of all they ſuffer by falſe wares;

A fate no lover can divert
With all his caution, wit, and art:
For 'tis in vain to think to gueſs
At women by appearances,
That paint and patch their imperfections
Of intellectual complexions,
And daub their tempers o'er with waſhes
As artificial as their faces;
Wear under vizard-maſks their talents,
And mother-wits before their gallants;
Until they 're hamper'd in the nooſe,
Too faſt to dream of breaking looſe;
When all the flaws they ſtrove to hide
Are made unready with the bride,
That with her wedding-clothes undreſſes
Her complaiſance and gentileſſes;
Tries all her arts to take upon her
The government, from th' eaſy owner;
Until the wretch is glad to wave
His lawful right, and turn her ſlave;
Find all his having and his holding
Reduc'd t' eternal noiſe and ſcolding;
The conjugal petard, that tears
Down all portcullices of ears,
And makes the volly of one tongue
For all their leathern ſhields too ſtrong;
When only arm'd with noiſe and nails,
The female ſilk-worms ride the males,
Transform them into rams and goats,
Like Syrens, with their charming notes;

Sweet

Sweet as a ſcreech-owl's ſerenade,
Or thoſe enchanting murmurs made
By th' huſband mandrake, and the wife,
Both bury'd (like themſelves) alive.
Quoth he, Theſe reaſons are but ſtrains
Of wanton over-heated brains,
Which ralliers in their wit or drink
Do rather wheedle with than think.
Man was not man in Paradiſe,
Until he was created twice,
And had his better half, his bride,
Carv'd from th' original, his ſide,
T' amend his natural defects,
And perfect his recruiting ſex;
Enlarge his breed, at once, and leſſen
The pains and labour of increaſing,
By changing them for other cares,
As by his dry'd-up paps appears.
His body, that ſtupendous frame,
Of all the world the anagram,
Is of two equal parts compact,
In ſhape and ſymmetry exact,
Of which the left and female ſide
Is to the manly right a bride,
Both join'd together with ſuch art,
That nothing elſe but death can part.
Thoſe heavenly attracts of your's, your eyes,
And face, that all the world ſurprize,
That dazzle all that look upon ye,
And ſcorch all other ladies tawny;

Thoſe

Thoſe raviſhing and charming graces,
Are all made up of two half faces;
That, in a mathematic line,
Like thoſe in other heavens, join;
Of which, if either grew alone,
'Twould fright as much to look upon:
And ſo would that ſweet bud, your lips,
Without the other's fellowſhip.
Our nobleſt ſenſes act by pairs,
Two eyes to ſee, to hear two ears;
Th' intelligencers of the mind,
To wait upon the ſoul-deſign'd:
But thoſe that ſerve the body alone,
Are ſingle and confin'd to one.
The world is but two parts, that meet
And cloſe at th' equinoctial fit;
And ſo are all the works of Nature,
Stamp'd with her ſignature on matter;
Which all her creatures, to a leaf,
Or ſmalleſt blade of graſs, receive.
All which ſufficiently declare
How entirely marriage is her care,
The only method that ſhe uſes
In all the wonders ſhe produces;
And thoſe that take their rules from her
Can never be deceiv'd nor err:
For what ſecures the civil life,
But pawns of children, and a wife?
That lie, like hoſtages, at ſtake,
To pay for all men undertake;

To

To whom it is as neceſſary,
As to be born and breathe, to marry;
So univerſal, all mankind
In nothing elſe is of one mind:
For in what ſtupid age or nation
Was marriage ever out of faſhion?
Unleſs among the Amazons,
Or cloiſter'd Friars and Veſtal nuns,
Or Stoics, who, to bar the freaks
And looſe exceſſes of the ſex,
Prepoſterouſly would have all women
Turn'd up to all the world in common;
Though men would find ſuch mortal feuds
In ſharing of their public goods,
'Twould put them to more charge of lives,
Than they 're ſupply'd with now by wives,
Until they graze, and wear their clothes,
As beaſts do, of their native growths;
For ſimple wearing of their horns
Will not ſuffice to ſerve their turns.
For what can we pretend t' inherit,
Unleſs the marriage-deed will bear it?
Could claim no right to lands or rents,
But for our parents' ſettlements;
Had been but younger ſons o' th' earth,
Debarr'd it all, but for our birth.
What honours, or eſtates of peers,
Could be preſerv'd but by their heirs?
And what ſecurity maintains
Their right and title, but the banns?

What

What crowns could be hereditary,
If greateſt monarchs did not marry,
And with their conſorts conſummate
Their weightieſt intereſts of ſtate?
For all th' amours of princes are
But guarantees of peace or war.
Or what but marriage has a charm,
The rage of empires to diſarm?
Make blood and deſolation ceaſe,
And fire and ſword unite in peace,
When all their fierce conteſts for forage
Conclude in articles of marriage?
Nor does the genial bed provide
Leſs for the intereſts of the bride,
Who elſe had not the leaſt pretence
T' as much as due benevolence;
Could no more title take upon her
To virtue, quality, and honour,
Than ladies errant unconfin'd,
And feme-coverts to all mankind.
All women would be of one piece,
The virtuous matron, and the miſs;
The nymphs of chaſte Diana's train,
The ſame with thoſe in Lewkner's lane,
But for the difference marriage makes
'Twixt wives and ladies of the Lakes:
Beſides the joys of place and birth,
The ſex's paradiſe on earth,
A privilege ſo ſacred held,
That none will to their mothers yield,

But,

But, rather than not go before,
Abandon heaven at the door:
And if th' indulgent law allows
A greater freedom to the ſpouſe,
The reaſon is, becauſe the wife
Runs greater hazards of her life;
Is truſted with the form and matter
Of all mankind, by careful Nature,
Where man brings nothing but the ſtuff
She frames the wondrous fabric of;
Who therefore, in a ſtrait, may freely
Demand the clergy of her belly,
And make it ſave her the ſame way
It ſeldom miſſes to betray,
Unleſs both parties wiſely enter
Into the Liturgy indenture.
And though ſome fits of ſmall conteſt
Sometimes fall out among the beſt,
That is no more than every lover
Does from his hackney-lady ſuffer;
That makes no breach of faith and love,
But rather (ſometimes) ſerves t' improve:
For as, in running, every pace
Is but between two legs a race,
In which both do their uttermoſt
To get before and win the poſt,
Yet when they 're at their race's ends,
They 're ſtill as kind and conſtant friends,
And, to relieve their wearineſs,
By turns give one another eaſe;

So

So all thoſe falſe alarms of ſtrife
Between the huſband and the wife,
And little quarrels, often move
To be but new recruits of love;
When thoſe who 're always kind or coy,
In time muſt either tire or cloy.
Nor are the loudeſt clamours, more
Than as they 're reliſh'd, ſweet or ſour;
Like muſick, that proves bad or good,
According as 'tis underſtood.
In all amours a lover burns
With frowns, as well as ſmiles, by turns;
And hearts have been as oft with ſullen
As charming looks ſurpris'd and ſtolen:
Then why ſhould more bewitching clamour
Some lovers not as much enamour?
For diſcords make the ſweeteſt airs,
And curſes are a kind of prayers;
Two ſlight alloys for all thoſe grand
Felicities by marriage gain'd:
For nothing elſe has power to ſettle
The intereſts of love perpetual;
An act and deed that makes one heart
Become another's counter-part,
And paſſes fines on faith and love,
Inroll'd and regiſter'd above,
To ſeal the ſlippery knots of vows,
Which nothing elſe but death can looſe.
And what ſecurity 's too ſtrong
To guard that gentle heart from wrong,

That to its friend is glad to pass
Itself away, and all it has,
And, like an anchorite, gives over
This world, for the heaven of a lover?
I grant, which they there are some few
Who take that course, and find it true;
But millions whom the same does [illegible]
To heaven by another way, repentance.
Love's arrows are but fond at revers,
Though all they hit they turn to lovers;
And all the weighty consequents
Depend upon more blind events
Than gamesters, when they play a set
With greatest cunning at Piquet,
Put out with caution, but take in
They know not what, unsight unseen.
For what do lovers, when they're fast
In one another's arms embrac'd,
But strive to plunder, and convey
Each other, like a prize, away?
To change the property of selves,
As sucking children are by elves?
And, if they use their persons so,
What will they to their fortunes do?
Their fortunes! the perpetual aims
Of all their ecstasies and flames.
For when the money 's on the book,
And *All my worldly goods*—but spoke
(The formal livery and seisin
That puts a lover in possession)

To that alone the bridegroom 's wedded,
The bride a flam that 's ſuperſeded:
To that their faith is ſtill made good,
And all the oaths to us they vow'd;
For when we once reſign our powers,
We 've nothing left we can call ours:
Our money 's now become the Miſs
Of all your lives and ſervices,
And we, forſaken and poſtpon'd,
But bawds to what before we own'd;
Which, as it made y' at firſt gallant us,
So now hires others to ſupplant us,
Until 'tis all turn'd out of doors
(As we had been) for new amours.
For what did ever heireſs yet,
By being born to lordſhips, get?
When, the more lady ſhe 's of manors,
She 's but expos'd to more trepanners,
Pays for their projects and deſigns,
And for her own deſtruction fines;
And does but tempt them with her riches,
To uſe her as the devil does witches;
Who takes it for a ſpecial grace
To be their cully for a ſpace,
That, when the time 's expir'd, the drazels
For ever may become his vaſſals:
So ſhe, bewitch'd by rooks and ſpirits,
Betrays herſelf, and all ſh' inherits;
Is bought and ſold, like ſtolen goods,
By pimps, and match-makers, and bawds;

That they force her to convey
And steal the thief himself away.
These are the everlasting fruits
Of all your passionate love-suits,
The effects of all your amorous fancies
To portions and inheritances;
Your love-sick rapture, for fruition
Of dowry, jointure, and tuition;
To which you make address and courtship,
And with your bodies strive to worship,
That th' infant's fortunes may partake
Of love too, for the mother's sake.
For these you play at purposes,
And love your loves with A's and B's;
For these at Beste and L'Ombre woo,
And play for love and money too;
Strive who shall be the ablest man
At right gallanting of a fan;
And who the most genteely bred
At sucking of a vizard-bead;
How best t' accost us in all quarters,
T' our question-and-command new-gaiters;
And solidly discourse upon
All sorts of dresses *pro* and *con*:
For there 's no mystery nor trade,
But in the art of love is made;
And when you have more debts to pay
Than Michaelmas and Lady-day,
And no way possible to do 't
But love and oaths, and restless suit,

To

To us y' apply, to pay the ſcores
Of all your cully'd paſt amours;
Act o'er your flames and darts again,
And charge us with your wounds and pain;
Which others' influences long ſince
Have charm'd your noſes with, and ſhins;
For which the ſurgeon is unpaid,
And like to be, without our aid.
Lord! what an amorous thing is want!
How debts and mortgages inchant!
What graces muſt that lady have,
That can from executions ſave!
What charms, that can reverſe extent,
And null decree and exigent!
What magical attracts and graces,
That can redeem from *Scire facias!*
From bonds and ſtatutes can diſcharge,
And from contempts of courts enlarge!
Theſe are the higheſt excellences
Of all your true or falſe pretences;
And you would damn yourſelves, and ſwear
As much t' an hoſteſs dowager,
Grown fat and purſy by retail
Of pots of beer and bottled ale,
And find her fitter for your turn,
For fat is wondrous apt to burn;
Who at your flames would ſoon take fire,
Relent, and melt to your deſire,
And, like a candle in the ſocket,
Diſſolve her graces int' your pocket.

By this time 'twas grown dark and late,
When they heard a knocking at the gate,
Laid on in haste, with such a powder,
The blows grew louder still and louder;
Which Hudibras, as if they 'd been
Bestow'd as freely on his skin,
Expounding by his inward light,
Or rather more prophetic fright,
To be the Wizard, come to search,
And take him napping in the lurch,
Turn'd pale as ashes, or a clout,
But why, or wherefore, is a doubt;
For men will tremble, and turn paler,
With too much or too little valour.
His heart laid on, as if it try'd
To force a passage through his side,

Impatient

Ver. 1053, 1054.] Two days were but yet passed since the beginning of these adventures: we are now entering into the night wherein happened the most remarkable action in the whole Poem. Mr. Butler, in this piece of management, imitated Homer and Virgil, who are equally celebrated for their night-adventures. But who are the persons that knock at the gate? probably two of the Lady's own servants: for, as she and Ralpho (who all the time lay in ambuscade) had been descanting on the Knight's villainies, so they had undoubtedly laid this scheme to be revenged of him: the servants were disguised, and acted in a bold and hectoring manner, pursuant to the instructions given them by the Widow. The Knight was to be made believe they were Sidrophel and Whachum, which made his fright and consternation so great, that we find him falling into a swoon.

Impatient (as he vow'd) to wait them,
But in a fury to fly at them;
And therefore beat and laid about
To find a cranny to creep out.
But she, who saw in what a taking
The Knight was by his furious quaking,
Undaunted cry'd, Courage, Sir Knight,
Know I 'm resolv'd to break no rite
Of hospitality to a stranger,
But, to secure you out of danger,
Will here myself stand centinel,
To guard this pass 'gainst Sidrophel:
Women, you know, do seldom fail
To make the stoutest men turn tail,
And bravely scorn to turn their backs
Upon the desperatest attacks.
At this the Knight grew resolute
As Ironside, or Hardiknute;
His fortitude began to rally,
And out he cry'd aloud to sally;
But she besought him to convey
His courage rather out o' th' way,
And lodge in ambush on the floor,
Or fortify'd behind a door,
That, if the enemy should enter,
He might relieve her in th' adventure.

Meanwhile,

Ver. 1086.] Two famous and valiant princes of this country, the one a Saxon, the other a Dane.

Meanwhile, they knock'd againſt the door,
As fierce as at the gate before;
Which made the renegado Knight
Relapſe again t' his former fright.
He thought it deſperate to ſtay
Till th' enemy had forc'd his way,
But rather poſt himſelf, to ſerve
The Lady for a freſh reſerve.
His duty was not to diſpute,
But what ſhe 'ad order'd execute;
Which he reſolv'd in haſte t' obey,
And therefore ſtoutly march'd away,
And all h' encounter'd fell upon,
Though in the dark, and all alone;
Till fear, that braver feats performs
Than ever courage dar'd in arms,
Had drawn him up before a paſs,
To ſtand upon his guard, and face:
This he courageouſly invaded,
And, having enter'd, barricadoed;
Inſconc'd himſelf as formidable
As could be underneath a table,
Where he lay down in ambuſh cloſe,
T' expect th' arrival of his foes.
Few minutes he had lain *perdue*,
To guard his deſperate avenue,
Before he heard a dreadful ſhout,
As loud as putting to the rout,
With which impatiently alarm'd,
He fancy'd th' enemy had ſtorm'd,

And,

And, after entering, Sidrophel
Was fallen upon the guards pell-mell:
He therefore ſent out all his ſenſes
To bring him in intelligences,
Which vulgars, out of ignorance,
Miſtake for falling in a trance;
But thoſe that trade in geomancy,
Affirm to be the ſtrength of fancy;
In which the Lapland Magi deal,
And things incredible reveal.
Meanwhile the foe beat up his quarters,
And ſtorm'd the outworks of his fortreſs;
And, as another of the ſame
Degree and party, in arms and fame,
That in the ſame cauſe had engag'd,
And war with equal conduct wag'd,
By venturing only but to thruſt
His head a ſpan beyond his poſt,
B' a general of the Cavaliers
Was dragg'd through' a window by the ears;
So he was ſerv'd in his redoubt,
And by the other end pull'd out.
Soon as they had him at their mercy,
They put him to the cudgel fiercely,
As if they 'ad ſcorn'd to trade or barter,
By giving or by taking quarter:
They ſtoutly on his quarters laid,
Until his ſcouts came in t' his aid:
For when a man is paſt his ſenſe,
There 's no way to reduce him thence,

But

But twinging him by th' ears or noſe,
Or laying on of heavy blows,
And, if that will not do the deed,
To burning with hot irons proceed.
No ſooner was he come t' himſelf,
But on his neck a ſturdy elf
Clapp'd, in a trice, his cloven hoof,
And thus attack'd him with reproof:
  Mortal, thou art betray'd to us
By' our friend, thy evil genius;
Who for thy horrid perjuries,
Thy breach of faith, and turning lyes,
The Brethren's privilege (againſt
The Wicked) on themſelves, the Saints,
Has here thy wretched carcaſe ſent,
For juſt revenge and puniſhment;
Which thou haſt now no way to leſſen,
But by an open, free confeſſion;
For if we catch thee failing once,
'Twill fall the heavier on thy bones.
  What made thee venture to betray,
And filch the Lady's heart away?
To ſpirit her to matrimony?—
That which contracts all matches, money.
It was th' inchantment of her riches,
That made m' apply t' your crony witches;
That in return would pay th' expence,
The wear and tear of conſcience;
Which I could have patch'd-up, and turn'd,
For th' hundredth part of what I earn'd.

Didſt

Didſt thou not love her then? ſpeak true.
No more (quoth he) than I love you.
How wouldſt thou 'ave us'd her and her money?
Firſt turn'd her up to alimony,
And laid her dowry out in law,
To null her jointure with a flaw,
Which I beforehand had agreed
T' have put, on purpoſe, in the deed,
And bar her widow's making over
T' a friend in truſt, or private lover.
What made thee pick and chuſe her out
T' employ their ſorceries about?
That which makes gameſters play with thoſe
Who have leaſt wit, and moſt to loſe.
But didſt thou ſcourge thy veſſel thus,
As thou haſt damn'd thyſelf to us?
I ſee you take me for an aſs:
'Tis true, I thought the trick would paſs
Upon a woman well enough,
As 't has been often found by proof;
Whoſe humours are not to be won
But when they are impos'd upon;
For Love approves of all they do
That ſtand for candidates, and wooe.
Why didſt thou forge thoſe ſhameful lyes
Of bears and witches in diſguiſe?
That is no more than authors give
The rabble credit to believe;
A trick of following their leaders,
To entertain their gentle readers:

And we have now no other way
Of paſſing all we do or ſay;
Which, when 'tis natural and true,
Will be believ'd by' a very few,
Beſide the danger of offence,
The fatal enemy of ſenſe.
  Why didſt thou chuſe that curſed ſin,
Hypocriſy, to ſet up in?
  Becauſe it is the thriving'ſt calling,
The only Saints'-bell that rings all in;
In which all Churches are concern'd,
And is the eaſieſt to be learn'd:
For no degrees, unleſs they' employ it,
Can ever gain much; or enjoy it:
A gift that is not only able
To domineer among the rabble,
But by the laws impower'd to rout
And awe the greateſt that ſtand out;
Which few hold forth againſt, for fear
Their hands ſhould ſlip, and come too near;
For no ſin elſe, among the Saints,
Is taught ſo tenderly againſt.
  What made thee break thy plighted vows?
That which makes others break a houſe,
And hang, and ſcorn you all, before
Endure the plague of being poor.
  Quoth he, I ſee you have more tricks,
Than all our doating politicks,
That are grown old, and out of faſhion,
Compar'd with your new Reformation;

That

That we must come to school to you,
To learn your more refin'd and new.
Quoth he, If you will give me leave
To tell you what I now perceive,
You 'll find yourself an errant chouse,
If y' were but at a Meeting-house.
'Tis true (quoth he) we ne'er come there,
Because w' have let 'em out by th' year.
Truly (quoth he) you can't imagine
What wondrous things they will engage in,
That, as your fellow-fiends in hell,
Were angels all before they fell,
So are you like to be again,
Compar'd with th' angels of us men.
Quoth he, I am resolv'd to be
Thy scholar in this mystery;
And therefore first desire to know
Some principles on which you go.
What makes a knave a child of God,
And one of us?—A livelihood.
What renders beating out of brains,
And murther, godliness?—Great gains.
What 's tender conscience?—'Tis a botch
That will not bear the gentlest touch;
But, breaking out, dispatches more
Than th' epidemical'st plague-sore.
What makes y' incroach upon our trade,
And damn all others?—To be paid.
What 's orthodox and true believing
Against a conscience?—A good living.

What

What makes rebelling against kings
A good old Cause?—Administerings.
What makes all doctrines plain and clear?
About two hundred pounds a-year.
And that which was prov'd true before,
Prove false again?—Two hundred more.
What makes the breaking of all oaths
A holy duty?—Food and cloaths.
What, laws and freedom, persecution?—
Being out of power and contribution.
What makes a church a den of thieves?—
A Dean and Chapter, and white sleeves.
And what would serve, if those were gone,
To make it orthodox?—Our own.
What makes morality a crime,
The most notorious of the time;
Morality, which both the Saints
And Wicked too cry out against?
'Cause grace and virtue are within
Prohibited degrees of kin;
And therefore no true Saint allows
They shall be suffer'd to espouse:
For Saints can need no conscience,
That with morality dispense;
As virtue 's impious, when 'tis rooted
In nature only, and not imputed:
But why the Wicked should do so,
We neither know, nor care to do.
What 's liberty of conscience,
I' th' natural and genuine sense?

'Tis

'Tis to reſtore, with more ſecurity,
Rebellion to its ancient purity;
And Chriſtian liberty reduce
To th' elder practice of the Jews;
For a large conſcience is all one,
And ſignifies the ſame with none.
It is enough (quoth he) for once,
And has repriev'd thy forfeit bones:
Nick Machiavel had ne'er a trick
(Though he gave his name to our Old Nick)
But was below the leaſt of theſe,
That paſs i' th' world for holineſs.
This ſaid, the Furies and the light
In th' inſtant vaniſh'd out of ſight,
And left him in the dark alone,
With ſtinks of brimſtone and his own.
The Queen of Night, whoſe large command
Rules all the ſea, and half the land,
And over moiſt and crazy brains,
In high ſpring-tides, at midnight reigns,
Was now declining to the weſt,
To go to bed and take her reſt;

When

Ver. 1325, 1326.] Our Poet ſtands alone in this deſcription of the morning's approach: none that I know of, beſides himſelf, has painted it by the moon's declenſion: he ſcorned to follow the old beaten cuſtom of deſcribing it by the ſun's riſing, which he had done once before, Part II. Cant. ii. Ver. 29; but he here finds out a new way, and altogether juſt.

His office of intelligence,
His oracles, are ceas'd long ſince;
And he knows nothing of the Saints,
But what ſome treacherous ſpy acquaints.
This is ſome pettifogging fiend,
Some under door-keeper's friend's friend,
That undertakes to underſtand,
And juggles at the ſecond hand,
And now would paſs for Spirit Po,
And all men's dark concerns foreknow.
I think I need not fear him for 't;
Theſe rallying devils do no hurt.
With that he rous'd his drooping heart,
And haſtily cry'd out, What art?
A wretch (quoth he) whom want of grace
Has brought to this unhappy place.
I do believe thee, quoth the Knight;
Thus far I 'm ſure thou 'rt in the right:
And know what 'tis that troubles thee,
Better than thou haſt gueſs'd of me.
Thou art ſome paltry, black-guard ſprite,
Condemn'd to drudgery in the night;
Thou haſt no work to do in th' houſe,
Nor halfpenny to drop in ſhoes;
Without the raiſing of which ſum
You dare not be ſo troubleſome
To pinch the ſlatterns black and blue,
For leaving you their work to do.
This is your buſineſs, good Pug-Robin,
And your diverſion dull dry-bobbing,

T' entice fanatics in the dirt,
And wash them clean in ditches for 't;
Of which conceit you are so proud,
At every jest you laugh aloud,
As now you would have done by me,
But that I barr'd your raillery.
  Sir (quoth the Voice) ye 're no such sophi
As you would have the world judge of ye.
If you design to weigh our talents
I' th' standard of your own false balance,
Or think it possible to know
Us ghosts, as well as we do you;
We, who have been the everlasting
Companions of your drubs and basting,
And never left you in contest
With male or female, man or beast;
But prov'd as true t' ye, and entire,
In all adventures, as your Squire.
  Quoth he, That may be said as true
By th' idlest pug of all your crew:
For none could have betray'd us worse
Than those allies of ours and yours.
But I have sent him for a token
To your low-country Hogen-Mogen,
To whose infernal shores I hope
He 'll swing like skippers in a rope:
And, if ye 'ave been more just to me
(As I am apt to think) than he,
I am afraid it is as true
What th' ill-affected say of you—

Ye 'ave 'ſpous'd the Covenant and Cauſe,
By holding up your cloven paws.
Sir (quoth the Voice) 'tis true, I grant,
We made, and took, the Covenant;
But that no more concerns the Cauſe,
Than other perjuries do the laws,
Which, when they 're prov'd in open court,
Wear wooden peccadillo's for 't:
And that 's the reaſon Covenanters
Hold up their hands, like rogues at bars.
I ſee (quoth Hudibras) from whence
Theſe ſcandals of the Saints commence,
That are but natural effects
Of Satan's malice, and his ſects',
Thoſe ſpider-ſaints, that hang by threads
Spun out o' th' entrails of their heads.
Sir (quoth the Voice) that may as true
And properly be ſaid of you,
Whoſe talents may compare with either,
Or both the other put together:
For all the Independents do,
Is only what you forc'd them to;
You, who are not content alone
With tricks to put the devil down,
But muſt have armies rais'd to back
The Goſpel-work you undertake;
As if artillery and edge-tools,
Were th' only engines to ſave ſouls:
While he, poor devil, has no power
By force to run down and devour;

Has

Has ne'er a Claſſis, cannot ſentence
To ſtools, or poundage of repentance;
Is ty'd up only to deſign,
T' entice, and tempt, and undermine:
In which you all his arts outdo,
And prove yourſelves his betters too.
Hence 'tis poſſeſſions do leſs evil
Than mere temptations of the devil,
Which all the horrid'ſt actions done
Are charg'd in courts of law upon;
Becauſe, unleſs they help the elf,
He can do little of himſelf;
And therefore, where he 's beſt poſſeſt,
Acts moſt againſt his intereſt;
Surprizes none, but thoſe who 'ave prieſts
To turn him out, and exorciſts,
Supply'd with ſpiritual proviſion,
And magazines of ammunition;
With croſſes, relics, crucifixes,
Beads, pictures, roſaries, and pixes;
The tools of working our ſalvation
By mere mechanic operation:
With holy water, like a ſluice,
To overflow all avenues:
But thoſe who 're utterly unarm'd,
T' oppoſe his entrance if he ſtorm'd,
He never offers to ſurprize,
Although his falſeſt enemies;
But is content to be their drudge,
And on their errands glad to trudge:

For

For where are all your forfeitures
Intruſted in ſafe hands, but ours?
Who are but jailors of the holes
And dungeons where you clap up ſouls;
Like under-keepers, turn the keys,
T' your *mittimus anathemas*,
And never boggle to reſtore
The members you deliver o'er,
Upon demand, with fairer juſtice,
Than all your covenanting Truſtees;
Unleſs, to puniſh them the worſe,
You put them in the ſecular powers,
And paſs their ſouls, as ſome demiſe
The ſame eſtate in mortgage twice,
When to a legal utlegation
You turn your excommunication,
And, for a groat unpaid that 's due,
Diſtrain on ſoul and body too.
Thought he, 'tis no mean part of civil
State-prudence to cajole the devil,
And not to handle him too rough,
When he 'as us in his cloven hoof.
'Tis true (quoth he), that intercourſe
Has paſs'd between your friends and ours,
That, as you truſt us, in our way,
To raiſe your members, and to lay,
We ſend you others of our own,
Denounc'd to hang themſelves, or drown,
Or, frighted with our oratory,
To leap down headlong many a ſtory;

Have

Have us'd all means to propagate
Your mighty intereſts of ſtate,
Laid out our ſpiritual gifts to further
Your great deſigns of rage and murther:
For if the Saints are nam'd from blood,
We only 'ave made that title good;
And, if it were but in our power,
We ſhould not ſcruple to do more,
And not be half a ſoul behind
Of all Diſſenters of mankind.
Right (quoth the Voice), and, as I ſcorn
To be ungrateful, in return
Of all thoſe kind good offices,
I 'll free you out of this diſtreſs,
And ſet you down in ſafety, where
It is no time to tell you here.
The cock crows, and the morn grows on,
When 'tis decreed I muſt be gone;
And, if I leave you here till day,
You 'll find it hard to get away.
With that the Spirit grop'd about
To find th' inchanted hero out,
And try'd with haſte to lift him up,
But found his forlorn hope, his crup,
Unſerviceable with kicks and blows,
Receiv'd from harden'd-hearted foes.
He thought to drag him by the heels,
Like Greſham-carts, with legs for wheels;
But fear, that ſooneſt cures thoſe ſores,
In danger of relapſe to worſe,

Came in t' aſſiſt him with its aid,
And up his ſinking veſſel weigh'd.
No ſooner was he fit to trudge,
But both made ready to diſlodge;
The Spirit hors'd him, like a ſack,
Upon the vehicle his back,
And bore him headlong into th' hall,
With ſome few rubs againſt the wall;
Where, finding out the poſtern lock'd,
And th' avenues as ſtrongly block'd,
H' attack'd the window, ſtorm'd the glaſs,
And in a moment gain'd the paſs;
Through which he dragg'd the worſted ſoldier's
Fore-quarters out by th' head and ſhoulders,
And cautiouſly began to ſcout
To find their fellow-cattle out;
Nor was it half a minute's queſt,
Ere he retriev'd the champion's beaſt,
Ty'd to a pale, inſtead of rack,
But ne'er a ſaddle on his back,
Nor piſtols at the ſaddle-bow,
Convey'd away, the Lord knows how.
He thought it was no time to ſtay,
And let the night, too, ſteal away;
But, in a trice, advanc'd the Knight
Upon the bare ridge, bolt upright,
And, groping out for Ralpho's jade,
He found the ſaddle, too, was ſtray'd,

And

Ver. 1575.] Altered to *the outer poſtern*, edit. 1710.

And in the place a lump of sleep,
On which he speedily leap'd up;
And, turning to the gate the rein,
He kick'd and cudgel'd on amain;
While Hudibras, with equal haste,
On both sides laid about as fast,
And spurr'd, as jockies use, to break,
Or padders to secure, a neck:
Where let us leave them for a time,
And to their Churches turn our rhyme;
To hold forth their declining state,
Which now come near an even rate.

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END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

John Dickinson

1786

THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE SEVENTH.

LONDON:

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Albert Greene
1-15-1935

THE

POEMS

OF

BUTLER.

VOLUME II.

THE

POEMS

OF

MR. BUTLER.

HUDIBRAS.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART III. CANTO II.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Saints engage in fierce conteſts
About their carnal intereſts,
To ſhare their ſacrilegious preys
According to their rates of Grace:
Their various frenzies to reform,
When Cromwell left them in a ſtorm;
Till, in th' effigc of Rumps, the rabble
Burn all their Grandees of the Cabal.

THE learned write, an inſect breeze
Is but a mongrel prince of bees,
That falls before a ſtorm on cows,
And ſtings the founders of his houſe,

From

This Canto is entirely independent of the adventures of Hudibras and Ralpho: neither of our heroes make their appearance: other characters are introduced, and a new vein of ſatire is exhibited. The Poet ſteps out of his road, and ſkips from the time wherein theſe

From whoſe corrupted fleſh that breed
Of vermin did at firſt proceed.
So, ere the ſtorm of war broke out,
Religion ſpawn'd a various rout
Of petulant capricious ſects,
The maggots of corrupted texts,
That firſt run all religion down,
And after every ſwarm its own:
For as the Perſian Magi once
Upon their mothers got their ſons,
That were incapable t' enjoy
That empire any other way;

So

adventures happened to Cromwell's death, and from thence to the diſſolution of the Rump Parliament. This conduct is allowable in a ſatiriſt, whoſe privilege it is to ramble wherever he pleaſes, and to ſtigmatize vice, faction, and rebellion, where and whenever he meets with them. He is not tied down to the obſervance of unity of action, time, or place, though he has hitherto had a regard to ſuch decorums: but now, and here only, he claims the privilege of a ſatiriſt, and deviates from order, time, and uniformity, and deſerts his principal actors: he purpoſely ſends them out of the way, that we may attend to a lively repreſentation of the principles and politics of Preſbyterians, Independents, and Republicans, upon the dawning of the Reſtoration. He ſets before us a full view of the treachery and underminings of each faction; and ſure it is with pleaſure we ſee the fears and commotions they were in upon the happy declenſion of their tyrannical power and government. All theſe occurrences are fully and faithfully related in this Canto, and the ſeveral facts are warranted by hiſtory.

So Presbyter begot the other
Upon the Good Old Cause, his mother,
Then bore them, like the devil's dam,
Whose son and husband are the same;
And yet no natural tie of blood,
Nor interest for the common good,
Could, when their profits interfer'd,
Get quarter for each other's beard:
For when they thriv'd they never fadg'd,
But only by the ears engag'd;
Like dogs that snarl about a bone,
And play together when they 've none;
As by their truest characters,
Their constant actions, plainly appears.
Rebellion now began, for lack
Of zeal and plunder, to grow slack;
The Cause and Covenant to lessen,
And Providence to be out of season:
For now there was no more to purchase
O' th' King's revenue, and the Church's,
But all divided, shar'd, and gone,
That us'd to urge the Brethren on;
Which forc'd the stubborn'st for the Cause,
To cross the cudgels to the laws,
That what by breaking them they 'ad gain'd,
By their support might be maintain'd;
Like thieves, that in a hemp-plot lie,
Secur'd against the Hue-and-cry;
For Presbyter and Independent
Were now turn'd Plaintiff and Defendant;

Laid out their apoſtolic functions
On carnal Orders and Injunctions;
And all their precious Gifts and Graces
On Outlawries and *Scire facias*
At Michael's term had many trial,
Worſe than the Dragon and St Michael,
Where thouſands fell, in ſhape of fees,
Into the bottomleſs abyſs.
For when like brethren, and like friends,
They came to ſhare their dividends,
And every partner to poſſeſs
His church and ſtate joint-purchaſes,
In which the ableſt Saint, and beſt,
Was nam'd in truſt by all the reſt
To pay their money and inſtead
Of every Brother paſs the deed,
He ſtraight converted all his gifts
To pious frauds and holy ſhifts,
And ſettled all the other ſhares
Upon his outward man and 's heirs;
Held all they claim'd as forfeit lands
Deliver'd up into his hands,
And paſs'd upon his conſcience
By pre-entail of Providence;
Impeach'd the reſt for Reprobates,
That had no titles to eſtates,
But by their ſpiritual attaints
Degraded from the right of Saints.
This being reveal'd, they now begun
With law and conſcience to fall on,

And laid about as hot and brain-ſick
As th' Utter barriſter of Swanſwick;
Engag'd with money-bags, as bold
As men with ſand-bags did of old,
That brought the lawyers in more fees
Than all unſanctify'd Truſtees;
Till he who had no more to ſhow
I' th' caſe, receiv'd the overthrow;
Or; both ſides having had the worſt,
They parted as they met at firſt.
Poor Preſbyter was now reduc'd,
Secluded, and caſhier'd, and chous'd!
Turn'd out, and excommunicate
From all affairs of Church and State,
Reform'd t' a reformado Saint,
And glad to turn itinerant,
To ſtroll and teach from town to town,
And thoſe he had taught up teach down,
And make thoſe uſes ſerve again
Againſt the New-enlighten'd men,
As fit as when at firſt they were
Reveal'd againſt the Cavalier;
Damn Anabaptiſt and Fanatic
As pat as Popiſh and Prelatic;
And, with as little variation,
To ſerve for any ſect i' th' nation.
The Good old Cauſe, which ſome believe
To be the devil that tempted Eve
With knowledge, and does ſtill invite
The world to miſchief with New Light,

Ver. 78.] W. Prynne, a voluminous writer.

Had ſtore of money in her purſe,
When he took her for better or worſe:
But now was grown deform'd and poor,
And fit to be turn'd out of door.
The Independents (whoſe firſt ſtation
Was in the rear of Reformation,
A mongrel kind of Church-dragoons,
That ſerv'd for horſe and foot at once,
And in the ſaddle of one ſteed
The Saracen and Chriſtian rid;
Were free of every ſpiritual order,
To preach, and fight, and pray, and murder)

No

Ver. 118.] The officers and ſoldiers among the Independents got into pulpits, and preached and prayed as well as fought. Oliver Cromwell was fam'd for a preacher, and has a ſermon * in print, intituled, *Cromwell's Learned, Devout, and Conſcientious Exerciſe, held at Sir Peter Temple's in Lincoln's Inn-fields, upon* Rom. xiii. 1. in which are the following flowers of rhetoric: "Dearly beloved brethren and ſiſters, it is "true, this text is a malignant one; the wicked and "ungodly have abuſed it very much; but, thanks be "to God, it was to their own ruin.

"But now that I ſpoke of Kings, the queſtion is, "Whether, by the *higher powers*, are meant kings or "commoners? Truly, beloved, it is a very great "queſtion among thoſe that are learned: for may not "every one that can read obſerve, that Paul ſpeaks in "the plural number, *higher powers?* Now, had he "meant ſubjection to a king, he would have ſaid, "'Let every ſoul be ſubject to the *higher power*,' if "he had meant one man; but by this you ſee he "meant

* This, however, is now well known to be an impoſture. N.

No ſooner got the ſtart, to lurch
Both diſciplines of War and Church,
And Providence enough to run
The chief commanders of them down,
But carry'd on the war againſt
The common enemy o' th' Saints,

And

" meant more than one: he bids us " be ſubject to " the higher *powers*," that is, the Council of State, " the Houſe of Commons, and the Army." Ib. p. 3.

When in the *Humble Petition* there was inſerted an article againſt public preachers being members of Parliament, Oliver Cromwell excepted againſt it expreſsly; " Becauſe he (he ſaid) was one, and divers officers of " the army, by whom much good had been done— " and therefore deſired they would explain their ar- " ticle." *(Heath's Chronicle*, p. 408.)

Ib.] Sir Roger L'Eſtrange obſerves *(Reflection upon Poggius's Fable of the Huſband, Wife, and Ghoſtly Father*, part I. fab. 357.) upon the pretended ſaints of thoſe times, " That they did not ſet one ſtep, in the " whole tract of this iniquity, without ſeeking the " Lord firſt, and going up to enquire of the Lord, " according to the cant of thoſe days; which was no " other than to make God the author of ſin, and to " impute the blackeſt practices of hell to the inſpira- " tion of the Holy Ghoſt."

It was with this pretext, of ſeeking the Lord in prayer, that Cromwell, Ireton, Harriſon, and others of the Regicides, cajoled General Fairfax, who was determined to reſcue the King from execution, giving orders to have it ſpeedily done: and, when they had notice that it was over, they perſuaded the General that this was a full return of prayer; and, God having ſo manifeſted his pleaſure, they ought to acquieſce in it. *(Perenchief's Life of* King Charles I.)

And in a while prevail'd ſo far,
To win of them the game of war,
And be at liberty once more
T' attack themſelves as they 'ad before.
For now there was no foe in arms
T' unite their factions with alarms,
But all reduc'd and overcome,
Except their worſt, themſelves, at home,
Who 'ad compaſs'd all they pray'd, and ſwore,
And fought, and preach'd, and plunder'd for,
Subdued the Nation, Church, and State,
And all things but their laws and hate;
But when they came to treat and tranſact,
And ſhare the ſpoil of all they 'ad ranſackt,
To botch up what they 'ad torn and rent,
Religion and the Government,
They met no ſooner, but prepar'd
To pull down all the war had ſpar'd;
Agreed in nothing, but t' aboliſh,
Subvert, extirpate, and demoliſh:
For knaves and fools being near of kin,
As Dutch boors are t' a ſooterkin,
Both parties join'd to do their beſt
To damn the public intereſt,
And herded only in conſults,
To put by one another's bolts;
T' out-cant the Babylonian labourers,
At all their dialects of jabberers,
And tug at both ends of the ſaw,
To tear down government and law.

For

For as two cheats, that play one game,
Are both defeated of their aim;
So thoſe who play a game of ſtate,
And only cavil in debate,
Although there 's nothing loſt nor won,
The public buſineſs is undone;
Which ſtill the longer 'tis in doing,
Becomes the ſurer way to ruin.
This when the Royaliſts perceiv'd,
(Who to their faith as firmly cleav'd;
And own'd the right they had paid down
So dearly for, the Church and Crown)
They' united conſtanter, and ſided
The more, the more their foes divided:
For though out-number'd, overthrown,
And by the fate of war run down,
Their duty never was defeated,
Nor from their oaths and faith retreated;
For loyalty is ſtill the ſame,
Whether it win or loſe the game;
True as the dial to the ſun,
Although it be not ſhin'd upon.

But

Ver. 163.] What a laſting monument of fame has our Poet raiſed to the Royaliſts! What merited praiſes does he beſtow on their unſhaken faith and loyalty! How happily does he applaud their conſtancy and ſufferings! If any thing can be a compenſation to thoſe of that party, who met with unworthy diſregard and neglect after the Reſtoration, it muſt be this never-dying eulogy. Butler, alas! was one of that unfortunate number.

But when theſe Brethren in evil,
Their adverſaries, and the devil,
Began once more to ſhew them play,
And hopes, at leaſt, to have a day,
They rally'd in parades of woods,
And unfrequented ſolitudes;
Conven'd at midnight in outhouſes,
T' appoint new-riſing rendezvouſes,
And, with a pertinacy unmatch'd,
For new recruits of danger watch'd.
No ſooner was one blow diverted,
But up another party ſtarted;
And, as if Nature, too, in haſte
To furniſh out ſupplies as faſt,
Before her time had turn'd deſtruction
T' a new and numerous production;
No ſooner thoſe were overcome,
But up roſe others in their room,
That, like the Chriſtian faith, increaſt
The more, the more they were ſuppreſt;
Whom neither chains, nor tranſportation,
Proſcription, ſale, or confiſcation,
Nor all the deſperate events
Of former try'd experiments,
Nor wounds, could terrify, nor mangling,
To leave off loyalty and dangling,

Nor

Ver. 201, 202.] The brave ſpirit of loyalty was not to be ſuppreſſed by the moſt barbarous and inhuman *uſage*. There are ſeveral remarkable inſtances upon record;

Nor Death (with all his bones) affright
From venturing to maintain the right,
From ſtaking life and fortune down
'Gainſt all together, for the Crown;

But

record; as that of the gallant Marquis of Montroſe, the loyal Mr. Gerrard, and Mr. Vowel, in 1654; of Mr. Penruddock, Grove, and others, who ſuffered for their loyalty at Exeter, 1654-55; of Capt. Reynolds, who had been of the King's party, and, when he was going to be turned off the ladder, cried, God bleſs King Charles; *Vive le Róy*; of Dalgelly, one of Montroſe's party, who being ſentenced to be beheaded, and being brought to the ſcaffold, ran and kiſſed it; and, without any ſpeech or ceremony, laid down his head upon the block, and was beheaded; of the brave Sir Robert Spotiſwood; of Mr. Courtney, and Mr. Portman, who were committed to the Tower the beginning of February 1657, for diſperſing among the ſoldiers what were then called *ſeditious* books and pamphlets.

Nor ought the loyalty of the ſix counties of North Wales to be paſſed over in ſilence, who never addreſſed or petitioned during the Uſurpation; nor the common ſoldier mentioned in the *Oxford Diurnal*, firſt Week, p. 6. See more in the ſtory of the *Impertinent Sheriff*, L'Eſtrange's *Fables*, part II. fab. 265. Mr. Butler, or Mr. Prynne, ſpeaking of the gallant behaviour of the Loyaliſts, ſays, "Other nations would have canonized for martyrs, and erected ſtatues after their death, to the memory of ſome of our compatriots, whom ye have barbarouſly defaced and mangled, yet alive, for no other motive than their undaunted zeal."

But kept the title of their cauſe
From forfeiture, like claims in laws;
And prov'd no proſperous uſurpation
Can ever ſettle on the nation;
Until, in ſpite of force and treaſon,
They put their loyalty in poſſeſſion;
And, by their conſtancy and faith,
Deſtroy'd the mighty men of Gath,
Toſs'd in a furious hurricane,
Did Oliver give up his reign,
And was believ'd, as well by Saints
As mortal men and miſcreants,

To

Ver. 215, 216.] At Oliver's death was a moſt furious tempeſt, ſuch as had not been known in the memory of man, or hardly ever recorded to have been in this nation. It is obſerved, in a tract intituled, *No Fool to the old Fool*, L'Eſtrange's *Apology*, p. 93, "That Oliver, after a long courſe of treaſon, murder, "ſacrilege, perjury, rapine, &c. finiſhed his accurſed "life in agony and fury, and without any mark of "true repentance." Though moſt of our hiſtorians mention the hurricane at his death, yet few take notice of the ſtorm in the northern counties, that day the Houſe of Peers ordered the digging up his carcaſe, with other regicides. The author of the *Parley between the Ghoſt of the late Protector and the King of Sweden in Hell*, 1660, p. 19. merrily obſerves, "That "he was even ſo turbulent and ſeditious there, that he "was chain'd, by way of puniſhment, in the general "piſſing-place, next the court-door, with a ſtrict "charge that nobody that made water thereabouts "*ſhould* piſs any where but againſt his body."

To founder in the Stygian ferry,
Until he was retriev'd by Sterry;
Who, in a falſe erroneous dream,
Miſtook the New Jeruſalem
Profanely for th' apocryphal
Falſe Heaven at the end o' th' Hall;

Whither

Ver. 220.] The news of Oliver's death being brought to thoſe who were met to pray for him, Mr. Peter Sterry ſtood up, and deſired them not to be troubled; "For (ſaid he) this is good news, becauſe "if he was of uſe to the people of God when he was "amongſt us, he will be much more ſo now, being aſ-"cended into heaven, at the right hand of Jeſus Chriſt, "there to intercede for us, and to be mindful of us "upon all occaſions." Dr. South makes mention of an Independent divine, (*Sermons*, Vol. I. ſermon iii. p. 102.) who, when Oliver was ſick, of which ſickneſs he died, declared, "That God revealed to him that "he ſhould recover, and live thirty years longer; for "that God had raiſed him up for a work which could "not be done in a leſs time: but Oliver's death being "publiſhed two days after, the ſaid divine publicly, "in his prayers, expoſtulated with God the defeat of "his prophecy in theſe words, "Thou haſt lied unto "us; yea, thou haſt lied unto us."

So familiar were thoſe wretches with God Almighty, that Dr. Echard obſerves of one of them, "That he "pretended to have got ſuch an intereſt in Chriſt, and "ſuch an exact knowledge of affairs above, that he "could tell the people that he had juſt before received "an expreſs from Jeſus upon ſuch a buſineſs, and that "the ink was ſcarce dry upon the paper."

Ver. 224.] After the Reſtoration Oliver's body was dug up, and his head ſet up at the farther end of Weſt-

Whither it was decreed by Fate 22
His precious reliques to tranſlate:
So Romulus was ſeen before
By' as orthodox a ſenator,
From whoſe divine illumination
He ſtole the Pagan revelation. 23
Next him his ſon and heir apparent
Succeeded, though a lame vicegerent,
Whe

minſter-hall; near which place there is an houſe of entertainment, which is commonly known by the name of *Heaven*.

Ver. 231, 232.] Oliver's eldeſt ſon, Richard, was by him, before his death, declared his ſucceſſor; and, by order of the Privy Council, proclaimed Lord Protector, and received the compliments of congratulation and condolence, at the ſame time, from the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen; and addreſſes were preſented to him from all parts of the nation, promiſing to ſtand by him with their lives and fortunes. He ſummoned a parliament to meet at Weſtminſter, which recognized him Lord Protector; yet, notwithſtanding, Fleetwood, Deſborough, and their partiſans, managed affairs ſo, that he was obliged to reſign.

What opinion the world had of him, we learn from Lord Clarendon's account of his viſit *incog.* to the Prince of Conti at Pezenas; who received him civilly, as he did all ſtrangers, and particularly the Engliſh; and, after a few words (not knowing who he was) the Prince began to diſcourſe of the affairs of England, and aſked many queſtions concerning the King, and whether all men were quiet, and ſubmitted obediently to him? which the other anſwered according to the truth. "Well, ſaid the Prince, Oliver, though he

"was

Who firſt laid by the Parliament,
The only crutch on which he leant,
And then ſunk underneath the State,
That rode him above horſeman's weight.
And now the Saints began their reign,
For which they 'ad yearn'd ſo long in vain,
And felt ſuch bowel-hankerings,
To ſee an empire, all of kings,
Deliver'd

" was a traitor and a villain, was a brave fellow, had " great parts, great courage, and was worthy to com- " mand: but for that Richard, that coxcomb, coquin, " poltroon, he was ſurely the baſeſt fellow alive. What " is become of that fool? How is it poſſible he could " be ſuch a ſot?" He anſwered, " That he was be- " trayed by thoſe he moſt truſted, and had been moſt " obliged to his father." So being weary of his viſit, he quickly took his leave, and next morning left the town, out of fear that the Prince might know that he was that very fool and coxcomb he had mentioned ſo kindly; and two days after the Prince did come to know who he was that he had treated ſo well. Clarendon's *Hiſtory of the Rebellion*, Vol. III. p. 519. See a curious anecdote of Richard Cromwell in Dr. Maty's Memoirs of Lord Cheſterfield.

Ver. 237.] A ſneer upon the Committee of Safety, amongſt whom was Sir Henry Vane, who (as Lord Clarendon obſerves) " was a perfect enthuſiaſt, and " without doubt did believe himſelf inſpired; which " ſo far corrupted his reaſon and underſtanding, that " he did at the ſame time believe he was the perſon de- " puted to reign over the ſaints upon earth for a thou- " ſand years."

Deliver'd from th' Egyptian awe
Of juſtice, government, and law,
And free t' erect what ſpiritual cantons
Should be reveal'd, or goſpel Hans-towns,
To edify upon the ruins
Of John of Leyden's old outgoings,
Who, for a weather-cock hung up
Upon their mother-church's top,
Was made a type by Providence,
Of all their revelations ſince,
And now fulfill'd by his ſucceſſors,
Who equally miſtook their meaſures:
For, when they came to ſhape the model,
Not one could fit another's noddle;
But found their Light and Gifts more wide
From fadging, than th' unſanctify'd;
While every individual Brother
Strove hand to fiſt againſt another,

An

Ver. 241, 242.] Dr. James Young obſerves, "Tha
"two Jeſuitical prognoſticators, Lilly and Culpeper
"were ſo confident, *anno* 1652, of the total ſubverſio
"of the law and goſpel-miniſtry, that in their ſcurri
"lous prognoſtications they predicted the downfall o
"both; and, in 1654, they foretold that the law ſhoul
"be pulled down to the ground,—the Great Charter
"and all our liberties, deſtroyed, as not ſuiting wit
"Engliſhmen in theſe bleſſed times; that the crab
"tree of the law ſhould be pulled up by the roots, an
"*grow* no more, there being no reaſon now we ſhoul
"*be* governed by them."

And still the maddest, and most cracks,
Were found the busiest to transact;
For, though most hands dispatch apace
And make light work (the proverb says)
Yet many different intellects
Are found t' have contrary effects;
And many heads t' obstruct intrigues,
As slowest insects have most legs.
Some were for setting up a king,
But all the rest for no such thing,
Unless King Jesus: others tamper'd
For Fleetwood, Desborough, and Lambert:

Some

Ver. 267, 268.] Harry Martyn, in his speech, in the debate *Whether a King, or no King*, said, "That "if they must have a King, they had rather have had "the last than any gentleman in England. He found "no fault in his person, but office."

Ver. 269.] Alluding to the Fifth Monarchy-men, who had formed a plot to dethrone Cromwell, and set up King Jesus.

Ver. 269, 270. *Others tamper'd—For Fleetwood, Desborough, and Lambert.*] Fleetwood was a lieutenant-general: he married Ireton's widow, Oliver Cromwell's eldest daughter; was made Lord Lieutenant of Ireland by Cromwell, Major-general of divers counties, one of Oliver's upper house: his salary supposed to be 6600*l.* a year.—Desborough, a yeoman of 60 or 70*l.* *per annum*; some say a plowman. Bennet, speaking to Desborough, says, "When your Lordship was a "plowman, and wore high shoon—Ha! how the Lord "raiseth some men, and depresseth others."—Desborough married Cromwell's sister, cast away his spade,

 and

Some for the Rump; and ſome, more crafty,
For Agitators, and the Safety:
Some for the Goſpel, and maſſacres
Of ſpiritual Affidavit-makers,
That ſwore to any human regence
Oaths of ſupremacy and allegiance;
Yea, though the ableſt ſwearing Saint,
That vouch'd the bulls o' th' Covenant:
Others for pulling down th' high-places
Of Synods and Provincial Claſſes,

Tha

and took up a ſword, and was made a colonel; wa inſtrumental in raiſing Cromwell to the Protectorſhip upon which he was made one of his council, a Genera at ſea, and Major-general of divers counties of th weſt; and was one of Oliver's upper houſe. His annual income was 3236*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*

Ibid. *Lambert.*] *Lambard*, in the firſt edition 1678 Altered 1684. He was one of the Rump Generals, and a principal oppoſer of General Monk in the Reſtoration of King Charles II. The writer of the *Narrative of the late Parliament ſo called*, 1657, p. 9. obſerves, "That Major general Lambert, as one of Oliver's "council, had 1000*l. per annum*, which, with his "other places, in all amounted to 6512*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.*"

Ver. 272. *Agitators.*] In 1647, the Army made choice of a ſet number of officers, which they called *the General Council of Officers*; and the common ſoldiers made choice of three or four of each regiment, moſtly corporals and ſerjeants, who were called by the name of *Agitators*, and were to be a Houſe of Commons to the council of officers: theſe drew up a Declaration, that they would not be diſbanded till their arrears were paid, and a full proviſion made for liberty of conſcience.

That us'd to make ſuch hoſtile inroads
Upon the Saints, like bloody Nimrods:
Some for fulfilling Prophecies,
And th' extirpation of th' Exciſe;
And ſome againſt th' Egyptian bondage
Of Holy-days, and paying Poundage:
Some for the cutting down of Groves,
And rectifying bakers' Loaves;
And ſome for finding out expedients
Againſt the ſlavery of Obedience:
Some were for Goſpel-miniſters,
And ſome for Red-coat ſeculars,
As men moſt fit t' hold-forth the Word,
And wield the one and th' other ſword:
Some were for carrying on the Work
Againſt the Pope, and ſome the Turk:
Some for engaging to ſuppreſs
The camiſado of Surplices,
That Gifts and Diſpenſations hinder'd,
And turn'd to th' outward man the inward;
More proper for the cloudy night
Of Popery than Goſpel-light:
Others were for aboliſhing
That tool of matrimony, a Ring,
With which th' unſanctify'd bridegroom
Is marry'd only to a thumb
(As wiſe as ringing of a pig,
That us'd to break up ground, and dig);

The

Ver. 308. *That* us'd *to.*] *That* is *to*, edition 1678.

The bride to nothing but her will,
That nulls the after-marriage ſtill:
Some were for th' utter extirpation
Of Linſey-woolſey in the nation;
And ſome againſt all idoliſing
The Croſs in ſhop-books, or Baptiſing:
Others, to make all things recant
The Chriſtian or ſurname of Saint,
And force all churches, ſtreets, and towns,
The holy title to renounce:
Some 'gainſt a third eſtate of Souls,
And bringing down the price of Coals:
Some for aboliſhing Black-pudding,
And eating nothing with the blood in;
To abrogate them roots and branches;
While others were for eating Haunches
Of warriors, and, now and then,
The Fleſh of kings and mighty men:

And

That uſes *to*, editions 1684, 1689, 1694, 1700, 1704. Altered 1710, as it ſtands here.

Ver. 317, 318.] The mayor of Colcheſter baniſhed one of that town for a malignant and a cavalier, in the year 1643, whoſe name was Parſons; and gave this learned reaſon for this exemplary piece of juſtice, that it was an ominous name.

Ver. 323.] This was the ſpirit of the times. There was a propoſal to carry twenty Royaliſts in front of Sir Thomas Fairfax's army, to expoſe them to the fire of the enemy; and one Gourdon moved, "That the "Lady Capel, and her children, and the Lady Nor-"wich,

And ſome for breaking of their Bones
With rods of iron, by ſecret ones;

For

"wich, might be ſent to the General with the ſame "directions, ſaying, their husbands would be careful "of their ſafety; and when divers oppoſed ſo barba- "rous a motion, and alleged that Lady Capel was "great with child, near her time, Gourden preſſed it "the more eagerly, as if he had taken the General for "a man-midwife." Nay, it was debated at a council "of war, to maſſacre and put to the ſword all the "King's party: the queſtion put was carried in the "negative but by two votes." Their endeavour "was, how to diminiſh the number of their oppoſites, "the Royaliſts and Preſbyterians, by a maſſacre; for "which purpoſe many dark-lanterns were provided "laſt winter, 1649; which coming to the common ru- "mour of the Town, put them in danger of the inſa- "my and hatred that would overwhelm them; ſo this "was laid aſide." A bill was brought in, 1656, for decimating the Royaliſts, but thrown out. And this ſpirit was but too much encouraged by their clergy. Mr. Caryl, in a *Thankſgiving Sermon* before the Com- mons, April 23, 1644, p. 46. ſays, "If Chriſt will "ſet up his kingdom upon the carcaſes of the ſlain, it "well becomes all elders to rejoice and give thanks. "Cut them down with the ſword of juſtice, root them "out, and conſume them as with fire, that no root "may ſpring up again."

Of this ſpirit was Mr. George Swathe, miniſter of Denham in Suffolk, who, in a prayer, July 13, 1641, or 1642, has the following remarkable words; "Lord, "if no compoſition will end the controverſy between "the King and the Parliament, but the King and his "party will have blood, let them drink of their o

For thraſhing mountains, and with ſpells
For hallowing carriers' packs and bells;
Things that the legend never heard of,
But made the Wicked ſore afeard of.
The quacks of government (who ſate
At th' unregarded helm of ſtate,
And underſtood this wild confuſion
Of fatal madneſs and deluſion,
Muſt, ſooner than a prodigy,
Portend deſtruction to be nigh)
Conſider'd timely how t' withdraw,
And ſave their wind-pipes from the law;
For one rencounter at the bar
Was worſe than all they 'ad ſcap'd in war;
And therefore met in conſultation
To cant and quack upon the nation;
Not for the ſickly patient's ſake,
Nor what to give, but what to take;
To feel the pulſes of their fees,
More wiſe than fumbling arteries;
Prolong the ſnuff of life in pain,
And from the grave recover—Gain.
'Mong theſe there was a politician
With more heads than a beaſt in viſion,

And

" cup; let their blood be ſpilled like water; let their " blood be ſacrificed to thee, O God, for the ſins of " our nation."

Ver. 351.] This was Sir Anthony-Aſhley Cooper, who complied with every change in thoſe times.

And more intrigues in every one
Than all the Whores of Babylon;
So politic, as if one eye
Upon the other were a ſpy,
That, to trepan the one to think
The other blind, both ſtrove to blink;
And in his dark pragmatic way
As buſy as a child at play.
He 'ad ſeen three governments run down,
And had a hand in every one;
Was for them, and againſt them all,
But barbarous when they came to fall:
For, by trepanning th' old to ruin,
He made his intereſt with the new one;
Play'd true and faithful, though againſt
His conſcience, and was ſtill advanc'd:
For, by the witchcraft of rebellion
Transform'd t' a feeble State-camelion,
By giving aim from ſide to ſide,
He never fail'd to ſave his tide,
But got the ſtart of every ſtate,
And, at a change, ne'er came too late;
Could turn his word, and oath, and faith,
As many ways as in a lath;
By turning wriggle, like a ſcrew,
Int' higheſt truſt, and out, for new:
For when he 'ad happily incurr'd,
Inſtead of hemp, to be preferr'd,
And paſs'd upon a government,
He play'd his trick, and out he went;

But

But being out, and out of hopes
To mount his ladder (more) of ropes,
Would ſtrive to raiſe himſelf upon
The public ruin, and his own;
So little did he underſtand
The deſperate feats he took in hand,
For, when he 'ad got himſelf a name
For frauds and tricks, he ſpoil'd his game;
Had forc'd his neck into a nooſe,
To ſhew his play at faſt and looſe;
And, when he chanc'd t' eſcape, miſtook,
For art and ſubtlety, his luck.
So right his judgment was cut fit,
And made a tally to his wit,
And both together moſt profound
At deeds of darkneſs under ground;
As th' earth is eaſieſt undermin'd,
By vermin impotent and blind.
By all theſe arts, and many more
He 'ad practis'd long and much before,
Our ſtate-artificer foreſaw
Which way the world began to draw:
For, as old ſinners have all points
O' th' compaſs in their bones and joints;
Can by their pangs and aches find
All turns and changes of the wind,
And, better than by Napier's bones,
Feel in their own the age of moons;
So guilty ſinners, in a ſtate,
Can by their crimes prognoſticate,

And in their conſciences feel pain
Some days before a ſhower of rain:
He, therefore, wiſely caſt about
All ways he could, t' inſure his throat,
And hither came, t' obſerve and ſmoke
What courſes other riſkers took,
And to the utmoſt do his beſt
To ſave himſelf, and hang the reſt.
To match this Saint there was another,
As buſy and perverſe a Brother,

An

Ver. 420.] Sir A. Aſhley Cooper was of the miller's mind who was concerned in the Corniſh rebellion in the year 1558: he, apprehending that Sir William Kingſton, Provoſt-marſhal, and a rigorous man upon that occaſion, would order him to be hanged upon the next tree before he went off, told his ſervant that he expected ſome gentlemen would come a-fiſhing to the mill, and, if they inquired for the miller, he ordered him to ſay that *he* was the miller. Sir William came according to expectation, and inquiring for the miller, the poor harmleſs ſervant ſaid he was the miller. Upon which the Provoſt ordered his ſervants to ſeize him, and hang him upon the next tree; which terrified the poor fellow, and made him cry out, I am not the miller, but the miller's man. The Provoſt told him, "That "he would take him at his word: if (ſays he) thou "art the miller, thou art a buſy knave and rebel;— "and if thou art the miller's man, thou art a falſe ly- "ing knave, and canſt not do thy maſter more ſervice "than to hang for him:" and, without more ceremony, he was executed.

Ver. 421.] This character exactly ſuits John Lilburn,

An haberdasher of small wares
In politics and state-affairs;
More Jew than Rabbi Achithophel,
And better gifted to rebel;
For when h' had taught his tribe to 'spouse
The Cause, aloft upon one house,
He scorn'd to set his own in order,
But try'd another, and went further;
So suddenly addicted still
To 's only principle, his will,
That, whatsoe'er it chanc'd to prove,
Nor force of argument could move,
Nor law, nor cavalcade of Ho'born,
Could render half a grain less stubborn;
For he at any time would hang,
For th' opportunity t' harangue;

And

burn, and no other, especially the 437, 438, 439, and 440th lines: for it was said of him, when living, by Judge Jenkins, "That if the world was emptied of "all but himself, Lilburn would quarrel with John, "and John with Lilburn:" which part of his character gave occasion for the following lines at his death;

Is John departed, and is Lilburn gone?
Farewell to both, to Lilburn and to John.
Yet, being dead, take this advice from me,
Let them not both in one grave buried be:
Lay John here, and Lilburn thereabout,
For if they both should meet they would fall out.

And rather on a gibbet dangle,
Than miſs his dear delight, to wrangle;
In which his parts were ſo accompliſht,
That, right or wrong, he ne'er was nonpluſt;
But ſtill his tongue ran on, the leſs
Of weight it bore, with greater eaſe;
And with its everlaſting clack
Set all men's ears upon the rack.
No ſooner could a hint appear,
But up he ſtarted to picqueer,
And made the ſtouteſt yield to mercy,
When he engag'd in controverſy;
Not by the force of carnal reaſon,
But indefatigable teazing;
With vollies of eternal babble,
And clamour, more unanſwerable.
For though his topics, frail and weak,
Could ne'er amount above a freak,
He ſtill maintain'd them, like his faults,
Againſt the deſperat'ſt aſſaults,
And back'd their feeble want of ſenſe
With greater heat and confidence;
As bones of Hectors, when they differ,
The more they 're cudgel'd, grow the ſtiffer.
Yet, when his profit moderated,
The fury of his heat abated;
For nothing but his intereſt
Could lay his devil of conteſt:
It was his choice, or chance, or curſe,
T' eſpouſe the Cauſe for better or worſe,

And

And with his worldly goods and wit,
And ſoul and body, worſhip'd it:
But when he found the ſullen trapes
Poſſeſs'd with th' devil, worms, and claps;
The Trojan mare, in foal with Greeks,
Not half ſo full of jadiſh tricks;
Though ſqueamiſh in her outward woman,
As looſe and rampant as Dol Common;
He ſtill reſolv'd, to mend the matter,
T' adhere and cleave the obſtinater;
And ſtill, the ſkittiſher and looſer
Her freaks appear'd, to ſit the cloſer:
For fools are ſtubborn in their way,
As coins are harden'd by th' allay:
And obſtinacy 's ne'er ſo ſtiff,
As when 'tis in a wrong belief.
Theſe two, with others, being met,
And cloſe in conſultation ſet,
After a diſcontented pauſe,
And not without ſufficient cauſe,

The

Ver. 485, 486.] This cabal was held at Whitehall, at the very time that General Monk was dining with the city of London. I heartily wiſh the Poet had introduced the worthy Sir Hudibras into this grand aſſembly: his preſence would have continued an uniformity in this Poem, and been very pleaſing to the ſpectator. His natural propenſion to loquacity would certainly have exerted itſelf on ſo important an occaſion; and his rhetoric and jargon would not have been leſs politic or entertaining than that of the two orators here characteriſed.

The orator we nam'd of late,
Leſs troubled with the pangs of ſtate
Than with his own impatience
To give himſelf firſt audience,
After he had a while look'd wiſe,
At laſt broke ſilence, and the ice.
Quoth he, There 's nothing makes me doubt
Our laſt Outgoings brought about,
More than to ſee the characters
Of real jealouſies and fears,
Not feign'd, as once, but ſadly horrid;
Scor'd upon every Member's forehead;
Who, 'cauſe the clouds are drawn together,
And threaten ſudden change of weather,
Feel pangs and aches of ſtate-turns,
And revolutions in their corns;
And, ſince our Workings-out are croſt,
Throw up the Cauſe before 'tis loſt.
Was it to run away we meant
When, taking of the Covenant,
The lameſt cripples of the Brothers
Took oaths to run before all others,
But, in their own ſenſe, only ſwore
To ſtrive to run away before,
And now would prove, that words and oath
Engage us to renounce them both?
'Tis true the Cauſe is in the lurch,
Between a right and mongrel-church,
The Preſbyter and Independent,
That ſtickle which ſhall make an end on 't;

As 'twas made out to us the laſt
Expedient,—(I mean Margaret's faſt)
When Providence had been ſuborn'd
What anſwer was to be return'd:
Elſe why ſhould tumults fright us now,
We have ſo many times gone through,
And underſtand as well to tame
As, when they ſerve our turns, t' inflame?
Have prov'd how inconſiderable
Are all engagements of the rabble;
Whoſe frenzies muſt be reconcil'd
With drums and rattles, like a child,
But never prov'd ſo proſperous,
As when they were led on by us;
For all our ſcouring of religion
Began with tumults and ſedition;
When hurricanes of fierce commotion
Became ſtrong motives to devotion
(As carnal ſeamen, in a ſtorm,
Turn pious converts, and reform);
When ruſty weapons, with chalk'd edges,
Maintain'd our feeble privileges,
And brown-bills, levy'd in the City,
Made bills to paſs the Grand Committee;
When Zeal, with aged clubs and gleaves,
Gave chace to rochets and white ſleeves,

And

Ver. 521.] Alluding to the impudence of thoſe pretended ſaints, who frequently directed God Almighty what anſwers he ſhould return to their prayers. Mr. Simeon Aſh was called the *God-challenger*.

And made the Church, and State, and Laws,
Submit t' old iron, and the Cauſe.
And as we thriv'd by tumults then,
So might we better now again,
If we knew how, as then we did,
To uſe them rightly in our need:
Tumults, by which the mutinous
Betray themſelves inſtead of us;
The hollow-hearted, diſaffected,
And cloſe malignant are detected;
Who lay their lives and fortunes down,
For pledges to ſecure our own;
And freely ſacrifice their ears
T' appeaſe our jealouſies and fears:
And yet for all theſe providences
W' are offer'd, if we had our ſenſes,
We idly ſit, like ſtupid blockheads,
Our hands committed to our pockets,
And nothing but our tongues at large,
To get the wretches a diſcharge:
Like men condemn'd to thunderbolts,
Who, ere the blow, become mere dolts;
Or fools beſotted with their crimes,
That know not how to ſhift betimes,
That neither have the hearts to ſtay,
Nor wit enough to run away;
Who, if we could reſolve on either,
Might ſtand or fall at leaſt together;
No mean nor trivial ſolaces
To partners in extreme diſtreſs;

Who uſe to leſſen their deſpairs
By parting them int' equal ſhares;
As if, the more they were to bear,
They felt the weight the eaſier;
And every one the gentler hung,
The more he took his turn among.
But 'tis not come to that, as yet,
If we had courage left, or wit,
Who, when our fate can be no worſe,
Are fitted for the braveſt courſe,
Have time to rally, and prepare
Our laſt and beſt defence, deſpair:
Deſpair, by which the gallant'ſt feats
Have been atchiev'd in greateſt ſtraits,
And horrid'ſt dangers ſafely wav'd,
By being courageouſly outbrav'd;
As wounds by wider wounds are heal'd,
And poiſons by themſelves expell'd:
And ſo they might be now again,
If we were, what we ſhould be, men;
And not ſo dully deſperate,
To ſide againſt ourſelves with Fate:
As criminals, condemn'd to ſuffer,
Are blinded firſt, and then turn'd over.
This comes of breaking Covenants,
And ſetting up exauns of Saints,

That

Ver. 600.] *And ſetting up* exauns *of Saints.* This is falſe printed; it ſhould be written *exemts*, or *exempts*, *which* is a French word, pronounced *exauns.*

That fine, like aldermen, for grace,
To be excus'd the efficace:
For ſpiritual men are too tranſcendent,
That mount their banks, for independent,
To hang, like Mahomet, in the air,
Or St. Ignatius, at his prayer,
By pure geometry, and hate
Dependence upon church or ſtate:
Diſdain the pedantry o' th' letter,
And, ſince obedience is better
(The Scripture ſays) than ſacrifice,
Preſume the leſs on 't will ſuffice;
And ſcorn to have the moderat'ſt ſtints
Preſcrib'd their peremptory hints,
Or any opinion, true or falſe,
Declar'd as ſuch, in Doctrinals;
But left at large to make their beſt on,
Without being call'd t' account or queſtion:
Interpret all the ſpleen reveals,
As Whittington explain'd the bells;
And bid themſelves turn back again
Lord Mayors of New Jeruſalem;
But look ſo big and overgrown,
They ſcorn their edifiers to own,
Who taught them all their ſprinkling leſſons,
Their tones, and ſanctify'd expreſſions;
Beſtow'd their Gifts upon a Saint,
Like charity, on thoſe that want;
And learn'd th' apocryphal bigots
T' inſpire themſelves with ſhort-hand notes;

For which they ſcorn and hate them worſe
Than dogs and cats do ſow-gelders:
For who firſt bred them up to pray,
And teach the Houſe of Commons' way?
Where had they all their gifted phraſes,
But from our Calamies and Caſes?
Without whoſe ſprinkling and ſowing,
Who e'er had heard of Nye or Owen?
Their Diſpenſations had been ſtifled,
But for our Adoniram Byfield;
And, had they not begun the war,
They 'ad ne'er been ſainted as they are:
For Saints in peace degènerate,
And dwindle down to reprobate;
Their zeal corrupts, like ſtanding water,
In th' intervals of war and ſlaughter;
Abates the ſharpneſs of its edge,
Without the power of ſacrilege:

And

Ver. 636.] Calamy and Caſe were chief men among the Preſbyterians, as Owen and Nye were amongſt the Independents.

Ver. 640.] *Adoniram Byfield.* He was a broken apothecary, a zealous Covenanter, one of the ſcribes to the Aſſembly of Divines; and, no doubt, for his great zeal and pains-taking in his office, he had the profit of printing the *Directory*, the copy whereof was ſold for 400*l.* though, when printed, the price was but three-pence.

Ver. 648.] It is an obſervation made by many writers upon the Aſſembly of Divines, that in their annotations upon the Bible they cautiouſly avoid ſpeaking upon the ſubject of ſacrilege.

And though they 've tricks to caſt their ſins,
As eaſy as ſerpents do their ſkins,
That in a while grow out again,
In peace they turn mere carnal men,
And, from the moſt refin'd of Saints,
As naturally grow miſcreants
As barnacles turn ſoland geeſe
In th' iſlands of th' Orcades.
Their Diſpenſation 's but a ticket
For their conforming to the Wicked,
With whom the greateſt difference
Lies more in words and ſhew than ſenſe:
For as the Pope, that keeps the gate
Of heaven, wears three crowns of ſtate;
So he that keeps the gate of hell,
Proud Cerberus, wears three heads as well;
And, if the world has any troth,
Some have been canoniz'd in both.
But that which does them greateſt harm,
Their ſpiritual gizzards are too warm,
Which puts the overheated ſots
In fever ſtill, like other goats;
For though the Whore bends hereticks
With flames of fire, like crooked ſticks,
Our Schiſmatics ſo vaſtly differ,
Th' hotter they 're they grow the ſtiffer;
Still ſetting-off their ſpiritual goods
With fierce and pertinacious feuds:
For Zeal 's a dreadful termagant,
That teaches Saints to tear and rant;

And Independent to profess
The doctrine of Lepenthes:
Turns meat, and [illegible], [illegible],
To [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible];
And, not content with endless quarrels
Against the Wicked, and their morals,
The Gibelines, for want of Guelfs,
Divert their rage upon themselves.
For, now the war is not between
The Brethren and the Men of Sin,
But Saint and Saint, to spill the blood
Of one another's Brotherhood,
Where neither side can lay pretence
To liberty of conscience,
Or, zealous suffering for the Cause,
To gain one groat's-worth of applause;
For, though endurd with resolution,
'Twill never amount to persecution.
Shall precious Saints, and secret ones,
Break one another's outward bones,
And eat the flesh of Brethren,
Instead of kings and mighty men?
When fiends agree among themselves,
Shall they be found the greater elves?
When Bell 's at union with the Dragon,
And Baal Peor friends with Dagon;
When savage bears agree with bears,
Shall secret ones lug Saints by th' ears,
And not atone their fatal wrath,
When common danger threatens both?

Shall

Shall maſtiffs, by the collars pull'd,
Engag'd with bulls, let go their hold?
And Saints, whoſe necks are pawn'd at ſtake,
No notice of the danger take?
But though no power of heaven or hell
Can pacify fanatic zeal,
Who would not gueſs there might be hopes,
The fear of gallowſes and ropes,
Before their eyes, might reconcile
Their animoſities a while,
At leaſt until they 'ad a clear ſtage,
And equal freedom to engage,
Without the danger of ſurpriſe
By both our common enemies?
  This none but we alone could doubt,
Who underſtand their workings-out,
And know them, both in ſoul and conſcience,
Given up t' as reprobate a nonſenſe
As ſpiritual outlaws, whom the power
Of miracle can ne'er reſtore.
We whom at firſt they ſet-up under
In revelation only' of plunder,
Who ſince have had ſo many trials
Of their incroaching ſelf-denials,
That rook'd upon us with deſign
To out-reform and undermine;
Took all our intereſts and commands
Perfidiouſly out of our hands;
Involv'd us in the guilt of blood,
Without the motive-gains allow'd,

And made us ſerve as miniſterial,
Like younger ſons of Father Belial:
And yet, for all th' inhuman wrong
They 'ad done us and the Cauſe ſo long,
We never fail'd to carry on
The Work ſtill, as we had begun;
But true and faithfully obey'd,
And neither preach'd them hurt, nor pray'd;
Nor troubled them to crop our ears,
Nor hang us, like the Cavaliers;
Nor put them to the charge of jails,
To find us pillories and carts'-tails,
Or hangman's wages, which the ſtate
Was forc'd (before them) to be at;
That cut, like tallies to the ſtumps,
Our ears for keeping true accompts,
And burnt our veſſels, like a new
Seal'd peck, or buſhel, for being true;
But hand in hand, like faithful Brothers,
Held for the Cauſe againſt all others,
Diſdaining equally to yield
One ſyllable of what we held.
And, though we differ'd now and then
'Bout outward things, and outward men,
Our inward men, and conſtant frame
Of ſpirit, ſtill were near the ſame;
And till they firſt began to cant,
And ſprinkle down the Covenant,
We ne'er had call in any place,
Nor dream'd of teaching down Free Grace;

But

But join'd our Gifts perpetually
Againſt the common enemy,
Although 'twas our and their opinion,
Each other's church was but a Rimmon;
And yet for all this Goſpel-union,
And outward ſhew of Church-communion,
They 'd ne'er admit us to our ſhares,
Of ruling church or ſtate affairs,
Nor give us leave t' abſolve, or ſentence
T' our own conditions of repentance;
But ſhar'd our dividend o' the Crown
We had ſo painfully preach'd down,
And forc'd us, though againſt the grain,
T' have calls to teach it up again;
For 'twas but juſtice to reſtore
The wrongs we had receiv'd before;
And, when 'twas held forth in our way,
We 'ad been ungrateful not to pay;
Who, for the right we 've done the nation,
Have earn'd our temporal ſalvation,
And put our veſſels in a way,
Once more, to come again in play:
For if the turning of us out
Has brought this providence about,
And that our only ſuffering
Is able to bring-in the King,
What would our actions not have done,
Had we been ſuffer'd to go on?
And therefore may pretend t' a ſhare,
At leaſt, in carrying on th' affair;

Poſſeſs'd with abſolute dominions
O'er Brethren's purſes and opinions?
And, truſted with the double keys
Of heaven, and their warehouſes;
Who, when the Cauſe is in diſtreſs,
Can furniſh out what ſums they pleaſe,
That brooding lie in bankers' hands,
To be diſpos'd at their commands,
And daily' increaſe and multiply
With Doctrine, Uſe, and Uſury;
Can fetch-in parties (as, in war,
All other heads of cattle are)
From th' enemy of all religions,
As well as high and low conditions,
And ſhare them, from blue ribbands, down
To all blue aprons in the town:
From ladies hurried in calleches,
With cornets at their footmen's breeches,
To bawds as fat as Mother Nab,
All guts and belly, like a crab.
Our party 's great, and better ty'd
With oaths, and trade, than any ſide;
Has one conſiderable improvement
To double fortify the Covenant;
I mean our Covenant to purchaſe
Delinquents' titles, and the Church's,
That paſs in ſale, from hand to hand,
Among ourſelves, for current land,
And riſe or fall, like Indian actions,
According to the rate of factions;

Our

Our beſt reſerve for Reformation,
When new Outgoings give occaſion;
That keeps the loins of Brethren girt,
The Covenant (their creed) t' aſſert;
And, when they 've pack'd a Parliament,
Will once more try th' expedient:
Who can already muſter friends
To ſerve for members to our ends,
That repreſent no part o' th' nation,
But Fiſher's-folly congregation;
Are only tools to our intrigues,
And ſit like geeſe to hatch our eggs;
Who, by their precedents of wit,
T' outfaſt, outloiter, and outſit,
Can order matters under hand,
To put all buſineſs to a ſtand;
Lay public bills aſide for private,
And make them one another drive out;
Divert the great and neceſſary,
With trifles to conteſt and vary;
And make the nation repreſent,
And ſerve for us in Parliament;
Cut out more work than can be done
In Plato's year, but finiſh none,
Unleſs it be the bulls of Lenthal,
That always paſs'd for fundamental;

Can

Ver. 909.] Mr. Lenthal was Speaker to that Houſe of Commons which begun the Rebellion, murdered the King, becoming then but the Rump, or fag-end of

Can ſet up grandee againſt grandee,
To ſquander time away and bandy;
Make Lords and Commoners lay ſieges
To one another's privileges;
And, rather than compound the quarrel,
Engage, to th' inevitable peril
Of both their ruins, th' only ſcope
And conſolation of our hope;
Who, though we do not play the game,
Aſſiſt as much by giving aim;
Can introduce our ancient arts,
For heads of factions, t' act their parts;
Know what a leading voice is worth,
A ſeconding, a third, or fourth;
How much a caſting voice comes to,
That turns up trump of *Aye* or *No*;
And, by adjuſting all at th' end,
Share every one his dividend:
An art that ſo much ſtudy coſt,
And now 's in danger to be loſt,
Unleſs our ancient virtuoſo's,
That found it out, get into th' Houſes.

Theſe

of a Houſe, and was turned out by Oliver Cromwell; reſtored after Richard was outed, and at laſt diſſolved themſelves at General Monk's command: and as his name was ſet to the ordinances of this Houſe, theſe ordinances are here called the *Bulls of Leuthal*, in alluſion to the Pope's bulls, which are humorouſly deſcribed by the author of *A Tale of a Tub*.

Theſe are the courſes that we took
To carry things by hook or crook,
And practis'd down from forty-four,
Until they turn'd us out of door.
Beſides, the herds of Boutefeus
We ſet on work without the Houſe,
When every knight and citizen
Kept legiſlative journeymen,
To bring them in intelligence,
From all points, of the rabble's ſenſe,
And fill the lobbies of both Houſes
With politic important buzzes;
Set up committees of cabals,
To pack deſigns without the walls;
Examine, and draw up all news,
And fit it to our preſent uſe;
Agree upon the plot o' the farce,
And every one his part rehearſe;
Make Q's of anſwers, to waylay
What th' other party 's like to ſay;
What repartees, and ſmart reflections,
Shall be return'd to all objections;
And who ſhall break the maſter-jeſt,
And what, and how, upon the reſt:

Help

Ver. 934.] Judge Crook and Hutton were the two judges who diſſented from their ten brethren in the caſe of ſhip-money, when it was argued in the Exchequer; which occaſioned the wags to ſay, that the King carried it by *Hook*, but not by *Crook*.

Help pamphlets out, with safe editions,
Of proper flanders and seditions,
And treason for a token send,
By letter, to a country friend;
Disperse lampoons, the only wit
That men, like burglary, commit,
With falser than a padder's face,
That all its owner does betrays,
Who therefore dares not trust it, when
He 's in his calling to be seen;
Disperse the dung on barren earth,
To bring new weeds of discord forth;
Be sure to keep up congregations,
In spite of laws and proclamations:
For chiarlatans can do no good,
Until they 're mounted in a crowd;
And when they 're punish'd, all the hurt
Is but to fare the better for 't;
As long as confessors are sure
Of double pay for all th' endure,
And what they earn in persecution,
Are paid t' a groat in contribution:
Whence some tub-holders-forth have made
In powdering-tubs their richest trade;
And, while they kept their shops in prison,
Have found their prices strangely risen;
Disdain to own the least regret
For all the Christian blood we 've let;
'Twill save our credit, and maintain
Our title to do so again;

That

That needs not coſt one dram of ſenſe,
But pertinacious impudence.
Our conſtancy to our principles,
In time, will wear out all things elſe;
Like marble ſtatues, rubb'd in pieces
With gallantry of pilgrims' kiſſes;
While thoſe who turn and wind their oaths,
Have ſwell'd and ſunk, like other froths;
Prevail'd a while, but 'twas not long
Before from world to world they ſwung,
As they had turn'd from ſide to ſide;
And as the changelings liv'd they dy'd.
This ſaid, th' impatient Stateſmonger
Could now contain himſelf no longer,
Who had not ſpar'd to ſhew his piques
Againſt th' haranguer's politics.
With ſmart remarks of leering faces,
And annotations of grimaces,
After h' had adminiſter'd a doſe
Of ſnuff mundungus to his noſe,

And

Ver. 995, 996.] Dr. South remarks upon the Regicides, "That ſo ſure did they make of heaven, and "ſo fully reckoned themſelves in the high road thither, that they never ſo much as thought that their "Saintſhips ſhould take Tyburn in the way."

Ver. 1004.] *Grimaſhes*, edition 1674. Altered 1684.

And powder'd th' inſide of his ſcull,
Inſtead of the outward jobbernol,
He ſhook it with a ſcornful look
On th' adverſary, and thus he ſpoke:
In dreſſing a calf's head, although
The tongue and brains together go,
Both keep ſo great a diſtance here,
'Tis ſtrange if ever they come near;
For who did ever play his gambols
With ſuch inſufferable rambles,
To make the bringing in the King
And keeping of him out one thing?
Which none could do, but thoſe that ſwore
T' as point-blank nonſenſe heretofore;
That to defend was to invade,
And to aſſaſſinate to aid:
Unleſs, becauſe you drove him out,
(And that was never made a doubt)
No power is able to reſtore
And bring him in, but on your ſcore:
A ſpiritual doctrine, that conduces
Moſt properly to all your uſes.
'Tis true, a ſcorpion's oil is ſaid
To cure the wounds the vermin made;
And weapons dreſs'd with ſalves reſtore
And heal the hurts they gave before:
But whether Preſbyterians have
So much good-nature as the ſalve,

Or

Ver. 1007.] *Inſide of his* ſoul, in the firſt edition of *1678*. Altered to *ſcull*, 1684, four years after Mr. *Butler's* death.

Or virtue in them as the vermin,
Thoſe who have try'd them can determine.
Indeed 'tis pity you ſhould miſs
Th' arrears of all your ſervices,
And, for th' eternal obligation
Y' laid upon th' ungrateful nation,
Be us'd ſo unconſcionably hard,
As not to find a juſt reward
For letting rapine looſe, and murther,
To rage juſt ſo far, but no further,
And, ſetting all the land on fire,
To burn t' a ſcantling, but no higher;
For venturing to aſſaſſinate
And cut the throats of Church and State,
And not be allow'd the fitteſt men
To take the charge of both again:
Eſpecially that have the grace
Of ſelf-denying gifted face;
Who, when your projects have miſcarry'd,
Can lay them, with undaunted forehead,
On thoſe you painfully trepann'd,
And ſprinkled in at ſecond-hand;
As we have been, to ſhare the guilt
Of Chriſtian blood, devoutly ſpilt;
For ſo our ignorance was flamm'd,
To damn ourſelves, t' avoid being damn'd;
Till, finding your old foe, the hangman,
Was like to lurch you at Back-gammon,
And win your necks upon the ſet,
As well as ours, who did but bet

(For he had drawn your ears before,
And nick'd them on the self-same score),
We threw the box and dice away,
Before y' had lost us at foul play,
And brought you down to look and lye,
And fancy only on the bye;
Redeem'd your forfeit obbernoles,
From perching upon lofty boles,
And rescued all your outward traitors
From hanging up, like alligators;
For which ingenuously ye've shew'd
Your Presbyterian gratitude;
Would freely have paid us home in kind,
And not have been one rope behind.
Those were your motives to divide,
And simple, on the other side:
To turn your zealous frauds, and force,
To fits of conscience and remorse;
To be convinc'd they were in vain,
And face about for new again:
For truth no more unveil'd your eyes,
Than maggots are convinc'd to flies;
And therefore all your Lights and Calls
Are but apocryphal and false,

To

Ver. 1065.] Alluding to the case of Mr. Prynne, who had his ears cropped twice for his seditious writings.

Ver. 1086. *Than maggots* are convinc'd *to flies.*] Thus it stands in all editions to 1710, exclusive, and *then altered, Than maggots* when they turn *to flies.*

To charge us with the conſequences
Of all your native inſolences,
That to your own imperious wills
Laid Law and Goſpel neck and heels;
Corrupted the Old Teſtament,
To ſerve the New for precedent;
T' amend its errors and defects
With murther and rebellion texts;
Of which there is not any one
In all the book to ſow upon;
And therefore (from your tribe) the Jews
Held Chriſtian doctrine forth, and uſe;
As Mahomet (your chief) began
To mix them in the Alcoran;
Denounc'd and pray'd, with fierce devotion,
And bended elbows on the cuſhion;
Stole from the beggars all your tones,
And gifted mortifying groans;
Had lights where better eyes were blind,
As pigs are ſaid to ſee the wind;
Fill'd Bedlam with predeſtination,
And Knightſbridge with illumination;
Made children, with your tones, to run for 't,
As bad as Bloodybones or Lunsford.

While

Ver. 1093.] This was done by a fanatical printer, in the ſeventh commandment; who printed it, *Thou* ſhalt *commit adultery*, and was fined for it in the Star-chamber, or High-commiſſion Court.

Ver. 1112. *Or Lunsford.*] It was one of the artifices of the Male-contents in the Civil war, to raiſe falſe

While women, great with child, miſcarry'd,
For being to malignants marry'd:
Transform'd all wives to Dalilahs,
Whoſe huſbands were not for the Cauſe;
And turn'd the men to ten-horn'd cattle,
Becauſe they came not out to battle;
Made taylors' 'prentices turn heroes,
For fear of being tranform'd to Meroz,
And rather forfeit their indentures,
Than not eſpouſe the Saints' adventures:
Could tranſubſtantiate, metamorphoſe,
And charm whole herds of beaſts, like Orpheus;

Inchant

alarms, and to fill the people full of frightful apprehenſions. In particular they raiſed a terrible outcry of the imaginary danger they conceived from the Lord Digby and Colonel Lunsford. Lilburn glories, upon his trial, for being an incendiary on ſuch occaſions, and mentions the tumult he raiſed againſt the innocent Colonel as a meritorious action: "I was once ar-"raigned (ſays he) before the Houſe of Peers, for "ſticking cloſe to the liberties and privileges of this "nation, and thoſe that ſtood for them, being one of "thoſe two or three men that firſt drew their ſwords "in Weſtminſter-hall againſt Colonel Lunsford, and "ſome ſcores of his aſſociates: at that time it was "ſuppoſed they intended to cut the throats of the "chiefeſt men then ſitting in the Houſe of Peers." And, to render him the more odious, they reported that he was of ſo brutal an appetite that he would eat children. And, to make this gentleman the more deteſtable, they made horrid pictures of him. Colonel Lunsford, after all, was a perſon of extraordinary ſobriety, induſtry, and courage, and was killed at the ſaking of Briſtol by the King, in 1643.

Inchant the King's and Church's lands,
T' obey and follow your commands,
And ſettle on a new freehold,
As Marcly-hill had done of old;
Could turn the Covenant, and tranſlate
The Goſpel into ſpoons and plate;
Expound upon all merchants' caſhes,
And open th' intricateſt places;
Could catechiſe a money-box,
And prove all pouches orthodox;
Until the Cauſe became a Damon,
And Pythias the wicked Mammon:
And yet, in ſpite of all your charms
To conjure Legion up in arms,
And raiſe more devils in the rout,
Than e'er y' were able to caſt out,
Y' have been reduc'd, and by thoſe fools
Bred up (you ſay) in your own ſchools,
Who, though but gifted at your feet,
Have made it plain they have more wit;
By whom you 've been ſo oft trepann'd,
And held forth out of all command;
Out-gifted, out-impuls'd, out-done,
And out-reveal'd at Carryings-on;
Of all your Diſpenſations worm'd;
Out-providene'd, and out-reform'd;
Ejected out of Church and State,
And all things but the people's hate;
And ſpirited out of th' enjoyments
Of precious, edifying employments,

By those who long'd their gifts and graces,
Like better powers, in your places:
All which you bore with resolution,
Charg'd on the account of persecution:
And though most righteously oppress'd,
Against your wills, still acquiesc'd;
And never hum'd and hah'd Sedition,
Nor sniffed Treason, nor Misprision:
That is, because you never durst;
For, had you preach'd and pray'd your worst,
Alas! you were no longer able
To raise your posse of the rabble:
One single red-coat centinel
Outcharm'd the magic of the spell,
And, with his squirt-fire, could disperse
Whole troops with chapter rais'd and verse.
We knew too well those tricks of yours,
To leave it ever in your powers,
Or trust our safeties or undoings
To your disposing of Outgoings,
Or, to your ordering Providence,
Our farthing's worth of consequence.
For had you power to undermine,
Or wit to carry a design,
Or correspondence to trepan,
Intrigue, or betray one man,
There's nothing else that intervenes,
And bare your zeal to use the means;
And therefore wondrous like, no doubt,
To bring in kings, or keep them out:

Brave

Brave undertakers to reſtore,
That could not keep yourſelves in power;
T' advance the intereſts of the Crown,
That wanted wit to keep your own.
'Tis true ye have (for I'd be loth
To wrong you) done your parts in both,
To keep him out, and bring him in,
As Grace is introduc'd by Sin;
For 'twas your zealous want of ſenſe,
And ſanctify'd impertinence,
Your carrying buſineſs in a huddle,
That forc'd our rulers to new-model,
Oblig'd the State to tack about,
And turn you, root and branch, all out;
To reformado, one and all,
T' your great Croyſado General:
Your greedy ſlavering to devour,
Before 'twas in your clutches, power;
That ſprung the game you were to ſet,
Before ye 'ad time to draw the net:
Your ſpite to ſee the Church's lands
Divided into other hands,
And all your ſacrilegious ventures
Laid out in tickets and debentures:
Your envy to be ſprinkled down,
By under-churches in the Town,
And no courſe us'd to ſtop their mouths,
Nor th' Independents' ſpreading growths:
All which conſider'd, 'tis moſt true
None bring him in ſo much as you,

Who

Who have prevail'd beyond their plots,
Their midnight juntos, and ſeal'd knots;
That thrive more by your zealous piques,
Than all their own raſh politics.
And this way you may claim a ſhare
In carrying (as you brag) th' affair;
Elſe frogs and toads, that croak'd the Jews
From Pharaoh and his brick-kilns looſe,
And flies and mange, that ſet them free
From taſkmaſters and ſlavery,
Were likelier to do the feat,
In any indifferent man's conceit:
For who e'er heard of Reſtoration,
Until your thorough Reformation?
That is, the King's and Church's lands
Were ſequeſter'd int' other hands:
For only then, and not before,
Your eyes were open'd to reſtore;
And, when the work was carrying on,
Who croſs'd it but yourſelves alone?
As by a world of hints appears,
All plain, and extant, as your ears.
But firſt, o' th' firſt: The Iſle of Wight
Will riſe up, if you ſhould deny 't,
Where Henderſon, and th' other Maſſes,
Were ſent to cap texts, and put caſes:

To

Ver. 1239. *Where Henderſon.*] When the King, in the year 1646, was in the Scotch army, the Engliſh *Parliament* ſent him ſome propoſitions, one of which was

To paſs for deep and learned ſcholars,
Although but paltry Ob and Sollers:

As

was the abolition of Epiſcopacy, and the ſetting up Preſbytery in its ſtead. Mr. Henderſon, one of the chief of the Scotch Preſbyterian miniſters, was employed to induce the King to agree to this propoſition, it being what his Majeſty chiefly ſtuck at. Accordingly he came provided with books and papers for his purpoſe: the controverſy was debated in writing, as well as by perſonal conference, and ſeveral papers paſſed between them, which have been ſeveral times publiſhed; from which it appears that the King, without books or papers, or any one to aſſiſt him, was an overmatch for this old champion of the Kirk (and, I think, it will be no hyperbole if I add, for all the then Engliſh and Scotch Preſbyterian teachers put together), and made him ſo far a convert, that he departed, with great ſorrow, to Edinburgh, with a deep ſenſe of the miſchief of which he had been the author and abettor; and not only lamented to his friends and confidents, on his death-bed, which followed ſoon after, but likewiſe publiſhed a ſolemn declaration to the Parliament and Synod of England, in which he owned, "That they had been "abuſed with moſt falſe aſperſions againſt his Majeſty, "and that they ought to reſtore him to his full rights, "royal throne, and dignity, leſt an endleſs character "of ingratitude lie upon them, that may turn to their "ruin." As to the King himſelf, beſides mentioning his juſtice, his magnanimity, his ſobriety, his charity, and other virtues, he has theſe words: "I do declare, "before God and the world, whether in relation to "the Kirk or State, I found his Majeſty the moſt in-"telligent man that ever I ſpake with, as far beyond "my expreſſion as expectation.—I profeſs I was often-"times aſtoniſhed with the quickneſs of his reaſons

"and

As if th' unſeaſonable fools
Had been a courſing in the ſchools,
Until they 'ad prov'd the devil author
O' th' Covenant, and the Cauſe his daughter:
For, when they charg'd him with the guilt
Of all the blood that had been ſpilt,

They

" and replies; wondered how he, ſpending his time " in ſports and recreations, could have attained to ſo " great knowledge; and muſt confeſs that I was con- " vinced in conſcience, and knew not how to give him " any reaſonable ſatisfaction: yet the ſweetneſs of his " diſpoſition is ſuch, that whatever I ſaid was well " taken. I muſt ſay that I never met with any diſpu- " tant of that mild and calm temper; which convinced " me that his wiſdom and moderation could not be " without an extraordinary meaſure of divine grace. " I dare ſay, if his advice had been followed, all the " blood that is ſhed, and all the rapine that has been " committed, would have been prevented."

Ver. 1242. *Ob and Sollers.*] Whoever conſiders the context, will find that Ob and Sollers are deſigned as a character of Mr. Henderſon and his fellow diſputants, who are called *Maſſes* (as Mas is an abridgment of Maſter) that is, young maſters in divinity; and this character ſignifies ſomething quite contrary to deep and learned ſcholars; particularly ſuch as had ſtudied controverſies, as they are handled by little books or ſyſtems (of the Dutch and Geneva cut) where the authors repreſent their adverſaries' arguments by ſmall objections, and ſubjoin their own pitiful ſolutions. In the margin of theſe books may be ſeen *Ob* and *Sol.* Such muſhroom-divines are ingeniouſly and compendiouſly called *Ob* and *Sollers.*

They did not mean he wrought th' effuſion
In perſon, like Sir Pride or Hughſon;
But only thoſe who firſt begun
The quarrel were by him ſet on;
And who could thoſe be but the Saints,
Thoſe Reformation termagants?
But ere this paſs'd, the wiſe debate
Spent ſo much time it grew too late;
For Oliver had gotten ground,
T' incloſe him with his warriors round;
Had brought his Providence about,
And turn'd th' untimely ſophiſts out.
Nor had the Uxbridge buſineſs leſs
Of nonſenſe in't, or ſottiſhneſs;
When from a ſcoundrel holder-forth,
The ſcum as well as ſon o' th' earth,

Your

Ver. 1250. *Pride.*] Pride was a foundling. He went into the army, was made a colonel, and was principally concerned in ſecluding the members, in order to the King's trial; which great change was called Colonel Pride's *Purge*. He was one of Oliver Cromwell's upper houſe. He is called Thomas Lord Pride, in the commiſſion for erecting a High Court of Juſtice for the trial of Sir Henry Slingſby, Dr. Hewit, *&c.* Mr. Butler calls him *Sir Pride*, by way of ſneer upon the manner of his being knighted; for Oliver Cromwell knighted him with a faggot-ſtick inſtead of a ſword.

Ibid. *Hughſon.*] He was a cobler, went into the army, and was made a colonel; knighted by Oliver Cromwell, and, to help to cobble the crazy ſtate of the nation, was made one of Oliver's upper houſe.

Ver. 1263.] This was Mr. Chriſtopher Love, a furious

rious Preſbyterian, who, when the King's cc
ſioners met thoſe of the Parliament at Uxbridge,
year 1644, to treat of peace, preached a ſermon
on the 30th of January, againſt the treaty, an
among other things, that " no good was to be
" ed from it, for that they (meaning the King'
" miſſioners) came from Oxford with hearts
" blood."

Ver. 1269, 1270.] The expence the Engliſh
engaged the nation in, by bringing in their brot
bels from Scotland, amounted to an extravagan
their receipts in money and free-quarter, 1,46
5*s.* 3*d.* William Lilly, the *Sidrophel* of this
obſerves of the Scots, " That they came into E
" purpoſely to ſteal our goods, raviſh our wiv
" ſlave our perſons, inherit our poſſeſſions and
" rights, remain here in England, and everlaſti
" inhabit among us."

Mr. Rowlſtrode, ſon of Colonel Rowlſtrode

Who had ſo often, in your aid,
So many ways been ſoundly paid,
Came in at laſt for better ends,
To prove themſelves your truſty friends,
You baſely left them, and the Church
They train'd you up to, in the lurch,
And ſuffer'd your own tribe of Chriſtians
To fall before, as true Philiſtines.
This ſhows what utenſils y' have been,
To bring the King's concernments in;
Which is ſo far from being true,
That none but he can bring in you;
And, if he take you into truſt,
Will find you moſt exactly juſt,
Such as will punctually repay
With double intereſt, and betray.
  Not that I think thoſe pantomimes,
Who vary action with the times,
Are leſs ingenious in their art,
Than thoſe who dully act one part;
Or thoſe who turn from ſide to ſide,
More guilty than the wind and tide.
All countries are a wiſe man's home,
And ſo are governments to ſome,
Who change them for the ſame intrigues
That ſtateſmen uſe in breaking leagues;

While

By the author of a tract, entitled *Lex Talionis*, 1647, it is propoſed, as a preventing remedy, "to let the "Scots, in the name of God, or of the devil that ſent "them, go home."

While others in old faiths and troths
Look odd, as out-of-fashion'd clothes,
And nastier in an old opinion,
Than those who never shift their linen.
  For True and Faithful's sure to lose,
Which way soever the game goes;
And, whether parties lose or win,
Is always nick'd, or else hedg'd in:
While power usurp'd, like stol'n delight,
Is more bewitching than the right;
And, when the times begin to alter,
None rise so high as from the halter.
  And so may we, if we 'ave but sense
To use the necessary means,
And not your usual stratagems
On one another—lights and dreams:
To stand on terms as positive,
As if we did not take, but give;
Set up the Covenant on crutches,
'Gainst those who have us in their clutches,
And dream of pulling churches down,
Before we 're sure to prop our own;
Your constant method of proceeding,
Without the carnal means of heeding,
Who, 'twixt your inward sense and outward,
Are worse, than if y' had none, accoutred.
  I grant all courses are in vain,
Unless we can get in again;
The only way that 's left us now,
But all the difficulty 's how.

'Tis

'Tis true we 'ave money, th' only power
That all mankind falls down before;
Money, that, like the ſwords of kings,
'Tis the laſt reaſon of all things;
And therefore need not doubt our play
Has all advantages that way,
As long as men have faith to ſell,
And meet with thoſe that can pay well;
Whoſe half-ſtarv'd pride, and avarice,
One church and ſtate will not ſuffice,
T' expoſe to ſale, beſides the wages,
Of ſtoring plagues to after-ages.
Nor is our money leſs our own
Than 'twas before we laid it down;
For 'twill return, and turn t' account,
If we are brought in play upon 't,
Or but, by caſting knaves, get in,
What power can hinder us to win?
We know the arts we us'd before,
In peace and war, and ſomething more,
And by th' unfortunate events
Can mend our next experiments;
For when we 're taken into truſt,
How eaſy are the wiſeſt chouſt,
Who ſee but th' outſides of our feats,
And not their ſecret ſprings and weights,
And, while they 're buſy at their eaſe,
Can carry what deſigns we pleaſe?
How eaſy is 't to ſerve for agents
To proſecute our old engagements?

To keep the good old Cauſe on foot,
And preſent power from taking root;
Inflame them both with falſe alarms
Of plots, and parties taking arms;
To keep the nation's wounds too wide
From healing up of ſide to ſide;
Profeſs the paſſionat'ſt concerns
For both their intereſts by turns,
The only way t' improve our own,
By dealing faithfully with none
(As bowls run true, by being made
On purpoſe falſe, and to be ſway'd);
For if we ſhould be true to either,
'Twould turn us out of both together;
And therefore have no other means
To ſtand upon our own defence,
But keeping up our ancient party
In vigour, confident and hearty:
To reconcile our late Diſſenters,
Our Brethren, though by other venters;
Unite them, and their different maggots,
As long and ſhort ſticks are in faggots,
And make them join again as cloſe,
As when they firſt began t' eſpouſe;
Erect them into ſeparate
New Jewiſh tribes in Church and State;

To

Ver. 1362.] For *healing up*, in all editions to 1704, excluſive.

Ver. 1368.] Of *purpoſe falſe*, in all editions to 1704, *excluſive*.

To join in marriage and commerce,
And only' among themſelves converſe,
And all that are not of their mind,
Make enemies to all mankind:
Take all religions in, and ſtickle
From Conclave down to Conventicle;
Agreeing ſtill, or diſagreeing,
According to the Light in being.
Sometimes for liberty of conſcience,
And ſpiritual miſrule in one ſenſe;
But in another quite contrary,
As Diſpenſations chance to vary;
And ſtand for, as the times will bear it,
All contradictions of the Spirit:
Protect their emiſſaries, impower'd
To preach Sedition and the Word;
And, when they 're hamper'd by the laws,
Releaſe the labourers for the Cauſe,
And turn the perſecution back
On thoſe that made the firſt attack,
To keep them equally in awe
From breaking or maintaining law:
And, when they have their fits too ſoon,
Before the full-tides of the moon,
Put off their zeal t' a fitter ſeaſon,
For ſowing faction in and treaſon;
And keep them hooded, and their Churches,
Like hawks, from baiting on their perches,
That, when the bleſſed time ſhall come
Of quitting Babylon and Rome,

They may be ready to reſtore
Their own Fifth monarchy once more.
Meanwhile be better arm'd to fence
Againſt revolts of Providence,
By watching narrowly, and ſnapping
All blind ſides of it, as they happen:
For, if ſucceſs could make us Saints,
Our ruin turn'd us miſcreants;
A ſcandal that would fall too hard
Upon a few, and unprepar'd.
These are the courſes we muſt run,
Spite of our hearts, or be undone,
And not to ſtand on terms and freaks,
Before we have ſecur'd our necks.
But do our work as out of ſight,
As ſtars by day, and ſuns by night;
All licence of the people own,
In oppoſition to the Crown;

And

Ver. 1419, 1420.] The author of the *Fourth Part of the Hiſtory of Independency*, p. 56, compares the governors of thoſe times with the Turks, who aſcribe the goodneſs of their cauſe to the keenneſs of their ſword, denying that any thing may properly be called *neſas*, if it can but win the epithet of *proſperum*. Dr. Owen ſeems to have been in this way of thinking. "Where "ſays he (*Eben Ezer*, p. 13. L'Eſtrange's *Diſſenter's "Sayings*, part ii. p. 11.), is the God of Marſton "Moor, and the God of Nazeby? is an acceptable ex- "poſtulation in a glorious day. O! what a catalogue "of mercies has this nation to plead by in a time of "trouble? The God came from Nazeby, and the holy "*One* from the Weſt. *Selah.*"

And for the Crown as fiercely ſide,
The head and body to divide:
The end of all we firſt deſign'd,
And all that yet remains behind.
Be ſure to ſpare no public rapin,
On all emergencies that happen;
For 'tis as eaſy to ſupplant
Authority, as men in want;
As ſome of us, in truſts, have made
The one hand with the other trade;
Gain'd vaſtly by their joint endeavour,
The right a thief, the left receiver;
And what the one, by tricks, foreſtall'd,
The other, by as ſly, retail'd.
For gain has wonderful effects,
T' improve the factory of ſects;
The rule of faith in all profeſſions,
And great Diana of th' Epheſians;
Whence turning of religion 's made
The means to turn and wind a trade;
And though ſome change it for the worſe,
They put themſelves into a courſe,
And draw in ſtore of cuſtomers,
To thrive the better in commerce:
For all religions flock together,
Like tame and wild fowl of a feather;
To nab the itches of their ſects,
As jades do one another's necks.
Hence 'tis hypocriſy as well
Will ſerve t' improve a Church as zeal;

As perſecution, or promotion,
Do equally advance devotion.
Let buſineſs, like ill watches, go
Sometime too faſt, ſometime too ſlow;
For things in order are put out
So eaſy, eaſe itſelf will do 't:
But, when the feat 's deſign'd and meant,
What miracle can bar th' event?
For 'tis more eaſy to betray,
Than ruin any other way.
All poſſible occaſions ſtart,
The weightieſt matters to divert;
Obſtruct, perplex, diſtract, intangle,
And lay perpetual trains to wrangle;
But in affairs of leſs import,
That neither do us good nor hurt,
And they receive as little by,
Out-fawn as much, and out-comply,
And ſeem as ſcrupulouſly juſt,
To bait our hooks for greater truſt.
But ſtill be careful to cry down
All public actions, though our own;
The leaſt miſcarriage aggravate,
And charge it all upon the State:
Expreſs the horrid'ſt deteſtation,
And pity the diſtracted nation;
Tell ſtories ſcandalous and falſe,
I' th' proper language of cabals,
Where all a ſubtle ſtateſman ſays,
Is half in words, and half in face

(As Spaniards talk in dialogues
Of heads and ſhoulders, nods and ſhrugs);
Intruſt it under ſolemn vows
Of Mum, and Silence, and the Roſe,
To be retail'd again in whiſpers,
For th' eaſy credulous to diſperſe.
Thus far the Stateſman—When a ſhout,
Heard at a diſtance, put him out;
And ſtrait another, all aghaſt,
Ruſh'd in with equal fear and haſte,
Who ſtar'd about, as pale as death,
And, for a while, as out of breath,
Till, having gather'd up his wits,
He thus began his tale by fits:
That beaſtly rabble—that came down
From all the garrets—in the Town,

And

Ver. 1504.] We learn from Lilly, that the meſſenger who brought this terrifying intelligence to this cabal was Sir Martyn Noell. Sir Martyn tells his ſtory naturally, and begins like a man in a fright and out of breath, and continues to make breaks and ſtops till he naturally recovers it, and then proceeds floridly, and without impediment. This is a beauty in the Poem not to be diſregarded; and let the reader make an experiment, and ſhorten his breath, or, in other words, put himſelf into Sir Martyn's condition, and then read this relation, and he will ſoon be convinced that the breaks are natural and judicious.

Ver. 1505.] This is an accurate deſcription of the mob's burning rumps upon the admiſſion of the ſecluded members, in contempt of the Rump Parliament.

And ſtalls, and ſhop-boards—in vaſt ſwarms,
With new-chalk'd bills, and ruſty arms,
To cry the Cauſe—up, heretofore,
And bawl the Biſhops—out of door,
Are now drawn up—in greater ſhoals,
To roaſt—and broil us on the coals,
And all the Grandees—of our members
Are carbonading—on the embers;
Knights, citizens, and burgeſſes—
Held forth by rumps—of pigs and geeſe,
That ſerve for characters—and badges
To repreſent their perſonages;
Each bonfire is a funeral pile,
In which they roaſt, and ſcorch, and broil,
And every repreſentative
Have vow'd to roaſt—and broil alive:
And 'tis a miracle we are not
Already ſacrific'd incarnate;
For while we wrangle here, and jar,
We 're grillied all at Temple-bar;
Some, on the ſign-poſt of an alehouſe,
Hang in effigie, on the gallows,
Made up of rags, to perſonate
Reſpective officers of ſtate;
That, henceforth, they may ſtand reputed,
Proſcrib'd in law, and executed,
And, while the work is carrying on,
Be ready liſted under Dun,

That

Ver. 1534.] Dun was the public executioner at that *time, and* the executioners long after that went by the *ſame name.*

That worthy patriot, once the bellows,
And tinder-box, of all his fellows;
The activ'ſt member of the five,
As well as the moſt primitive;
Who, for his faithful ſervice then,
Is choſen for a fifth again
(For ſince the State has made a quint
Of Generals, he 's liſted in 't):
This worthy, as the world will ſay,
Is paid in ſpecie his own way;
For, moulded to the life, in clouts
They 've pick'd from dunghills hereabouts,
He 's mounted on a hazel bavin,
A cropp'd malignant baker gave them;
And to the largeſt bonfire riding,
They 've roaſted Cook already' and Pride in;
On

Ver. 1540.] Sir Arthur Hazlerig, one of the five members of the Houſe of Commons, was impeached 1641-2; was Governor of Newcaſtle upon Tyne, had the Biſhop of Durham's houſe, park, and manor of Aukland, and 6500*l.* in money given him. He died in the Tower of London, Jan 8, 1661.

Ver. 1541, 1542.] The Rump, growing jealous of General Monk, ordered that the generalſhip ſhould be veſted in five commiſſioners, Monk, Hazlerig, Walton, Morley, and Alured, making three a quorum, but denying a motion that Monk ſhould be of that quorum; but, their authority not being then much regarded, this order was not obeyed, and Monk continued ſole General notwithſtanding.

Ver. 1550.] The wicked wretch, who acted as ſolicitor in the King's trial, and drew up a charge of high treaſon

On whom, in equipage and ſtate,
His ſcarecrow fellow-members wait,
And march in order, two and two,
As at Thankſgivings th' us'd to do,
Each in a tatter'd taliſman,
Like vermin in effigie ſlain.
But (what 's more dreadful than the reſt)
Thoſe rumps are but the tail o' th' Beaſt,
Set up by Popiſh engineers,
As by the crackers plainly' appears;
For none, but Jeſuits, have a miſſion
To preach the faith with ammunition,
And propagate the Church with powder;
Their founder was a blown-up ſoldier.
Theſe ſpiritual pioneers o' th' Whore's,
That have the charge of all her ſtores,
Since firſt they fail'd in their deſigns,
To take-in heaven by ſpringing mines,
And with unanſwerable barrels
Of gunpowder diſpute their quarrels,
Now take a courſe more practicable,
By laying trains to fire the rabble,
And blow us up, in th' open ſtreets,
Diſguis'd in rumps, like ſambenites,
More like to ruin and confound,
Than all their doctrines under ground.

Nor

treaſon againſt him, and had drawn up a formal plea againſt him, in caſe he had ſubmitted to the juriſdiction of the Court. At his own trial he pleaded *that what* he did was as a lawyer for his fee. He de-*rvedly ſuffered* at Tyburn as a Regicide.

Nor have they chosen rumps amiss,
For symbols of State-mysteries,
Though some suppose 'twas but to shew
How much they scorn'd the Saints, the few,
Who, 'cause they 're waited to the stumps,
Are represented best by rumps.
But Jesuits have deeper reaches
In all their politic far-fetches,
And from the Coptic priest Kircherus,
Found out this mystic way to jeer us:
For as th' Egyptians us'd by bees
T' express their antique Ptolomies,
And by their stings, the swords they wore,
Held forth authority and power;
Because these subtle animals
Bear all their interests in their tails,
And when they 're once impair'd in that,
Are banish'd their well-order'd state;
They thought all governments were best
By hieroglyphic rumps expreft.
For as, in bodies natural,
The rump 's the fundament of all;
So, in a common-wealth or realm,
The government is call'd the Helm,
With which, like vessels under sail,
They 're turn'd and winded by the tail;
The tail, which birds and fishes steer
Their courses with through sea and air,

To

Ver. 1585. *Kircherus.*] Athanasius Kircher, a Jesuit hath written largely on the Egyptian mystical learning. *Kirkerus,* in the two first editions.

To whom the rudder of the rump is
The ſame thing with the ſtern and compaſs.
This ſhews how perfectly the rump
And commonwealth in Nature jump:
For as a fly, that goes to bed,
Reſts with his tail above his head;
So, in this mongrel ſtate of ours,
The rabble are the ſupreme powers,
That hors'd us on their backs, to ſhow us
A jadiſh trick at laſt, and throw us.
The learned Rabbins of the Jews
Write, there 's a bone, which they call Luez,
I' th' rump of man, of ſuch a virtue,
No force in nature can do hurt to;
And therefore, at the laſt great day,
All th' other members ſhall, they ſay,
Spring out of this, as from a ſeed
All ſorts of vegetals proceed;
From whence the learned ſons of Art
Os ſacrum juſtly ſtyle that part:
Then what can better repreſent,
Than this rump-bone, the Parliament,
That, after ſeveral rude ejections,
And as prodigious reſurrections,
With new reverſions of nine lives,
Starts up, and, like a cat, revives?
But now, alas! they 're all expir'd,
And th' Houſe, as well as members, fir'd;
Conſum'd in kennels by the rout,
With which they other fires put out;

Cond

Condemn'd t' ungoverning diſtreſs,
And paltry, private wretchedneſs;
Worſe than the devil to privation,
Beyond all hopes of reſtoration;
And parted, like the body and ſoul,
From all dominion and control.
We, who could lately, with a look,
Enact, eſtabliſh, or revoke;
Whoſe arbitrary nods gave law,
And frowns kept multitudes in awe;
Before the bluſter of whoſe huff,
All hats, as in a ſtorm, flew off;
Ador'd and bow'd to by the great,
Down to the footman and valet;
Had more bent knees than chapel-mats,
And prayers, than the crowns of hats;
Shall now be ſcorn'd as wretchedly,
For ruin 's juſt as low as high:
Which might be ſuffer'd, were it all
The horror that attends our fall;
For ſome of us have ſcores more large
Than heads and quarters can diſcharge;
And others, who, by reſtleſs ſcraping,
With public frauds, and private rapine,
Have mighty heaps of wealth amaſs'd,
Would gladly lay down all at laſt;
And, to be but undone, entail
Their veſſels on perpetual jail,

And

Ver. 1661, 1662.] This the Regicides, in general, would have done gladly, but the ringleaders of them

And bleſs the devil to let them farms
Of forfeit ſoul, on no worſe terms.
This ſaid, a near and louder ſhout 1665
Put all th' aſſembly to the rout;
Who now began to outrun their fear,
As horſes do, from thoſe they bear;

But

were executed *in terrorem*. Thoſe that came in upon proclamation were brought to the bar of the Houſe of Lords, 25th Nov. 1661, to anſwer what they could ſay for themſelves why judgment ſhould not be executed againſt them? They ſeverally alleged, "That, upon "his Majeſty's gracious Declaration from Breda, and "the votes of the Parliament, *&c.* they did render "themſelves, being adviſed that they ſhould thereby "ſecure their lives; and humbly crav'd the benefit of "the proclamation, *&c.*" And Harry Martyn briſkly added, "That he had never obeyed any proclamation "before this, and hoped he ſhould not be hanged for "taking the King's word now." A bill was brought in for their execution, which was read twice, but afterwards dropt, and ſo they were all ſent to their ſeveral priſons, and little more heard of. Ludlow, and ſome others, eſcaped by flying among the Swiſs Cantons.

Ver. 1665, 1666.] When Sir Martyn came to this cabal, he left the rabble at Temple-bar; but, by the time he had concluded his diſcourſe, they were advanced near Whitehall and Weſtminſter. This alarmed our caballers, and perhaps terrified them with the apprehenſion of being hanged or burned in reality, as ſome of them that very inſtant were in effigy. No wonder, therefore, they broke up ſo precipitately, and that each endeavoured to ſecure himſelf. The manner of it is deſcribed with a poetical licence, only to embelliſh this Canto with a diverting cataſtrophe.

But crowded on with ſo much haſte,
Until they 'd block'd the paſſage faſt,
And barricadoed it with haunches
Of outward men, and bulks and paunches,
That with their ſhoulders ſtrove to ſqueeze,
And rather ſave a crippled piece
Of all their cruſh'd and broken members,
Than have them grillied on the embers;
Still preſſing on with heavy packs
Of one another on their backs,
The van-guard could no longer bear
The charges of the forlorn rear,
But, borne down headlong by the rout,
Were trampled ſorely under foot;
Yet nothing prov'd ſo formidable
As th' horrid cookery of the rabble;
And fear, that keeps all feeling out,
As leſſer pains are by the gout,
Reliev'd them with a freſh ſupply
Of rallied force, enough to fly,
And beat a Tuſcan running-horſe,
Whoſe jockey-rider is all ſpurs.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Knight and Squire's prodigious flight
To quit th' enchanted bower by night.
He plods to turn his amorous ſuit,
T' a plea in law, and proſecute:
Repairs to counſel, to adviſe
'Bout managing the enterprize;
But firſt reſolves to try by letter,
And one more fair addreſs, to get her.

WHO would believe what ſtrange bugbear
Mankind creates itſelf, of fears,
That ſpring, like fern, that inſect weed,
Equivocally, without ſeed,

And have no possible foundation,
But merely in th' imagination:
And yet can do more dreadful feats
Than hags, with all their imps and teats;
Make more bewitch and haunt themselves,
Than all their nurseries of elves.
For fear does things so like a witch,
'Tis hard to unriddle which is which;
Sets up communities of senses,
To chop and change intelligences;
As Rosicrucian virtuoso's
Can see with ears, and hear with noses;
And, when they neither see nor hear,
Have more than both supplied by fear,
That makes them in the dark see visions,
And hag themselves with apparitions,
And, when their eyes discover least,
Discern the subtlest objects best;
Do things not contrary, alone,
To th' course of Nature, but its own;
The courage of the bravest daunt,
And turn pultroons as valiant:
For men as resolute appear
With too much, as too little fear;
And, when they 're out of hopes of flying,
Will run away from death by dying;
Or turn again to stand it out,
And those they fled, like lions, rout.
This Hudibras had prov'd too true,
Who, by the Furies left *perdue*,

And haunted with detachments, ſent
From Marſhal Legion's regiment,
Was by a fiend, as counterfeit,
Reliev'd and reſcued with a cheat;
When nothing but himſelf, and fear,
Was both the imps and conjurer;
As, by the rules o' th' virtuoſi,
It follows in due form of poeſie.
Diſguis'd in all the maſks of night,
We left our champion on his flight,
At blindman's buff, to grope his way,
In equal fear of night and day;
Who took his dark and deſperate courſe,
He knew no better than his horſe;
And, by an unknown devil led,
(He knew as little whither) fled,
He never was in greater need,
Nor leſs capacity of ſpeed;
Diſabled, both in man and beaſt,
To fly and run away, his beſt;
To keep the enemy, and fear,
From equal falling on his rear.
And though with kicks and bangs he ply'd
The further and the nearer ſide,
(As ſeamen ride with all their force,
And tug as if they row'd the horſe;

And,

Ver. 36.] Alluding to Stephen Marſhal's bellowing *out* treaſon from the pulpit, in order to recruit the *army of* the Rebels. He was called the *Geneva Bull.*

And, when the hackney fails moſt ſwift,
Believe they lag, or run a-drift);
So, though he poſted e'er ſo faſt,
His fear was greater than his haſte:
For fear, though fleeter than the wind,
Believes 'tis always left behind.
But when the morn began t' appear,
And ſhift t' another ſcene his fear,
He found his new officious ſhade,
That came ſo timely to his aid,
And forc'd him from the foe t' eſcape,
Had turn'd itſelf to Ralpho's ſhape,
So like in perſon, garb, and pitch,
'Twas hard t' interpret which was which.
For Ralpho had no ſooner told
The Lady all he had t' unfold,
But ſhe convey'd him out of ſight,
To entertain the approaching Knight;
And, while he gave himſelf diverſion,
T' accommodate his beaſt and perſon,
And

Ver. 67.] I have before obſerved, that we may trace our heroes morning and night. This particular is always eſſential in poetry, to avoid confuſion and diſputes among the critics. How would they have calculated the number of days taken up in the Iliad, Æneid, and Paradiſe Loſt, if the poets had not been careful to lead them into the momentous diſcovery? Mr. Butler is as clear in this point as any of them: for, from opening of theſe Adventures, every morning and night have been poetically deſcribed; and now we are arrived at the third day.

And put his beard into a poſture
At beſt advantage to accoſt her;
She order'd th' antimaſquerade
(For his reception) aforeſaid:
But, when the ceremony was done,
The lights put out, the Furies gone,
And Hudibras, among the reſt,
Convey'd away, as Ralpho gueſs'd;
The wretched caitiff, all alone,
(As he believ'd) began to moan,
And tell his ſtory to himſelf,
The Knight miſtook him for an elf;
And did ſo ſtill, till he began
To ſcruple at Ralpho's outward man,
And thought, becauſe they oft agreed
T' appear in one another's ſtead;
And act the ſaint's and devil's part,
With undiſtinguiſhable art,
They might have done ſo now, perhaps,
And put on one another's ſhapes;
And therefore, to reſolve the doubt,
He ſtar'd upon him, and cry'd out,
What art? My Squire, or that bold ſprite
That took his place and ſhape to-night?

Some

Ver. 88.] *But ſhe convey'd him*, &c. Firſt edit. 1678. Altered, 1684, to *convey'd*.

Ver. 102, 103, 104.] Here is an amazing diſcovery opened. The Knight's dreadful apprehenſions vaniſh *with night*: no ſooner does the day break, but with joy

Some buſy independent pug,
Retainer to his ſynagogue?
Alas! quoth he, I 'm none of thoſe
Your boſom friends, as you ſuppoſe,

But

joy he perceives his miſtake; he finds Ralpho in his company inſtead of an elf or a ghoſt: upon this he is agreeably ſurprized, as he was before terribly affrighted. But let us examine whether this meeting, and the reconciliation that follows it, are naturally brought about, ſince, the day before, they had mutually reſolved to abandon each other. I think he hath judiciouſly formed this incident: for it is plain the Knight and the Squire were conſcious they had wronged one another, the one by his baſe intentions, and the other by his treachery and groſs impoſition; but very fortunately they were ignorant of each other's deſigns, and, conſequently, each thought himſelf the offender: it is, therefore, natural and probable that they ſhould eaſily come to a good underſtanding. The Knight compounds with the Squire for his impoſition as a ghoſt, not only from a ſenſe of his own baſe intentions, but for the happy eſcape from witches, ſpirits, and elves, from which the Squire pretends to have freed him. On the other hand, the Squire is willing to re-enter into the Knight's ſervice, and to attend him once more in his peregrinations, when he found this ſham meritorious action had deluded him into a ſuſpenſion of that reſentment which he might juſtly have exerted: thus are they fortunately reconciled, and thus are theſe momentous Adventures continued, to the ſatisfaction of the reader, and applauſe of the Poet.

Ver. 103.] *Sprite*, in all the editions to 1726, incluſive. *Spright*, edition 1739.

But Ralph himſelf, your truſty Squire,
Who 'as dragg'd your Dunſhip out o' th' mire,
And from th' inchantments of a Widow,
Who 'ad turn'd you int' a beaſt, have freed you;
And, though a priſoner of war,
Have brought you ſafe, where now you are;
Which you would gratefully repay,
Your conſtant Preſbyterian way.
That 's ſtranger (quoth the Knight) and ſtranger;
Who gave thee notice of my danger?
Quoth he, Th' infernal conjurer
Purſued, and took me priſoner;
And, knowing you were hereabout,
Brought me along, to find you out.
Where I, in hugger-mugger hid,
Have noted all they ſaid or did:
And, though they lay to him the pageant,
I did not ſee him, nor his agent;
Who play'd their ſorceries out of ſight,
T' avoid a fiercer, ſecond fight.
But didſt thou ſee no devils then?
Not one (quoth he) but carnal men,
A little worſe than fiends in hell,
And that ſhe-devil Jezabel,
That laugh'd and tee-he'd with deriſion,
To ſee them take your depoſition.
What then (quoth Hudibras) was he
That play'd the devil to examine me?

A rallying

Ver. 110.] *Dunſhip*, in all editions to 1710. *Donſhip*, *in later editions.*

A rallying weaver in the town,
That did it in a parſon's gown;
Whom all the pariſh takes for gifted,
But for my part I ne'er believ'd it:
In which you told them all your feats,
Your conſcientious frauds and cheats;
Deny'd your whipping, and confeſs'd
The naked truth of all the reſt,
More plainly than the reverend writer
That to our Churches veil'd his mitre;
All which they took in black and white,
And cudgel'd me to underwrite.
What made thee, when they all were gone,
And none but thou and I alone,
To act the devil, and forbear
To rid me of my helliſh fear?

Quoth

Ver. 145, 146.] Though there were more than one in thoſe times that this character would have ſuited, yet it is probable that Mr. George Graham, Biſhop of Orkney, is ſneered at in this place by Mr. Butler. He was ſo baſe as to renounce and abjure Epiſcopacy, ſigning the abjuration with his own hand, at Breckneſs, in Strones, Feb. 11, 1639. To this remarkable incident Biſhop Hall alludes (Epiſtle Dedicatory prefixed to his *Epiſcopacy by Divine Right*, &c. 1640, p. 1.) where he obſerves, "That he craved pardon for having "accepted his Epiſcopal function, as if he had thereby "committed ſome heinous offence." Upon which he uſes the following exclamation, "Good God! what is "this I have lived to hear? That a biſhop, in a Chriſ-"tian aſſembly, ſhould renounce his Epiſcopal function, "and cry Mercy for his now abandoned calling."

Quoth he, I knew your conſtant rate,
And frame of ſpirit too obſtinate,
To be by me prevail'd upon,
With any motives of my own;
And therefore ſtrove to counterfeit
The devil a while, to nick your wit;
The devil, that is your conſtant crony,
That only can prevail upon ye;
Elſe we might ſtill have been diſputing,
And they with weighty drubs confuting.
The Knight, who now began to find
They 'ad left the enemy behind,
And ſaw no farther harm remain
But feeble wearineſs and pain,
Perceiv'd, by loſing of their way,
They 'ad gain'd th' advantage of the day,
And, by declining of the road,
They had, by chance, their rear made good;
He ventur'd to diſmiſs his fear,
That partings wont to rant and tear,
And give the deſperat'ſt attack
To danger ſtill behind its back:
For, having paus'd to recollect,
And on his paſt ſucceſs reflect;
T' examine and conſider why,
And whence, and how, he came to fly;
And, when no devil had appear'd,
What elſe it could be ſaid he fear'd;
It put him in ſo fierce a rage,
He once reſolv'd to re-engage;

Toſs'd,

Toſs'd, like a foot-ball, back again
With ſhame, and vengeance, and diſdain.
Quoth he, It was thy cowardice
That made me from this leaguer riſe,
And, when I 'ad half-reduc'd the place,
To quit it infamouſly baſe:
Was better cover'd by the new-
arriv'd detachment, than I knew;
To ſlight my new acqueſts, and run,
Victoriouſly, from battles won;
And, reckoning all I gain'd or loſt,
To ſell them cheaper than they coſt;
To make me put myſelf to flight,
And, conquering, run away by night;
To drag me out, which th' haughty foe
Durſt never have preſum'd to do:
To mount me in the dark, by force,
Upon the bare ridge of my horſe,
Expos'd in querpo to their rage,
Without my arms and equipage;
Leſt, if they ventur'd to purſue,
I might th' unequal fight renew;
And, to preſerve thy outward man,
Aſſum'd my place, and led the van.
All this (quoth Ralph) I did, 'tis true,
Not to preſerve myſelf, but you:
You, who were damn'd to baſer drubs
Than wretches feel in powdering-tubs;
To mount two-wheel'd caroches, worſe
Than managing a wooden horſe;

Dragg'd out through ſtraiter holes by th' ears,
Eras'd, or coup'd for perjurers;
Who, though th' attempt had prov'd in vain,
Had had no reaſon to complain;
But, ſince it proſper'd, 'tis unhandſome
To blame the hand that paid your ranſom,
And reſcued your obnoxious bones
From unavoidable battoons.
The enemy was reinforc'd,
And we diſabled and unhors'd,
Diſarm'd, unqualify'd for fight,
And no way left but haſty flight,
Which, though as deſperate in th' attempt,
Has given you freedom to condemn 't.
But, were our bones in fit condition
To reinforce the expedition,
'Tis now unſeaſonable and vain
To think of falling on again:
No martial project to ſurprize
Can ever be attempted twice,
Nor caſt deſign ſerve afterwards;
As gameſters tear their loſing-cards.
Beſide, our bangs of man and beaſt
Are fit for nothing now but reſt,
And for a while will not be able
To rally, and prove ſerviceable:
And therefore I, with reaſon, choſe
This ſtratagem t' amuſe our foes,
To make an honourable retreat,
And wave a total ſure defeat;

For

oſe that fly may fight again,
h he can never do that 's ſlain.
timely running 's no mean part
nduct, in the martial art;
hich ſome glorious feats atchieve,
izens by breaking thrive,
annons conquer armies, while
ſeem to draw off and recoil;
d the gallant'ſt courſe, and braveſt,
eat exploits, as well as ſafeſt;
ſpares th' expence of time and pains,
langerous beating out of brains;
in the end, prevails as certain
oſe that never truſt to Fortune;
ake their fear do execution
d the ſtouteſt reſolution;
rthquakes kill without a blow,
only trembling, overthrow.
Ancients crown'd their braveſt men,
only ſav'd a citizen,
victory could e'er be won,
ry one would ſave but one?
ht endanger'd to be loſt,
e all reſolve to ſave the moſt?
is means, when a battle 's won,
war 's as far from being done;
hoſe that ſave themſelves, and fly,
lves, at leaſt, i' th' victory;
ſometime, when the loſs is ſmall,
danger great, they challenge all;

Prine

Print new additions to their feats,
And emendations in Gazettes;
And when, for furious haſte to run,
They durſt not ſtay to fire a gun,
Have done 't with bonfires, and at home
Made ſquibs and crackers overcome;
To ſet the rabble on a flame,
And keep their governors from blame,
Diſperſe the news the pulpit tells,
Confirm'd with fireworks and with bells;
And, though reduc'd to that extreme,
They have been forc'd to ſing *Te Deum*;
Yet, with religious blaſphemy,
By flattering Heaven with a lye,
And, for their beating, giving thanks,
They 'ave rais'd recruits, and fill'd their banks;
For thoſe who run from th' enemy,
Engage them equally to fly;
And, when the fight becomes a chace,
Thoſe win the day that win the race;
And that which would not paſs in fights,
Has done the feat with eaſy flights;
Recover'd many a deſperate campaign
With Bourdeaux, Burgundy, and Champaign;
Reſtor'd the fainting high and mighty
With brandy-wine, and aqua-vitæ;
And made them ſtoutly overcome
With Bacrack, Hoccamore, and Mum;

Ver. 300. *With Bacrack.*] Or *Baccharack. Bac edition* 1684, and following editions.

With th' uncontrol'd decrees of Fate
To victory neceſſitate;
With which, although they run or beat,
They unavoidably return;
Or elſe their ſultan populace
Still ſtrangle all their routed Baſſa's.
Quoth Hudibras, I underſtand
What fights thou mean'ſt at ſea and land,
And who thoſe were that run away,
And yet gave out they 'ad won the day;
Although the rabble ſous'd them for 't,
Q'er head and ears, in mud and dirt.
'Tis true, our modern way of war
Is grown more politic by far,
But not ſo reſolute and bold,
Nor ty'd to honour, as the old.
For now they laugh at giving battle,
Unleſs it be to herds of cattle;
Or fighting convoys of proviſion,
The whole deſign o' th' expedition,
And not with downright blows to rout
The enemy, but eat them out:
As fighting, in all beaſts of prey,
And eating, are perform'd one way,
To give defiance to their teeth,
And fight their ſtubborn guts to death;
And thoſe atchieve the higheſt renown,
That bring the other ſtomachs down.

There

Ver. 322. *The other's ſtomachs*, edition 1700, and following ones.

There 's now no fear of wounds nor maiming,
All dangers are reduc'd to famine,
And feats of arms, to plot, deſign,
Surprize, and ſtratagem, and mine;
But have no need nor uſe of courage,
Unleſs it be for glory or forage:
For if they fight, 'tis but by chance,
When one ſide venturing to advance,
And come uncivilly too near,
Are charg'd unmercifully i' th' rear,
And forc'd, with terrible reſiſtance,
To keep hereafter at a diſtance;
To pick out ground t' incamp upon,
Where ſtore of largeſt rivers run,
That ſerve, inſtead of peaceful barriers,
To part th' engagements of their warriors;
Where both from ſide to ſide may ſkip,
And only encounter at bo-peep:
For men are found the ſtouter-hearted,
The certainer they 're to be parted,
And therefore poſt themſelves in bogs,
As th' ancient mice attack'd the frogs,
And made their mortal enemy,
The water-rat, their ſtrict ally.
For 'tis not now who 's ſtout and bold?
But who bears hunger beſt, and cold?
And he 's approv'd the moſt deſerving,
Who longeſt can hold out at ſtarving;
And he that routs moſt pigs and cows,
The formidableſt man of proweſs,

So

So th' Emperor Caligula,
That triumph'd o'er the Britiſh ſea,
Took crabs and oyſters priſoners,
And lobſters, 'ſtead of cuiraſſiers;
Engag'd his legions in fierce buſtles,
With periwinkles, prawns, and muſſels,
And led his troops with furious gallops,
To charge whole regiments of ſcallops;
Not like their ancient way of war,
To wait on his triumphal car;
But, when he went to dine or ſup,
More bravely ate his captives up,
And left all war, by his example,
Reduc'd to victualing of a camp well
  Quoth Ralph, By all that you have ſaid,
And twice as much that I could add,
'Tis plain you cannot now do worſe
Than take this out-of-faſhion'd courſe;
To hope, by ſtratagem, to wooe her,
Or waging battle to ſubdue her;
Though ſome have done it in romances,
And bang'd them into amorous fancies;
As thoſe who won the Amazons,
By wanton drubbing of their bones;
And ſtout Rinaldo gain'd his bride
By courting of her back and ſide.
But, ſince thoſe times and feats are over,
They are not for a modern lover,
When miſtreſſes are too croſs-grain'd
By ſuch addreſſes to be gain'd;

And if they were, would have it out
With many another kind of bout.
Therefore I hold no courſe ſo infeaſible,
As this of force, to win the Jezabel,
To ſtorm her heart, by th' antic charms
Of ladies errant, force of arms;
But rather ſtrive by law to win her,
And try the title you have in her.
Your caſe is clear, you have her word,
And me to witneſs the accord;
Beſides two more of her retinue
To teſtify what paſs'd between you;
More probable, and like to hold,
Than hand, or ſeal, or breaking gold,
For which ſo many, that renounc'd
Their plighted contracts, have been trounc'd,
And bills upon record been found,
That forc'd the ladies to compound;
And that, unleſs I miſs the matter,
Is all the buſineſs you look after.
Beſides, encounters at the bar
Are braver now than thoſe in war,
In which the law does execution,
With leſs diſorder and confuſion;
Has more of honour in 't, ſome hold;
Not like the new way, but the old,
When thoſe the pen had drawn together,
Decided quarrels with the feather,
And winged arrows kill'd as dead,
And more than bullets now of lead;

So

So all their combats now, as then,
Are manag'd chiefly by the pen;
That does the feat, with braver vigours,
In words at length, as well as figures;
Is judge of all the world performs
In voluntary feats of arms,
And, whatſoe'er 's atchiev'd in fight,
Determines which is wrong or right:
For, whether you prevail or loſe,
All muſt be try'd there in the cloſe;
And therefore 'tis not wiſe to ſhun
What you muſt truſt to ere ye 've done.
  The law, that ſettles all you do,
And marries where you did but wooe;
That makes the moſt perfidious lover,
A lady, that 's as falſe, recover;
And, if it judge upon your ſide,
Will ſoon extend her for your bride,
And put her perſon, goods, or lands,
Or which you like beſt, int' your hands.
  For law 's the wiſdom of all ages,
And manag'd by the ableſt ſages;
Who, though their buſineſs at the bar
Be but a kind of civil war,
In which they' engage with fiercer dudgeons
Than e'er the Grecians did, and Trojans,
They never manage the conteſt
T' impair their public intereſt,
Or by their controverſies leſſen
The dignity of their profeſſion:

Not like us Brethren, who divide
Our Common-wealth, the Cauſe, and ſide;
And, though we 're all as near of kindred
As th' outward man is to the inward,
We agree in nothing, but to wrangle
About the ſlighteſt ſingle-fangle;
While lawyers have more ſober ſenſe,
Than t' argue at their own expence,
But make their beſt advantages
Of others' quarrels, like the Swiſs;
And, out of foreign controverſies,
By aiding both ſides, fill their purſes;
But have no intereſt in the cauſe
For which they' engage, and wage the laws,
Nor further proſpect than their pay,
Whether they loſe or win the day.
And, though they' abounded in all ages
With ſundry learned clerks and ſages;
Though all their buſineſs be diſpute,
Which way they canvaſs every ſuit,
They 've no diſputes about their art,
Nor in polemics controvert;
While all profeſſions elſe are found
With nothing but diſputes t' abound:
Divines of all ſorts, and phyſicians,
Philoſophers, mathematicians;
The Galeniſt and Paracelſian,
Condemn the way each other deals in;

Anatomiſts

Ver. 475.] Galen was born in the year 130, and *lived* to the year 200. Paracelſus was born the latter-end

Anatomiſts diſſect and mangle,
To cut themſelves out work to wrangle;
Aſtrologers diſpute their dreams,
That in their ſleeps they talk of ſchemes;
And heralds ſtickle who got who,
So many hundred years ago.
But lawyers are too wiſe a nation
T' expoſe their trade to diſputation,
Or make the buſy rabble judges
Of all their ſecret piques and grudges;
In which, whoever wins the day,
The whole profeſſion 's ſure to pay.
Beſide, no mountebanks, nor cheats,
Dare undertake to do their feats;
When in all other ſciences
They ſwarm like inſects, and increaſe.
For what bigot durſt ever draw,
By inward Light, a deed in law?
Or could hold forth, by revelation,
An anſwer to a Declaration?
For thoſe that meddle with their tools
Will cut their fingers, if they 're fools:
And if you follow their advice,
In bills, and anſwers, and replies,
They 'll write a love-letter in Chancery,
Shall bring her upon oath to anſwer ye,

And

end of the 15th, and lived almoſt to the middle of the 16th century.

And ſoon reduce her to b' your wife,
Or make her weary of her life.
The Knight, who us'd with tricks and ſhifts
To edify by Ralpho's Gifts,
But in appearance cry'd him down,
To make them better ſeem his own
(All plagiaries' conſtant courſe
Of ſinking, when they take a purſe),
Reſolv'd to follow his advice,
But kept it from him by diſguiſe;
And, after ſtubborn contradiction,
To counterfeit his own conviction,
And, by tranſition, fall upon
The reſolution as his own.
Quoth he, This gambol thou adviſeſt
Is, of all others, the unwiſeſt;
For, if I think by law to gain her,
There 's nothing ſillier nor vainer.
'Tis but to hazard my pretence,
Where nothing 's certain but th' expence;
To act againſt myſelf, and traverſe
My ſuit and title to her favours;
And if ſhe ſhould, which Heaven forbid,
O'erthrow me, as the Fiddler did,
What after-courſe have I to take,
'Gainſt loſing all I have at ſtake?

He

Ver. 507.] *Cry'd him down*, edition 1678, 1684. *Cry'd them down*, 1700, and following editions.

He that with injury is griev'd,
And goes to law to be reliev'd,
Is fillier than a ſottiſh chouſe,
Who, when a thief has robb'd his houſe,
Applies himſelf to cunning-men,
To help him to his goods again;
When all he can expect to gain,
Is but to ſquander more in vain:
And yet I have no other way,
But is as difficult, to play:
For to reduce her by main force
Is now in vain; by fair means, worſe;
But worſt of all to give her over,
Till ſhe 's as deſperate to recover:
For bad games are thrown up too ſoon,
Until they 're never to be won.
But, ſince I have no other courſe,
But is as bad t' attempt, or worſe,
He that complies againſt his will,
Is of his own opinion ſtill,
Which he may' adhere to, yet diſown,
For reaſons to himſelf beſt known;
But 'tis not to b' avoided now,
For Sidrophel reſolves to ſue;
Whom I muſt anſwer, or begin,
Inevitably, firſt with him;
For I 've receiv'd advertiſement,
By times enough, of his intent;
And, knowing he that firſt complains
Th' advantage of the buſineſs gains;

For courts of juſtice underſtand
The plaintiff to be eldeſt hand;
Who what he pleaſes may aver,
The other nothing till he ſwear;
Is freely' admitted to all grace,
And lawful favour, by his place;
And, for his bringing cuſtom in,
Has all advantages to win:
I, who reſolve to overſee
No lucky opportunity,
Will go to counſel, to adviſe
Which way t' encounter or ſurprize;
And, after long conſideration,
Have found out one to fit th' occaſion,
Moſt apt for what I have to do,
As counſellor, and juſtice too.
And truly ſo, no doubt, he was,
A lawyer fit for ſuch a caſe.
An old dull ſot, who told the clock,
For many years, at Bridewell-dock,
At Weſtminſter, and Hicks's-hall,
And *hiccius doctius* play'd in all;
Where, in all governments and times,
He 'ad been both friend and foe to crimes,
And us'd two equal ways of gaining,
By hindering juſtice, or maintaining:
To many a whore gave privilege,
And whipp'd, for want of quarterage;
Curt-loads of bawds to priſon ſent,
For being behind a fortnight's rent;

And many a truſty pimp and crony
To Puddle-dock, for want of money:
Engag'd the conſtable to ſeize
All thoſe that would not break the peace;
Nor give him back his own foul words,
Though ſometimes commoners or lords,
And kept them priſoners of courſe,
For being ſober at ill hours;
That in the morning he might free,
Or bind them over, for his fee.
Made monſters fine, and puppet-plays,
For leave to practiſe in their ways;
Farm'd out all cheats, and went a ſhare
With th' headborough and ſcavenger;
And made the dirt i' th' ſtreets compound
For taking up the public ground;
The kennel, and the king's highway,
For being unmoleſted, pay;
Let out the ſtocks, and whipping-poſt,
And cage, to thoſe that gave him moſt;
Impos'd a tax on bakers' ears,
And, for falſe weights, on chandeleers;
Made victualers and vintners fine
For arbitrary ale and wine;
But was a kind and conſtant friend
To all that regularly' offend;
As reſidentiary bawds,
And brokers that receive ſtol'n goods;
That cheat in lawful myſteries,
And pay church-duties and his fees;

But was implacable and awkward
To all that interlop'd and hawker'd.
To this brave man the Knight repairs
For counsel in his law-affairs;
And found him mounted, in his pew,
With books and money plac'd for shew,
Like nest-eggs, to make clients lay,
And for his false opinion pay:
To whom the Knight, with comely grace,
Put off his hat, to put his case;
Which he as proudly entertain'd
As th' other courteously strain'd;
And, to assure him 'twas not that
He look'd for, bid him put on 's hat.
Quoth he, There is one Sidrophel
Whom I have cudgel'd—Very well.
And now he brags to have beaten me.
—Better, and better still, quoth he.
And vows to stick me to a wall,
Where'er he meets me—Best of all.
'Tis true the knave has taken 's oath
That I robb'd him—Well done, in troth.
When he 'as confess'd he stole my cloak,
And pick'd my fob, and what he took;
Which was the cause that made me bang him,
And take my goods again—Marry, hang him.
Now, whether I should beforehand,
Swear he robb'd me?—I understand.

Or

Ver. 619.] *Auker'd.* editions 1678, 1684.

Or bring my action of converſion
And trover for my goods?—Ah, whoreſon.
Or, if 'tis better to indict,
And bring him to his trial?—Right.
Prevent what he deſigns to do,
And ſwear for th' ſtate againſt him?—True.
Or whether he that is defendant,
In this caſe, has the better end on 't;
Who, putting in a new croſs-bill,
May traverſe the action?—Better ſtill.
Then there 's a lady, too—Aye, marry.
That 's eaſily prov'd acceſſary;
A Widow, who, by ſolemn vows
Contracted to me, for my ſpouſe,
Combin'd with him to break her word,
And has abetted all—Good Lord!
Suborn'd th' aforeſaid Sidrophel
To tamper with the devil of hell;
Who put m' into a horrid fear,
Fear of my life—Make that appear.
Made an aſſault with fiends and men
Upon my body—Good again.
And kept me in a deadly fright,
And falſe impriſonment, all night.
Meanwhile they robb'd me, and my horſe,
And ſtole my ſaddle—Worſe and worſe.
And made me mount upon the bare ridge,
T' avoid a wretcheder miſcarriage.
Sir (quoth the lawyer) not to flatter ye,
You have as good and fair a battery

As heart can wiſh, and need not ſhame
The proudeſt man alive to claim:
For if they 've us'd you as you ſay,
Marry, quoth I, God give you joy;
I would it were my caſe, I 'd give
More than I 'll ſay, or you 'll believe:
I would ſo trounce her, and her purſe,
I 'd make her kneel for better or worſe;
For matrimony and hanging, here,
Both go by deſtiny ſo clear,
That you as ſure may pick and chuſe,
As croſs I win, and pile you loſe:
And, if I durſt, I would advance
As much in ready maintenance,
As upon any caſe I 've known;
But we that practiſe dare not own:
The law ſeverely contrabands
Our taking buſineſs off men's hands;
'Tis common barratry, that bears
Point-blank an action 'gainſt our ears,
And crops them till there is not leather,
To ſtick a pin in, left of either;
For which ſome do the ſummer-fault,
And o'er the bar, like tumblers, vault:
But you may ſwear, at any rate,
Things not in nature, for the ſtate;
For in all courts of juſtice here
A witneſs is not ſaid to ſwear,
But make oath; that is, in plain terms,
To forge whatever he affirms.

(I thank

(I thank you, quoth the Knight, for that,
Becauſe 'tis to my purpoſe pat—)
For Juſtice, though ſhe 's painted blind,
Is to the weaker ſide inclin'd,
Like Charity; elſe right and wrong
Could never hold it out ſo long,
And, like blind Fortune, with a ſleight,
Convey men's intereſt and right
From Stiles's pocket into Nokes's,
As eaſily as *Hocus Pocus*;
Plays faſt and looſe, makes men obnoxious;
And clear again, like *hiccius doctius*.
Then, whether you would take her life,
Or but recover her for your wife,
Or be content with what ſhe has,
And let all other matters paſs,
The buſineſs to the law 's alone,
The proof is all it looks upon;
And you can want no witneſſes,
To ſwear to any thing you pleaſe,
That hardly get their mere expences
By th' labour of their conſciences,
Or letting out, to hire, their ears
To Affidavit-cuſtomers,
At inconſiderable values,
To ſerve for jurymen, or tales,
Although retain'd in th' hardeſt matters
Of truſtees and adminiſtrators.

For

Ver. 723.] *Alone*, in all editions to 1704, inclusive. *All one*, in later editions.

For that (quoth he), let me alone;
We 've ſtore of ſuch, and all our own,
Bred up and tutor'd by our Teachers,
The ableſt of conſcience-ſtretchers.
That 's well (quoth he); but I ſhould gueſs,
By weighing all advantages,
Your ſureſt way is firſt to pitch
On Bongey for a water-witch;
And when ye 've hang'd the conjurer,
Ye 've time enough to deal with her.
In th' interim ſpare for no trepans
To draw her neck into the banns;
Ply her with love-letters and billets,
And bait them well, for quirks and quillets,
With trains t' inveigle and ſurprize
Her heedleſs anſwers and replies;
And if ſhe miſs the mouſe-trap lines,
They 'll ſerve for other bye-deſigns;

And

Ver. 742.] Bongey was a Franciſcan, and lived towards the end of the thirteenth century; a doctor of divinity in Oxford, and a particular acquaintance of Friar Bacon's. In that ignorant age every thing that ſeemed extraordinary was reputed magic, and ſo both Bacon and Bongey went under the imputation of ſtudying the black art. Bongey alſo, publiſhing a treatiſe of natural magic, confirmed ſome well-meaning credulous people in this opinion; but it was altogether groundleſs, for Bongey was choſen Provincial of his order, being a perſon of moſt excellent parts and piety.

And make an artiſt underſtand
To copy out her ſeal, or hand;
Or find void places in the paper,
To ſteal in ſomething to entrap her;
Till with her worldly goods, and body,
Spite of her heart, ſhe has endow'd ye:
Retain all ſorts of witneſſes,
That ply i' th' Temples, under trees,
Or walk the round, with Knights o' th' Poſts,
About the croſs-legg'd knights, their hoſts;
Or wait for cuſtomers between
The pillar-rows in Lincoln's-Inn;
Where vouchers, forgers, common-bail,
And Affidavit-men, ne'er fail
T' expoſe to ſale all ſorts of oaths,
According to their ears and clothes,
Their only neceſſary tools,
Beſides the Goſpel, and their ſouls;
And, when ye 're furniſh'd with all purveys,
I ſhall be ready at your ſervice.
I would not give (quoth Hudibras)
A ſtraw to underſtand a caſe,
Without the admirable ſkill
To wind and manage it at will;
To veer, and tack, and ſteer a cauſe,
Againſt the weather-gage of laws,
And ring the changes upon caſes,
As plain as noſes upon faces,

As you have well inſtructed me,
For which you 've earn'd (here 'tis) your fee.
I long to practiſe your advice,
And try the ſubtle artifice;
To bait a letter, as you bid.
As, not long after, thus he did;
For, having pump'd up all his wit,
And hum'd upon it, thus he writ.

Ver 782.] The beggar's prayer for the lawyer would have ſuited this gentleman very well. See the works of J. Taylor, the Water-poet, p. 101. "May the "Terms be everlaſting to thee, thou man of tongue; "and may contentions grow and multiply! may actions "beget actions, and caſes engender caſes, as thick as "hops; may every day of the year be a Shrove-Tueſ-"day; let proclamations forbid fighting, to encreaſe "actions of battery; that thy caſſock may be three-"piled, and the welts of thy gown may not grow "thread-bare!"

AN HEROICAL EPISTLE*

OF HUDIBRAS TO HIS LADY.

I WHO was once as great as Cæſar,
Am now reduc'd to Nebuchadnezzar;
And, from as fam'd a conqueror
As ever took degree in war,
Or did his exerciſe in battle,
By you turn'd out to graſs with cattle:
For, ſince I am deny'd acceſs
To all my earthly happineſs,
Am fallen from the paradiſe
Of your good graces, and fair eyes;
Loſt

* This Epiſtle was to be the reſult of all the fair methods the Knight was to uſe in gaining the Widow; it therefore required all his wit and dexterity to draw from this artful Lady an unwary anſwer. If the plot ſucceeded, he was to compel her immediately, by law, to a compliance with his deſires. But the Lady was too cunning to give him ſuch a handle as he longed for: on the contrary, her Anſwer ſilenced all his pretenſions.

Loſt to the world and you, I 'm ſent
To everlaſting baniſhment,
Where all the hopes I had to 've won
Your heart, being daſh'd, will break my own.
Yet, if you were not ſo ſevere
To paſs your doom before you hear,
You 'd find, upon my juſt defence,
How much you 've wrong'd my innocence.
That once I made a vow to you,
Which yet is unperform'd, 'tis true;
But not becauſe it is unpaid,
'Tis violated, though delay'd:
Or, if it were, it is no fault,
So heinous as you 'd have it thought;
To undergo the loſs of ears,
Like vulgar hackney perjurers:
For there 's a difference in the caſe,
Between the noble and the baſe;
Who always are obſerv'd to 've done 't
Upon as different an account;
The one for great and weighty cauſe,
To ſalve, in honour, ugly flaws;
For none are like to do it ſooner,
Than thoſe who 're niceſt of their honour:
The other, for baſe gain and pay,
Forſwear and perjure by the day,
And make th' expoſing and retailing
Their ſouls and conſciences a calling.
It is no ſcandal nor aſperſion,
Upon a great and noble perſon,

To

To ſay he naturally abhorr'd
Th' old-faſhion'd trick to keep his word,
Though 'tis perfidiouſneſs and ſhame,
In meaner men, to do the ſame:
For to be able to forget,
Is found more uſeful to the great,
Than gout, or deafneſs, or bad eyes,
To make them paſs for wondrous wiſe.
But though the law, on perjurers,
Inflicts the forfeiture of ears,
It is not juſt, that does exempt
The guilty, and puniſh th' innocent;
To make the ears repair the wrong
Committed by th' ungovern'd tongue;
And, when one member is forſworn,
Another to be cropt or torn.
And if you ſhould, as you deſign,
By courſe of law, recover mine,
You 're like, if you conſider right,
To gain but little honour by 't.
For he that for his lady's ſake
Lays down his life, or limbs, at ſtake,
Does not ſo much deſerve her favour,
As he that pawns his ſoul to have her.
This ye 've acknowledg'd I have done,
Although you now diſdain to own;
But ſentence what you rather ought
T' eſteem good ſervice than a fault.
Beſides, oaths are not bound to bear
That literal ſenſe the words infer;

But, by the practice of the age,
Are to be judg'd how far they' engage;
And, where the ſenſe by cuſtom 's checkt,
Are found void and of none effect;
For no man takes or keeps a vow,
But juſt as he ſees others do;
Nor are they' oblig'd to be ſo brittle,
As not to yield and bow a little:
For as beſt-temper'd blades are found,
Before they break, to bend quite round;
So trueſt oaths are ſtill moſt tough,
And, though they bow, are breaking proof.
Then wherefore ſhould they not b' allow'd
In love a greater latitude?
For, as the law of arms approves
All ways to conqueſt, ſo ſhould Love's;
And not be ty'd to true or falſe,
But make that juſteſt that prevails:
For how can that which is above
All empire, high and mighty Love,
Submit its great prerogative
To any other power alive?
Shall Love, that to no crown gives place,
Become the ſubject of a caſe?
The fundamental law of Nature
Be over-rul'd by thoſe made after?
Commit the cenſure of its cauſe
To any but its own great laws?
Love, that 's the world's preſervative,
That keeps all ſouls of things alive;

Controls

Controls the mighty power of Fate,
And gives mankind a longer date;
The life of Nature, that reſtores
As faſt as Time and Death devours;
To whoſe free-gift the world does owe
Not only earth, but heaven too:
For Love 's the only trade that 's driven,
The intereſt of ſtate in heaven,
Which nothing but the ſoul of man
Is capable to entertain.
For what can earth produce, but Love,
To repreſent the joys above?
Or who, but Lovers, can converſe,
Like angels, by the eye-diſcourſe?
Addreſs and compliment by viſion,
Make love and court by intuition?
And burn in amorous flames as fierce
As thoſe celeſtial miniſters?
Then how can any thing offend,
In order to ſo great an end?
Or Heaven itſelf a ſin reſent,
That for its own ſupply was meant?
That merits, in a kind miſtake,
A pardon for th' offence's ſake?
Or if it did not, but the cauſe
Were left to th' injury of laws,
What tyranny can diſapprove
There ſhould be equity in love?
For laws that are inanimate,
And feel no ſenſe of love or hate,

That have no paſſion of their own,
Nor pity to be wrought upon,
Are only proper to inflict
Revenge, on criminals as ſtrict:
But to have power to forgive,
Is empire and prerogative;
And 'tis in crowns a nobler gem
To grant a pardon than condemn.
Then, ſince ſo few do what they ought,
'Tis great t' indulge a well-meant fault;
For why ſhould he who made addreſs
All humble ways, without ſucceſs,
And met with nothing in return
But inſolence, affronts, and ſcorn,
Not ſtrive by wit to countermine,
And bravely carry his deſign?
He who was us'd ſo unlike a ſoldier,
Blown up with philtres of love-powder?
And, after letting blood, and purging,
Condemn'd to voluntary ſcourging;
Alarm'd with many a horrid fright,
And claw'd by goblins in the night;
Inſulted on, revil'd, and jeer'd,
With rude invaſion of his beard;
And, when your ſex was foully ſcandal'd,
As foully by the rabble handled;
Attack'd by deſpicable foes,
And drubb'd with mean and vulgar blows;
And, after all, to be debarr'd
So much as ſtanding on his guard;

When horſes, being ſpurr'd and prick'd,
Have leave to kick for being kick'd?
Or why ſhould you, whoſe mother-wits
Are furniſh'd with all perquiſites;
That with your breeding teeth begin,
And nurſing babies that lie in,
B' allow'd to put all tricks upon
Our cully ſex, and we uſe none?
We, who have nothing but frail vows,
Againſt your ſtratagems t' oppoſe,
Or oaths more feeble than your own,
By which we are no leſs put down?
You wound, like Parthians, while you fly,
And kill with a retreating eye;
Retire the more, the more we preſs,
To draw us into ambuſhes:
As pirates all falſe colours wear,
T' intrap th' unwary mariner;
So women, to ſurprize us, ſpread
The borrow'd flags of white and red;
Diſplay them thicker on their cheeks,
Than their old grandmothers, the Picts;
And raiſe more devils with their looks,
Than conjurers' leſs ſubtle books:
Lay trains of amorous intrigues,
In towers, and curls, and perriwigs,
With greater art and cunning rear'd,
Than Philip Nye's thankſgiving beard;
Prepoſterouſly t' entice and gain
Thoſe to adore them they diſdain;

And only draw them in to clog,
With idle names, a catalogue.
A lover is, the more he 's brave,
T' his miſtreſs but the more a ſlave,
And whatſoever ſhe commands,
Becomes a favour from her hands,
Which he 's oblig'd t' obey, and muſt,
Whether it be unjuſt or juſt.
Then when he is compell'd by her
T' adventures he would elſe forbear,
Who, with his honour, can withſtand,
Since force is greater than command?
And when neceſſity 's obey'd,
Nothing can be unjuſt or bad:
And therefore when the mighty powers
Of Love, our great ally, and your's,
Join'd forces, not to be withſtood
By frail inamour'd fleſh and blood,
All I have done, unjuſt or ill,
Was in obedience to your will;
And all the blame that can be due
Falls to your cruelty and you.
Nor are thoſe ſcandals I confeſt,
Againſt my will and intereſt,
More than is daily done, of courſe,
By all men, when they 're under force;
Whence ſome, upon the rack, confeſs
What th' hangman and their prompters pleaſe;
But are no ſooner out of pain,
Than they deny it all again.

But

But when the devil turns confeſſor,
Truth is a crime he takes no pleaſure
To hear or pardon, like the founder
Of liars, whom they all claim under:
And therefore, when I told him none,
I think it was the wiſer done.
Nor am I without precedent,
The firſt that on th' adventure went;
All mankind ever did of courſe,
And daily does, the ſame, or worſe.
For what romance can ſhew a lover,
That had a lady to recover,
And did not ſteer a nearer courſe,
To fall aboard in his amours?
And what at firſt was held a crime,
Has turn'd to honourable in time.
To what a height did Infant Rome,
By raviſhing of women, come?
When men upon their ſpouſes ſeiz'd,
And freely marry'd where they pleas'd;
They ne'er forſwore themſelves, nor ly'd,
Nor, in the mind they were in, dy'd;
Nor took the pains t' addreſs and ſue,
Nor play'd the maſquerade, to wooe:
Diſdain'd to ſtay for friends' conſents,
Nor juggled about ſettlements;
Did

Ver. 230.] *And daily does*, in all editions to 1716, incluſive. *Daily do*, 1726, *&c.*

Did need no license, nor no priest,
Nor friends, nor kindred, to assist,
Nor lawyers, to join land and money
In th' holy state of matrimony,
Before they settled hands and hearts,
Till alimony or death departs;
Nor would endure to stay until
They 'ad got the very bride's good will,
But took a wife and shorter course
To win the ladies, downright force;
And justly made them prisoners then,
As they have, often since, us men,
With acting plays, and dancing jigs,
The luckiest of all Love's intrigues;
And, when they had them at their pleasure,
They talk'd of love and flames at leisure;
For, after matrimony 's over,
He that holds out but half a lover,
Deserves, for every minute, more
Than half a year of love before;
For which the dames, in contemplation
Of that best way of application,
Prov'd nobler wives than e'er were known
By suit or treaty to be won;
And such as all posterity
Could never equal, nor come nigh.
For women first were made for men,
Not men for them.—It follows, then,
That men have right to every one,
And they no freedom of their own;

And therefore men have power to chuſe,
But they no charter to refuſe.
Hence 'tis apparent that, what courſe
Soe'er we take to your amours,
Though by the indirecteſt way,
'Tis no injuſtice nor foul play;
And that you ought to take that courſe,
As we take you, for better or worſe,
And gratefully ſubmit to thoſe
Who you, before another, choſe.
For why ſhould every ſavage beaſt
Exceed his great Lord's intereſt?
Have freer power than he, in Grace
And Nature, o'er the creature has?
Becauſe the laws he ſince has made
Have cut off all the power he had;
Retrench'd the abſolute dominion
That Nature gave him over women;
When all his power will not extend
One law of Nature to ſuſpend;
And but to offer to repeal
The ſmalleſt clauſe, is to repel.
This, if men rightly underſtood
Their privilege, they would make good,
And not, like ſots, permit their wives
T' incroach on their prerogatives;
For which ſin they deſerve to be
Kept, as they are, in ſlavery:

And this ſome precious Gifted Teachers,
Unreverently reputed Leachers,
And diſobey'd in making love,
Have vow'd to all the world to prove,
And make ye ſuffer, as you ought,
For that uncharitable fault:
But I forget myſelf, and rove
Beyond th' inſtructions of my love.
Forgive me, Fair, and only blame
Th' extravagancy of my flame,
Since 'tis too much at once to ſhow
Exceſs of love and temper too;
All I have ſaid that 's bad and true,
Was never meant to aim at you,

Who

Ver. 305, 306.] Sir Roger L'Eſtrange (*Key to Hudibras*) mentions Mr. Caſe as one; and Mr. Butler, in his Poſthumous works *, mentions Dr. Burgeſs and Hugh Peters: and the writer of a letter to the Earl of Pembroke, 1647, p. 9. obſerves of Peters, "That "it was offered to be publicly proved that he got both "mother and daughter with child."—"I am glad, ſays "an anonymous perſon (Thurloe's *State Papers*, vol. "IV. p. 734.) to hear that Mr. Peters ſhews his head "again; it was reported here (Amſterdam, May 5, "1655) that he was found with a whore a-bed, and "he grew mad, and ſaid nothing but O blood, O blood, "that troubles me."

* It may be proper to obſerve here, once for all, that Butler left no genuine poems beſides thoſe in the poſſeſſion of Mr. Longueville, and publiſhed by Mr. Thyer in 1759; which are all inſerted in this vo-

lu

Who have ſo ſovereign a control
O'er that poor ſlave of your's, my ſoul,
That, rather than to forfeit you,
Has ventur'd loſs of heaven too;
Both with an equal power poſſeſt,
To render all that ſerve you bleſt;
But none like him, who 's deſtin'd either
To have or loſe you both together;
And, if you 'll but this fault releaſe
(For ſo it muſt be, ſince you pleaſe),
I 'll pay down all that vow, and more,
Which you commanded, and I ſwore,
And expiate, upon my ſkin,
Th' arrears in full of all my ſin:
For 'tis but juſt that I ſhould pay
Th' accruing penance for delay;
Which ſhall be done, until it move
Your equal pity and your love.
  The Knight, peruſing this Epiſtle,
Believ'd he 'ad brought her to his whiſtle,
And read it, like a jocund lover,
With great applauſe, t' himſelf, twice over;
Subſcrib'd his name, but at a fit
And humble diſtance, to his wit,
And dated it with wondrous art,
Giv'n from the bottom of his heart;
Then ſeal'd it with his coat of love,
A ſmoking faggot—and above,
Upon a ſcroll—I burn and weep,
And near it—For her Ladyſhip,

Of all her ſex moſt excellent,
Theſe to her gentle hands preſent;
Then gave it to his faithful Squire,
With leſſons how t' obſerve and eye her.

She firſt conſider'd which was better,
To ſend it back, or burn the letter:
But, gueſſing that it might import,
Though nothing elſe, at leaſt her ſport,
She open'd it, and read it out,
With many a ſmile and leering flout;
Reſolv'd to anſwer it in kind,
And thus perform'd what ſhe deſign'd.

THE

THE LADY'S ANSWER TO THE KNIGHT.

THAT you 're a beaſt, and turn'd to graſs,
Is no ſtrange news, nor ever was,
At leaſt to me, who once, you know,
Did from the pound replevin you,
When both your ſword and ſpurs were won
In combat by an Amazon;
That ſword that did, like Fate, determine
Th' inevitable death of vermin,
And never dealt its furious blows,
But cut the throats of pigs and cows,
By Trulla was, in ſingle fight,
Diſarm'd and wreſted from its Knight;
Your heels degraded of your ſpurs,
And in the ſtocks cloſe priſoners,
Where ſtill they 'ad lain, in baſe reſtraint,
If I, in pity' of your complaint,
Had not, on honourable conditions,
Releas'd them from the worſt of priſons;

And what return that favour met
You cannot (though you would) forget;
When, being free, you ſtrove t' evade
The oaths you had in priſon made;
Forſwore yourſelf, and firſt deny'd it,
But after own'd, and juſtify'd it;
And, when ye 'ad falſely broke one vow,
Abſolv'd yourſelf by breaking two:
For, while you ſneakingly ſubmit,
And beg for pardon at our feet,
Diſcourag'd by your guilty fears,
To hope for quarter for your ears,
And doubting 'twas in vain to ſue,
You claim us boldly as your due;
Declare that treachery and force,
To deal with us, is th' only courſe;
We have no title nor pretence
To body, ſoul, or conſcience,
But ought to fall to that man's ſhare
That claims us for his proper ware:
Theſe are the motives which, t' induce,
Or fright us into love, you uſe;
A pretty new way of gallanting,
Between ſoliciting and ranting!
Like ſturdy beggars, that intreat
For charity at once, and threat.
But, ſince you undertake to prove
Your own propriety in love,
As if we were but lawful prize
In war between two enemies,

Or forfeitures, which every lover,
That would but ſue for, might recover;
It is not hard to underſtand
The myſtery of this bold demand,
That cannot at our perſons aim,
But ſomething capable of claim.
'Tis not thoſe paltry counterfeit
French ſtones, which in our eyes you ſet,
But our right diamonds, that inſpire
And ſet your amorous hearts on fire:
Nor can thoſe falſe St. Martin's beads,
Which on our lips you lay for reds,
And make us wear like Indian Dames,
Add fuel to your ſcorching flames;
But thoſe true rubies of the rock,
Which in our cabinets we lock.
'Tis not thoſe orient pearls, our teeth,
That you are ſo tranſported with;
But thoſe we wear about our necks,
Produce thoſe amorous effects.
Nor is 't thoſe threads of gold, our hair,
The perriwigs you make us wear;
But thoſe bright guineas in our cheſts,
That light the wildfire in your breaſts.
Theſe love-tricks I 've been vers'd in ſo,
That all their ſly intrigues I know,
And can unriddle, by their tones,
Their myſtic cabals, and jargones;
Can tell what paſſions, by their ſounds,
Pine for the beauties of my grounds;

What raptures fond and amorous,
O' th' charms and graces of my houſe;
What ecſtaſy and ſcorching flame,
Burns for my money in my name;
What, from th' unnatural deſire
To beaſts and cattle, takes its fire;
What tender ſigh and trickling tear
Longs for a thouſand pounds a-year;
And languiſhing tranſports are fond
Of ſtatute, mortgage, bill, and bond.
  Theſe are th' attracts which moſt men fall
Enamour'd, at firſt ſight, withal;
To theſe they' addreſs with ſerenades,
And court with balls and maſquerades;
And yet, for all the yearning pain
Ye 'ave ſuffer'd for their loves in vain,
I fear they 'll prove ſo nice and coy,
To have, and t' hold, and to enjoy;
That, all your oaths and labour loſt,
They 'll ne'er turn Ladies of the Poſt.
This is not meant to diſapprove
Your judgment, in your choice of love,
Which is ſo wiſe, the greateſt part
Of mankind ſtudy 't as an art;
For love ſhould, like a deodand,
Still fall to th' owner of the land;
And, where there 's ſubſtance for its ground,
Cannot but be more firm and ſound,
Than that which has the ſlighter baſis
Of airy virtue, wit, and graces;

Which

Which is of ſuch thin ſubtlety,
It ſteals and creeps in at the eye,
And, as it can't endure to ſtay,
Steals out again as nice a way.
But love, that its extraction owns
From ſolid gold and precious ſtones,
Muſt, like its ſhining parents, prove
As ſolid, and as glorious love.
Hence 'tis you have no way t' expreſs
Our charms and graces but by theſe;
For what are lips, and eyes, and teeth,
Which beauty' invades and conquers with,
But rubies, pearls, and diamonds,
With which a philtre love commands?
This is the way all parents prove
In managing their children's love,
That force them t' intermarry and wed,
As if th' were burying of the dead;
Caſt earth to earth, as in the grave,
To join in wedlock all they have,
And, when the ſettlement 's in force,
Take all the reſt for better or worſe;
For money has a power above
The ſtars, and fate, to manage love;
Whoſe arrows, learned poets hold,
That never miſs, are tipp'd with gold.
And, though ſome ſay the parents' claims
To make love in their children's names;
Who, many times, at once provide
The nurſe, the huſband, and the bride,

Feel darts, and charms, attracts, and flames,
And wooe and contract in their names,
And, as they chriſten, uſe to marry them,
And, like their goſſips, anſwer for them;
Is not to give in matrimony,
But ſell and proſtitute for money;
'Tis better than their own betrothing,
Who often do 't for worſe than nothing;
And, when they 're at their own diſpoſe,
With greater diſadvantage chuſe.
All this is right; but, for the courſe
You take to do 't, by fraud or force,
'Tis ſo ridiculous, as ſoon
As told, 'tis never to be done,
No more than fetters can betray,
That tell what tricks they are to play.
Marriage, at beſt, is but a vow,
Which all men either break or bow;
Then what will thoſe forbear to do,
Who perjure when they do but wooe?
Such as beforehand ſwear and lye,
For earneſt to their treachery,
And, rather than a crime confeſs,
With greater ſtrive to make it leſs?
Like thieves, who, after ſentence paſt,
Maintain their innocence to the laſt;
And, when their crimes were made appear,
As plain as witneſſes can ſwear,
Yet, when the wretches come to die,
Will take upon their death a lye.

Nor

Nor are the virtues you confeſs'd
T' your ghoſtly father, as you gueſs'd,
So ſlight as to be juſtify'd,
By being as ſhamefully deny'd;
As if you thought your word would paſs,
Point-blank, on both ſides of a caſe;
Or credit were not to be loſt
B' a brave Knight-errant of the Poſt,
That eats perfidiouſly his word,
And ſwears his ears through a two-inch board;
Can own the ſame thing, and diſown,
And perjure booty *pro* and *con*;
Can make the Goſpel ſerve his turn,
And help him out, to be forſworn;
When 'tis laid hands upon, and kiſt,
To be betray'd and ſold, like Chriſt.

Theſe

Ver. 183.] The way of taking an oath is by laying the right hand upon the four Evangeliſts, which denominates it A corporal oath. This method was not always complied with in thoſe iniquitous times. In the trial of Mr. Chriſtopher Love, in the year 1651, one *Jaquel*, an evidence, laid his hand upon his buttons, and not upon the book, when the oath was tendered him; and, when he was queſtioned for it, he anſwered, "I am as good as under an oath." In the trial of the brave Colonel Morrice (who kept Pontefract Caſtle for the King) at York, by Thorp and Puleſton, when he challenged one *Brook*, his profeſſed enemy, the Court anſwered, He ſpoke too late; Brook was ſworn already. Brook being aſked the queſtion, whether he

Theſe are the virtues in whoſe name
A right to all the world you claim,
And boldly challenge a dominion,
In Grace and Nature, o'er all women;
Of whom no leſs will ſatisfy,
Than all the ſex, your tyranny:
Although you 'll find it a hard province,
With all your crafty frauds and covins,
To govern ſuch a numerous crew,
Who, one by one, now govern you;
For, if you all were Solomons,
And wiſe and great as he was once,
You 'll find they 're able to ſubdue
(As they did him) and baffle you.
And if you are impos'd upon,
'Tis by your own temptation done,
That with your ignorance invite,
And teach us how to uſe the ſleight;
For, when we find ye 're ſtill more taken
With falſe attracts of our own making,
Swear that 's a roſe, and that 's a ſtone,
Like ſots, to us that laid it on,
And, what we did but ſlightly prime,
Moſt ignorantly daub in rhyme,
You force us, in our own defences,
To copy beams and influences;

To

were ſworn or no, replied, "He had not yet kiſſed the "book." The Court anſwered, That was no matter; it was but a ceremony; he was recorded ſworn, and *there* was no ſpeaking againſt a record.

To lay perfections on the graces,
And draw attracts upon our faces,
And, in compliance to your wit,
Your own falſe jewels counterfeit:
For by the practice of thoſe arts
We gain a greater ſhare of hearts;
And thoſe deſerve in reaſon moſt,
That greateſt pains and ſtudy coſt:
For great perfections are, like heaven,
Too rich a preſent to be given.
Nor are thoſe maſter-ſtrokes of beauty
To be perform'd without hard duty,
Which, when they 're nobly done, and well,
The ſimple natural excel.
How fair and ſweet the planted roſe
Beyond the wild in hedges grows!
For, without art, the nobleſt ſeeds
Of flowers degenerate into weeds:
How dull and rugged, ere 'tis ground
And poliſh'd, looks a diamond?
Though Paradiſe were e'er ſo fair,
It was not kept ſo without care.
The whole world, without art and dreſs,
Would be but one great wilderneſs;
And mankind but a ſavage herd,
For all that Nature has conferr'd:
This does but rough-hew and deſign,
Leaves Art to poliſh and refine.
Though women firſt were made for men,
Yet men were made for them again:

For when (out-witted by his wife)
Man firſt turn'd tenant but for life,
If women had not interven'd,
How ſoon had mankind had an end!
And that it is in being yet,
To us alone you are in debt.
And where 's your liberty of choice,
And our unnatural No-voice?
Since all the privilege you boaſt,
And falſely' uſurp'd, or vainly loſt,
Is now our right, to whoſe creation
You owe your happy reſtoration.
And if we had not weighty cauſe
To not appear, in making laws,
We could, in ſpite of all your tricks,
And ſhallow formal politics,
Force you our managements t' obey,
As we to yours (in ſhew) give way.
Hence 'tis that, while you vainly ſtrive
T' advance your high prerogative,
You baſely, after all your braves,
Submit, and own yourſelves our ſlaves;
And, 'cauſe we do not make it known,
Nor publicly our intereſts own,
Like ſots, ſuppoſe we have no ſhares
In ordering you and your affairs,
When all your empire and command
You have from us, at ſecond-hand;
As if a pilot, that appears
To ſit ſtill only, while he ſteers,

And does not make a noiſe and ſtir,
Like every common mariner,
Knew nothing of the card, nor ſtar,
And did not guide the man of war:
Nor we, becauſe we don't appear
In Councils, do not govern there;
While, like the mighty Preſter John,
Whoſe perſon none dares look upon,
But is preſerv'd in cloſe diſguiſe,
From being made cheap to vulgar eyes,
W' enjoy as large a power, unſeen,
To govern him, as he does men;
And, in the right of our Pope Joan,
Make emperors at our feet fall down;
Or Joan de Pucelle's braver name,
Our right to arms and conduct claim;

Who,

Ver. 277.] Preſter John, an abſolute prince, emperor of Abyſſinia, or Ethiopia. One of them is reported to have had ſeventy kings for his vaſſals, and ſo ſuperb and arrogant, that none durſt look upon him without his permiſſion.

Ver. 285.] Joan of Arc, called alſo *The Pucelle*, or *Maid of Orleans*. She was born at the town of Damremi, on the Meuſe, daughter of James de Arc and Iſabella Romee; was bred up a ſhepherdeſs in the country. At the age of eighteen or twenty ſhe pretended to an expreſs commiſſion from God to go to the relief of Orleans, then beſieged by the Engliſh, and defended by John Comte de Dennis, and almoſt reduced to the laſt extremity. She went to the coronation of Charles VII. when he was almoſt ruined. She knew that

Who, though a ſpinſter, yet was able
To ſerve France for a Grand Conſtable.
We make and execute all laws,
Can judge the Judges, and the Cauſe;
Preſcribe all rules of right or wrong,
To th' long robe, and the longer tongue,
'Gainſt which the world has no defence,
But our more powerful eloquence.
We manage things of greateſt weight,
In all the world's affairs of ſtate;
Are miniſters of war and peace,
That ſway all nations how we pleaſe.

We

prince in the midſt of his nobles, though meanly habited. The doctors of divinity, and members of parliament, openly declared that there was ſomething ſupernatural in her conduct. She ſent for a ſword, which lay in the tomb of a knight, which was behind the great altar of the church of St. Catharine de Forbois, upon the blade of which the *croſs* and *fleur de lis* were engraven; which put the King in a very great ſurprize, in regard none beſides himſelf knew of it: upon this he ſent her with the command of ſome troops, with which ſhe relieved Orleans, and drove the Engliſh from it, defeated Talbot at the battle of Pattai, and recovered Champagne. At laſt ſhe was unfortunately taken priſoner in a ſally at Champagne, in 1430, and tried for a witch or ſorcereſs, condemned, and burnt in Rouen market-place, in May 1430.

Ver. 288.] All this is a ſatire on King Charles II. who was governed ſo much by his miſtreſſes: particularly this line ſeems to allude to his French miſtreſs, the Dutcheſs of Portſmouth, given by that Court; whom ſhe ſerved in the important poſt of governing *King* Charles as they directed.

We rule all churches, and their flocks,
Heretical and orthodox,
And are the heavenly vehicles
O' th' ſpirits in all Conventicles:
By us is all commerce and trade
Improv'd, and manag'd, and decay'd;
For nothing can go off ſo well,
Nor bears that price, as what we ſell.
We rule in every public meeting,
And make men do what we judge fitting;
Are magiſtrates in all great towns,
Where men do nothing but wear gowns.
We make the man of war ſtrike ſail,
And to our braver conduct veil,
And, when he 'as chas'd his enemies,
Submit to us upon his knees.
Is there an officer of ſtate,
Untimely rais'd, or magiſtrate,
That 's haughty and imperious?
He 's but a journeyman to us,
That, as he gives us cauſe to do 't,
Can keep him in, or turn him out.
We are your guardians, that increaſe,
Or waſte your fortunes how we pleaſe;
And, as you humour us, can deal
In all your matters, ill or well.
'Tis we that can diſpoſe, alone,
Whether your heirs ſhall be your own,
To whoſe integrity you muſt,
In ſpite of all your caution, truſt;

And,

And, 'leſs you fly beyond the ſeas,
Can fit you with what heirs we pleaſe,
And force you t' own them, though begotten
By French valets, or Iriſh footmen.
Nor can the rigorouſeſt courſe
Prevail, unleſs to make us worſe;
Who ſtill, the harſher we are us'd,
Are further off from being reduc'd,
And ſcorn t' abate, for any ills,
The leaſt punctilios of our wills.
Force does but whet our wits t' apply
Arts, born with us, for remedy,
Which all your politics, as yet,
Have ne'er been able to defeat:
For, when ye 've try'd all ſorts of ways,
What fools d' we make of you in plays?
While all the favours we afford,
Are but to girt you with the ſword,
To fight our battles in our ſteads,
And have your brains beat out o' your heads;
Encounter, in deſpite of Nature,
And fight, at once, with fire and water,
With pirates, rocks, and ſtorms, and ſeas,
Our pride and vanity t' appeaſe;
Kill one another, and cut throats,
For our good graces, and beſt thoughts;
To do your exerciſe for honour,
And have your brains beat out the ſooner;
Or crack'd, as learnedly, upon
Things that are never to be known;

And ſtill appear the more induſtrious,
The more your projects are prepoſterous;
To ſquare the circle of the arts,
And run ſtark mad to ſhew your parts;
Expound the oracle of laws,
And turn them which way we ſee cauſe;
Be our ſolicitors and agents,
And ſtand for us in all engagements.
And theſe are all the mighty powers
You vainly boaſt to cry down ours,
And, what in real value 's wanting,
Supply with vapouring and ranting:
Becauſe yourſelves are terrify'd,
And ſtoop to one another's pride,
Believe we have as little wit
To be out-hector'd, and ſubmit:
By your example, loſe that right
In treaties which we gain'd in fight;
And, terrified into an awe,
Paſs on ourſelves a Salique law;
Or, as ſome nations uſe, give place,
And truckle to your mighty race;
Let men uſurp th' unjuſt dominion,
As if they were the better women.

THE END OF HUDIBRAS.

THE GENUINE REMAINS OF MR. BUTLER.

PREFACE.

IT would be very unjuſt to the memory of a writer ſo much and ſo juſtly eſteemed as Butler, to ſuppoſe it neceſſary to make any formal apology for the ublication of theſe *Remains*. Whatever is the genuine erformance of a genius of his claſs cannot fail of recommending itſelf to every reader of taſte; and all at can be required from the Publiſher is, to ſatisfy e World that it is not impoſed upon by falſe and urious pretenſions.

This has already been attempted in the printed Proofals for the ſubſcription; but as the periſhing form f a looſe paper ſeems too frail a monument to preſerve teſtimony of ſo much importance, it cannot, I hope, e judged impertinent to repeat the ſubſtance of what I bſerved upon that occaſion—That the Manuſcripts, om which this Work is printed, are Butler's own and-writing, as evidently appears from ſome original tters of his found amongſt them—That, upon his eath, they fell into the hands of his good friend Mr. V. Longueville, of the Temple; who, as the writer f Butler's life informs us, was at the charge of buying him—That, upon Mr. Longueville's deceaſe, ey became the property of his ſon, the late Charles ongueville, Eſq; who bequeathed them, at his death, John Clarke, Eſq; and that this gentleman has been prevailed

prevailed upon to part with them, and favoured me with an authority to inſert the following certificate of their authenticity.

"I do hereby certify, That the Papers now propoſed to be publiſhed by Mr. Thyer are the *original manuſcripts* of Mr. Samuel Butler, author of Hudibras, and were bequeathed to me by the late Charles Longueville, Eſq.

Walgherton, Cheſhire, Nov. 20, 1754. JOHN CLARKE.

Although, from evidence of ſuch a nature, there cannot remain the leaſt doubt about the genuineneſs of this Work, and it be very certain that every thing in it is the performance of Butler; yet it muſt be owned, at the ſame time, that there is not the ſame degree of perfection and exactneſs in all the compoſitions here printed. Some are finiſhed with the utmoſt accuracy, and were fairly tranſcribed for the preſs, as far as can be judged from outward appearance: others, though finiſhed, and wrote with the ſame ſpirit and peculiar vein of humour which diſtinguiſhes him from all other writers, ſeem as if, upon a ſecond review, he would have retouched and amended in ſome little particulars; and ſome few are left unfiniſhed, or at leaſt parts of them are loſt or periſhed. This acknowledgment I think due to the Poet's character and memory, and neceſſary to beſpeak that candid allowance from the reader which the Poſthumous Works of every writer have a juſt claim to.

It

It is, I know, a common obſervation, that it is doing injuſtice to a departed genius to publiſh fragments, or ſuch pieces as he had not given the laſt hand to.—Without controverting the juſtneſs of this remark in general, one may, I think, venture to affirm, that it is not to be extended to every particular caſe, and that a writer of ſo extraordinary and uncommon a turn as the author of Hudibras is not to be included under it. It would be a piece of fooliſh fondneſs to purchaſe at a great expence, or preſerve with a particular care, the unfiniſhed works of every tolerable painter; and yet it is eſteemed a mark of fine taſte to procure, at almoſt any price, the rough ſketches and half-formed deſigns of a Raphael, a Rembrandt, or any celebrated maſter. If the elegant remains of a Greek or Roman ſtatuary, though maimed and defective, are thought worthy of a place in the cabinets of the polite admirers of antiquity, and the learned world thinks itſelf obliged to laborious critics for handing down to us the half-intelligible ſcraps of an ancient claſſic; no reaſon can, I think, be aſſigned why a genius of more modern date ſhould not be entitled to the ſame privilege, except we will abſurdly and enthuſiaſtically fancy that time gives a value to writings, as well as to coins and medals.—It may be added, alſo, that as Butler is not only excellent, but almoſt ſingular, too, in his manner of writing, every thing of his muſt acquire a proportionable degree of value and curioſity.

I ſhall not longer detain the reader from entertainment, by indulging my own

theſe *remains*; and ſhall rather chuſe to wait for the judgment of the Public, than impertinently to obtrude my own. It is enough for me that I have faithfully diſcharged the office of an Editor, and ſhall leave to future critics the pleaſure of criticiſing and remarking, approving or condemning. The Notes which I have given, the reader will find to be only ſuch as were neceſſary to let him into the Author's meaning, by reciting and explaining ſome circumſtances, not generally known, to which he alludes; and he cannot but obſerve that many more might have been added, had I given way to a fondneſs for ſcribbling, too common upon ſuch occaſions *.

Although my Author ſtands in need of no apology for the appearance he is going to make in the following ſheets, the world may probably think that the Publiſher does, for not permitting him to do it ſooner.—All that I have to ſay, and to perſons of candour I need to ſay no more, is, that the delay has been owing to a bad ſtate of health, and a conſequent indiſpoſition for a work of this nature, and not to indolence, or any ſelfiſh narrow views of my own.

* In the preſent edition, ſuch only are retained as are neceſſary to bring the reader acquainted with the ſeveral leſs-uſual alluſions.

THE

THE

ELEPHANT IN THE MOON*.

A Learn'd ſociety of late,
The glory of a foreign ſtate,
Agreed, upon a ſummer's night,
To ſearch the Moon by her own light;
To take an inventory of all
Her real eſtate, and perſonal;
And make an accurate ſurvey
Of all her lands, and how they lay,
As true as that of Ireland, where
The fly ſurveyors ſtole a ſhire:
T' obſerve her country, how 'twas planted,
With what ſh' abounded moſt, or wanted;
And make the proper'ſt obſervations
For ſettling of new plantations,
If the Society ſhould incline
T' attempt ſo glorious a deſign.

This

* This Poem was intended by the Author for a ſatire upon the Royal Society, which, according to his opinion at leaſt, ran too much, at that time, into the virtuoſi taſte, and a whimſical fondneſs for ſurpriſing and wonderful ſtories in natural hiſtory.

This was the purpoſe of their meeting,
For which they choſe a time as fitting,
When, at the full, her radiant light
And influence too were at their height.
And now the lofty tube, the ſcale
With which they heaven itſelf aſſail,
Was mounted full againſt the Moon,
And all ſtood ready to fall on,
Impatient who ſhould have the honour
To plant an enſign firſt upon her.
When one, who for his deep belief
Was virtuoſo then in chief,
Approv'd the moſt profound and wiſe,
To ſolve impoſſibilities,
Advancing gravely, to apply
To th' optic glaſs his judging eye,
Cry'd, Strange!—then reinforc'd his ſight
Againſt the Moon with all his might,
And bent his penetrating brow,
As if he meant to gaze her through;
When all the reſt began t' admire,
And, like a train, from him took fire,
Surpriz'd with wonder, beforehand,
At what they did not underſtand,
Cry'd out, impatient to know what
The matter was they wonder'd at.
Quoth he, Th' inhabitants o' th' Moon,
Who, when the ſun ſhines hot at noon,
Do live in cellars under ground,
Of eight miles deep, and eighty round,

(In

(In which at once they fortify
Againſt the ſun and th' enemy)
Which they count towns and cities there,
Becauſe their people 's civiller
Than thoſe rude peaſants that are found
To live upon the upper ground,
Call'd Privolvans, with whom they are
Perpetually in open war;
And now both armies, highly' enrag'd,
Are in a bloody fight engag'd,
And many fall on both ſides ſlain,
As by the glaſs 'tis clear and plain,
Look quickly then, that every one
May ſee the fight before 'tis done.
With that a great philoſopher,
Admir'd, and famous far and near,
As one of ſingular invention,
But univerſal comprehenſion,
Apply'd one eye, and half a noſe,
Unto the optic engine cloſe:
For he had lately undertook
To prove, and publiſh in a book,
That men, whoſe natural eyes are out,
May, by more powerful art, be brought
To ſee with th' empty holes, as plain
As if their eyes were in again;
And if they chanc'd to fail of thoſe,
To make an optic of a noſe,
As clearly' it may, by thoſe that wear
But ſpectacles, be made appear,

By which both ſenſes being united,
Does render them much better ſighted.
This great man, having fix'd both ſights
To view the formidable fights,
Obſerv'd his beſt, and then cry'd out,
The battle 's deſperately fought;
The gallant Subvolvani rally,
And from their trenches make a ſally
Upon the ſtubborn enemy,
Who now begin to rout and fly.
These ſilly ranting Privolvans,
Have every ſummer their campaigns,
And muſter, like the warlike ſons
Of Rawhead and of Bloodybones,
As numerous as Soland geeſe
I' th' iſlands of the Orcades,
Courageouſly to make a ſtand,
And face their neighbours hand to hand,
Until the long'd-for winter 's come,
And then return in triumph home,
And ſpend the reſt o' th' year in lies,
And vapouring of their victories.
From th' old Arcadians they 're believ'd
To be, before the Moon, deriv'd,
And when her orb was new created,
To people her were thence tranſlated:
For as th' Arcadians were reputed
Of all the Grecians the moſt ſtupid,
Whom nothing in the world could bring
To civil life, but fiddling,

They

They ſtill retain the antique courſe
And cuſtom of their anceſtors,
And always ſing and fiddle to
Things of the greateſt weight they do.
While thus the learn'd man entertains
Th' aſſembly with the Privolvans,
Another, of as great renown,
And ſolid judgment, in the Moon,
That underſtood her various ſoils,
And which produc'd beſt genet-moyles,
And in the regiſter of fame
Had enter'd his long-living name,
After he had por'd long and hard
In th' engine, gave a ſtart, and ſtar'd—
Quoth he, A ſtranger ſight appears
Than e'er was ſeen in all the ſpheres;
A wonder more unparallel'd,
Than ever mortal tube beheld;
An Elephant from one of thoſe
Two mighty armies is broke looſe,
And with the horror of the fight
Appears amaz'd, and in a fright:
Look quickly, leſt the ſight of us
Should cauſe the ſtartled beaſt t' imboſs.
It is a large one, far more great
Than e'er was bred in Afric yet,
From which we boldly may infer,
The Moon is much the fruitfuller.
And ſince the mighty Pyrrhus brought
Thoſe living caſtles firſt, 'tis thought,

Againſt the Romans, in the field,
It may an argument be held
(Arcadia being but a piece,
As his dominions were, of Greece)
To prove what this illuſtrious perſon
Has made ſo noble a diſcourſe on,
And amply ſatisfy'd us all
Of the Privolvans' original.
That Elephants are in the Moon,
Though we had now diſcover'd none,
Is eaſily made manifeſt,
Since, from the greateſt to the leaſt,
All other ſtars and conſtellations
Have cattle of all ſorts of nations,
And heaven, like a Tartar's hord,
With great and numerous droves is ſtor'd:
And if the Moon produce by Nature
A people of ſo vaſt a ſtature,
'Tis conſequent ſhe ſhould bring forth
Far greater beaſts, too, than the earth
(As by the beſt accounts appears
Of all our great'ſt diſcoverers);
And that thoſe monſtrous creatures there
Are not ſuch rarities as here.
Meanwhile the reſt had had a ſight
Of all particulars o' th' fight,
And every man, with equal care,
Perus'd of th' Elephant his ſhare,
Proud of his intereſt in the glory
Of ſo miraculous a ſtory;

When

When one, who for his excellence
In heightening words and ſhadowing ſenſe,
And magnifying all he writ
With curious microſcopic wit,
Was magnify'd himſelf no leſs
In home and foreign colleges,
Began, tranſported with the twang
Of his own trillo, thus t' harangue.
Moſt excellent and virtuous Friends,
This great diſcovery makes amends
For all our unſucceſsful pains,
And loſt expence of time and braine:
For, by this ſole phænomenon,
We 've gotten ground upon the Moon,
And gain'd a paſs, to hold diſpute
With all the planets that ſtand out;
To carry this moſt virtuous war
Home to the door of every ſtar,
And plant th' artillery of our tubes
Againſt their proudeſt magnitudes;
To ſtretch our victories beyond
Th' extent of planetary ground,
And fix our engines, and our enſigns,
Upon the fix'd ſtars' vaſt dimenſions,
(Which Archimede, ſo long ago,
Durſt not preſume to wiſh to do)
And prove if they are other ſuns,
As ſome have held opinions,
Or windows in the empyreum,
From whence thoſe bright effluvias come

Like

Like flames of fire (as others gueſs)
That ſhine i' th' mouths of furnaces.
Nor is this all we have atchiev'd,
But more, henceforth to be believ'd,
And have no more our beſt deſigns,
Becauſe they 're ours, believ'd ill ſigns.
T' out-throw, and ſtretch, and to enlarge,
Shall now no more be laid t' our charge;
Nor ſhall our ableſt virtuoſos
Prove arguments for coffee-houſes;
Nor thoſe devices, that are laid
Too truly on us, nor thoſe made
Hereafter, gain belief among
Our ſtricteſt judges, right or wrong;
Nor ſhall our paſt misfortunes more
Be charg'd upon the ancient ſcore;
No more our making old dogs young
Make men ſuſpect us ſtill i' th' wrong;
Nor new-invented chariots draw
The boys to courſe us without law;
Nor putting pigs t' a bitch to nurſe,
To turn them into mongrel-curs,
Make them ſuſpect our ſculls are brittle,
And hold too much wit, or too little;
Nor ſhall our ſpeculations, whether
An elder-ſtick will ſave the leather
Of ſchoolboys' breeches from the rod,
Make all we do appear as odd.
This one diſcovery 's enough
To take all former ſcandals off—

But

But ſince the world 's incredulous
Of all our ſcrutinies, and us,
And with a prejudice prevents
Our beſt and worſt experiments,
(As if they' were deſtin'd to miſcarry,
In conſort try'd, or ſolitary)
And ſince it is uncertain when
Such wonders will occur again,
Let us as cautiouſly contrive
To draw an exact Narrative
Of what we every one can ſwear
Our eyes themſelves have ſeen appear,
That, when we publiſh the Account,
We all may take our oaths upon 't.
This ſaid, they all with one conſent
Agreed to draw up th' Inſtrument,
And, for the general ſatisfaction,
To print it in the next Tranſaction.
But whilſt the chiefs were drawing up
This ſtrange Memoir o' th' teleſcope,
One, peeping in the tube by chance,
Beheld the Elephant advance,
And from the weſt ſide of the Moon
To th' eaſt was in a monent gone.
This being related, gave a ſtop
To what the reſt were drawing up;
And every man, amaz'd anew
How it could poſſibly be true,
That any beaſt ſhould run a race
So monſtrous, in ſo ſhort a ſpace,

Reſolv'd,

Reſolv'd, howe'er, to make it good,
At leaſt as poſſible as he could,
And rather his own eyes condemn,
Than queſtion what he 'ad ſeen with them.
While all were thus reſolv'd, a man
Of great renown there thus began—
'Tis ſtrange, I grant! but who can ſay
What cannot be, what can, and may?
Eſpecially at ſo hugely vaſt
A diſtance as this wonder's plac'd,
Where the leaſt error of the ſight
May ſhew things falſe, but never right;
Nor can we try them, ſo far off,
By any ſublunary proof:
For who can ſay that Nature there
Has the ſame laws ſhe goes by here?
Nor is it like ſhe has infus'd,
In every ſpecies there produc'd,
The ſame efforts ſhe does confer
Upon the ſame productions here,
Since thoſe with us, of ſeveral nations,
Have ſuch prodigious variations,
And ſhe affects ſo much to uſe
Variety in all ſhe does.
Hence may b' inferr'd that, though I grant
We 'ave ſeen i' th' Moon an Elephant,
That Elephant may differ ſo
From thoſe upon the earth below,
Both in his bulk, and force, and ſpeed,
As being of a different breed,

That

That though our own are but ſlow-pac'd,
Theirs there may fly, or run as faſt,
And yet be Elephants, no leſs
Than thoſe of Indian pedigrees.
  This ſaid, another of great worth,
Fam'd for his learned works put forth;
Look'd wiſe, then ſaid—All this is true,
And learnedly obſerv'd by you:
But there 's another reaſon for 't,
That falls but very little ſhort
Of mathematic demonſtration,
Upon an accurate calculation,
And that is—As the earth and moon
Do both move contrary upon
Their axes, the rapidity
Of both their motions cannot be
But ſo prodigiouſly faſt,
That vaſter ſpaces may be paſt
In leſs time than the beaſt has gone,
Though he 'ad no motion of his own,
Which we can take no meaſure of,
As you have clear'd by learned proof.
This granted, we may boldly thence
Lay claim t' a nobler inference,
And make this great phænomenon
(Were there no other) ſerve alone
To clear the grand hypotheſis
Of th' motion of the earth from this.
  With this they all were ſatisfy'd,
As men are wont o' th' bias'd ſide,

Applauded

Applauded the profound diſpute,
And grew more gay and reſolute,
By having overcome all doubt,
Than if it never had fall'n out;
And, to complete their Narrative,
Agreed t' inſert this ſtrange retrieve.
But while they were diverted all
With wording the Memorial,
The footboys, for diverſion too,
As having nothing elſe to do,
Seeing the teleſcope at leiſure,
Turn'd virtuoſos for their pleaſure;
Began to gaze upon the Moon,
As thoſe they waited on had done.
With monkeys' ingenuity,
That love to practiſe what they ſee;
When one, whoſe turn it was to peep,
Saw ſomething in the engine creep,
And, viewing well, diſcover'd more
Than all the learn'd had done before.
Quoth he, A little thing is ſlunk
Into the long ſtar-gazing trunk,
And now is gotten down ſo nigh,
I have him juſt againſt mine eye.
This being overheard by one
Who was not ſo far overgrown
In any virtuous ſpeculation,
To judge with mere imagination,
Immediately he made a gueſs
At ſolving all appearances,

far more ſignificant
ll their hints of th' Elephant,
und, upon a ſecond view,
a hypotheſis moſt true ;
had ſcarce apply'd his eye
engine, but immediately
id a Mouſe was gotten in
llow tube, and, ſhut between
o glaſs windows in reſtraint,
ell'd into an Elephant,
ov'd the virtuous occaſion
his learned diſſertation :
s a mountain heretofore
eat with child, they ſay, and bore
mouſe ; this mouſe, as ſtrange,
t forth a mountain in exchange.
nwhile the reſt in conſultation
nn'd the wonderful Narration,
t their hands, and ſeals, and wit,
ſt the truth of what they 'ad writ,
this accurs'd phænomenon
nded all they 'ad ſaid or done :
as no ſooner hinted at,
y' all were in a tumult ſtrait,
uriouſly enrag'd by far,
hoſe that in the Moon made war,
l ſo admirable a hint,
they had all agreed t' have ſeen 't,
ere engag'd to make it out,
ted with a paltry doubt.

When

When one, whoſe taſk was to determine,
And ſolve th' appearances of vermin,
Who 'ad made profound diſcoveries
In frogs, and toads, and rats, and mice,
(Though not ſo curious, 'tis true,
As many a wiſe rat-catcher knew)
After he had with ſigns made way
For ſomething great he had to ſay;
* This diſquiſition
Is, half of it, in my * diſciſſion;
For though the Elephant, as beaſt,
Belongs of right to all the reſt,
The Mouſe, being but a vermin, none
Has title to but I alone;
And therefore hope I may be heard
In my own province, with regard.
It is no wonder we 're cry'd down,
And made the talk of all the Town,
That rants and ſwears, for all our great
Attempts, we have done nothing yet,
If every one have leave to doubt,
When ſome great ſecret 's half made out;
And, 'cauſe perhaps it is not true,
Obſtruct, and ruin all we do.
As no great act was ever done,
Nor ever can, with truth alone,
If nothing elſe but truth w' allow,
'Tis no great matter what we do:
For Truth is too reſerv'd, and nice,
T' appear in mix'd ſocieties;

* Sic Orig. Delights

ts in ſolitary abodes,
:ver ſhews herſelf in crowds;
:n little thing, below
.tters of pretence and ſhow;
eal in novelty and change,
things true, but rare and ſtrange,
ıt the world with what is fit
·oper to its natural wit;
ɔrld, that never ſets eſteem
at things are, but what they ſeem,
f they be not ſtrange and new,
re ne'er the better for being true.
ıat has mankind gain'd by knowing
:le truth, but his undoing,
wiſely was by Nature hidden,
ıly for his good forbidden?
ıerefore with great prudence does
ɔrld ſtill ſtrive to keep it cloſe;
ıll ſecret truths were known,
would not be once more undone?
th has always danger in 't,
:re, perhaps, may croſs ſome hint
ve already agreed upon,
ıinly fruſtrate all we 'ave done,
) make new work for Stubs,
l the academic clubs.
ıuch, then, ought we have a care
ıo man know above his ſhare,
re to underſtand, henceforth,
han his contribution's worth;

That thoſe who 'ave purchas'd of the college
A ſhare, or half a ſhare, of knowledge,
And brought in none, but ſpent repute,
Should not b' admitted to diſpute,
Nor any man pretend to know
More than his dividend come to?
For partners have been always known
To cheat their public intereſt prone;
And if we do not look to ours,
'Tis ſure to run the ſelf-ſame courſe.
This ſaid, the whole aſſembly' allow'd
The doctrine to be right and good,
And, from the truth of what they 'ad heard,
Reſolv'd to give Truth no regard,
But what was for their turn to vouch,
And either find or make it ſuch:
That 'twas more noble to create
Things like Truth, out of ſtrong conceit,
Than with vexatious pains and doubt
To find, or think t' have found, her out.
This being reſolv'd, they, one by one,
Review'd the tube, the Mouſe, and Moon;
But ſtill the narrower they pry'd,
The more they were unſatisfy'd;
In no one thing they ſaw agreeing,
As if they 'ad ſeveral faiths of ſeeing.
Some ſwore, upon a ſecond view,
That all they 'ad ſeen before was true,
And that they never would recant
One ſyllable of th' Elephant;

Avow'd

Avow'd his ſnout could be no Mouſe's,
But a true Elephant's proboſcis.
Others began to doubt and waver,
Uncertain which o' th' two to favour,
And knew not whether to eſpouſe
The cauſe of th' Elephant or Mouſe.
Some held no way ſo orthodox
To try it, as the ballot-box,
And, like the nation's patriots,
To find, or make, the truth by votes:
Others conceiv'd it much more fit
T' unmount the tube, and open it,
And, for their private ſatisfaction,
To re-examine the Tranſaction,
And after explicate the reſt,
As they ſhould find cauſe for the beſt.
To this, as th' only expedient,
The whole aſſembly gave conſent;
But, ere the tube was half let down,
It clear'd the firſt phænomenon:
For, at the end, prodigious ſwarms
Of flies and gnats, like men in arms,
Had all paſt muſter, by miſchance,
Both for the Sub- and Privolvans.
This being diſcover'd, put them all
Into a freſh and fiercer brawl,
Aſham'd that men ſo grave and wiſe
Should be chaldea'd by gnats and flies,
And take the feeble inſects' ſwarms
For mighty troops of men at arms;

As vain as thoſe who, when the Moon
Bright in a cryſtal river ſhone,
Threw caſting-nets as ſubtly at her,
To catch and pull her out o' th' water.
But when they had unſcrew'd the glaſs,
To find out where th' impoſtor was,
And ſaw the Mouſe, that, by miſhap,
Had made the teleſcope a trap,
Amaz'd, confounded, and afflicted,
To be ſo openly convicted,
Immediately they get them gone,
With this diſcovery alone:
That thoſe who greedily purſue
Things wonderful inſtead of true;
That in their ſpeculations chuſe
To make diſcoveries ſtrange news,

And

Ver. 509, 510.] From this moral application of the whole, one may obſerve that the Poet's real intention, in this ſatire, was not to ridicule real and uſeful philoſophy, but only that conceited and whimſical taſte for the marvellous and ſurprizing, which prevailed ſo much among the learned of that age: and though it would be ungrateful not to acknowledge the many uſeful improvements then made in natural knowledge, yet, in juſtice to the ſatiriſt, it muſt be confeſſed that theſe curious inquirers into Nature did ſometimes, in their reſearches, run into a ſuperſtitious and unphiloſophical credulity, which deſerved very well to be laughed at; and which was afterwards ſo happily ridiculed in the "Tranſactioneer" of Dr. King.

And natural hiſtory a Gazette
Of tales ſtupendous and far-fet;
Hold no truth worthy to be known,
That is not huge and overgrown,
And explicate appearances,
Not as they are, but as they pleaſe;
In vain ſtrive Nature to ſuborn,
And, for their pains, are paid with ſcorn.

THE

ELEPHANT IN THE MOON.

IN LONG VERSE*.

A Virtuous, learn'd Society, of late
The pride and glory of a foreign ſtate,
Made an agreement, on a ſummer's night,
To ſearch the Moon at full by her own light;
To take a perfect inventory of all
Her real fortunes, or her perſonal,

And

* After the Author had finiſhed this ſtory in ſhort verſe, he took it in his head to attempt it in long. That this was compoſed after the other, is manifeſt from its being wrote oppoſite to it upon a vacant part of the ſame paper: and though in moſt places the Poet has done little more than filled up the verſe with an additional foot, preſerving the ſame thought and rhyme, yet as it is a ſingular inſtance in its way, and has, beſides, many conſiderable additions and variations, which tend to illuſtrate and explain the preceding Poem, it may be looked upon not only as a curioſity in its kind, but as a new production of the Author's. This I mention only to obviate the objections of thoſe who may think it inſerted to fill up the volume. To the admirers of Butler, I am ſure, no apology is neceſſary.

And make a geometrical ſurvey
Of all her lands, and how her country lay,
As accurate as that of Ireland, where
The fly ſurveyor 's ſaid t' have ſunk a ſhire:
T' obſerve her country's climate, how 'twas planted,
And what ſhe moſt abounded with, or wanted;
And draw maps of her propereſt ſituations
For ſettling, and erecting new plantations,
If ever the Society ſhould incline
T' attempt ſo great and glorious a deſign:
" A taſk in vain, unleſs the German Kepler
" Had found out a diſcovery to people her,
" And ſtock her country with inhabitants
" Of military men and Elephants:
" For th' Ancients only took her for a piece
" Of red-hot iron as big as Peloponneſe,
" Till he appear'd; for which, ſome write, ſhe ſent
" Upon his tribe as ſtrange a puniſhment."
This was the only purpoſe of their meeting,
For which they choſe a time and place moſt fitting,
When, at the full, her equal ſhares of light
And influence were at their greateſt height.
And now the lofty teleſcope, the ſcale,
By which they venture heaven itſelf t' aſſail,
Was

Ver. 17.] This and the following verſes, to the end of the paragraph, are not in the foregoing compoſition; and are diſtinguiſhed, as well as the reſt of the ſame kind, by being printed with inverted commas.

Was rais'd, and planted full againſt the Moon,
And all the reſt ſtood ready to fall on,
Impatient who ſhould bear away the honour
To plant an enſign, firſt of all, upon her.
When one, who for his ſolid deep belief
Was choſen virtuoſo then in chief,
Had been approv'd the moſt profound and wiſe
At ſolving all impoſſibilities,
With gravity advancing, to apply
To th' optic glaſs his penetrating eye,
Cry'd out, O ſtrange! then reinforc'd his ſight
Againſt the Moon with all his art and might,
And bent the muſcles of his penſive brow,
As if he meant to ſtare and gaze her through;
While all the reſt began as much t' admire,
And, like a powder-train, from him took fire,
Surpriz'd with dull amazement beforehand,
At what they would, but could not underſtand,
And grew impatient to diſcover what
The matter was they ſo much wonder'd at.
Quoth he, The old inhabitants o' th' Moon,
Who, when the ſun ſhines hotteſt about noon,
Are wont to live in cellars under ground,
Of eight miles deep, and more than eighty round,
In which at once they uſe to fortify
Againſt the ſunbeams and the enemy,
Are counted borough-towns and cities there,
Becauſe th' inhabitants are civiller
Than thoſe rude country peaſants that are found,
Like mountaineers, to live on th' upper ground,

Nam'd

Nam'd Privolvans, with whom the others are
Perpetually in ſtate of open war.
And now both armies, mortally enrag'd,
Are in a fierce and bloody fight engag'd,
And many fall on both ſides kill'd and ſlain,
As by the teleſcope 'tis clear and plain.
Look in it quickly then, that every one
May ſee his ſhare before the battle 's done.
At this a famous great philoſopher,
Admir'd, and celebrated, far and near
As one of wondrous ſingular invention,
And equal univerſal comprehenſion;
" By which he had compos'd a pedlar's jargon,
" For all the world to learn, and uſe in bargain,
" An univerſal canting idiom,
" To underſtand the ſwinging pendulum,
" And to communicate, in all deſigns,
" With th' Eaſtern virtuoſi Mandarines;"
Apply'd an optic nerve, and half a noſe,
To th' end and centre of the engine cloſe:
For he had very lately undertook
To vindicate, and publiſh in a book,
That men, whoſe native eyes are blind, or out,
May by more admirable art be brought
To ſee with empty holes, as well and plain
As if their eyes had been put in again.
This great man, therefore, having fix'd his ſight
T' obſerve the bloody formidable fight,
Conſider'd carefully, and then cry'd out,
'Tis true, the battle 's deſperately fought;

The gallant Subvolvans begin to rally,
And from their trenches valiantly ſally,
To fall upon the ſtubborn enemy,
Who fearfully begin to rout and fly.
  Theſe paltry domineering Privolvans
Have, every ſummer-ſeaſon, their campaigns,
And muſter, like the military ſons
Of Rawhead and victorious Bloodybones,
As great and numerous as Soland geeſe
I' th' ſummer-iſlands of the Orcades,
Courageouſly to make a dreadful ſtand,
And boldly face their neighbours hand to hand,
Until the peaceful, long'd-for winter 's come,
And then diſband, and march in triumph home,
And ſpend the reſt of all the year in lyes,
And vapouring of their unknown victories.
From th' old Arcadians they have been believ'd
To be, before the Moon herſelf, deriv'd;
And, when her orb was firſt of all created,
To be from thence, to people her, tranſlated:
For, as thoſe people had been long reputed,
Of all the Peloponneſians, the moſt ſtupid,
Whom nothing in the world could ever bring
T' endure the civil life but fiddling,
They ever ſince retain the antique courſe
And native frenzy of their anceſtors,
And always uſe to ſing and fiddle to
Things of the moſt important weight they do.
  While thus the virtuoſo entertains
The whole aſſembly with the Privolvans,

" Another ſophiſt, but of leſs renown,
" Though longer obſervation of the Moon,"
That underſtood the difference of her ſoils,
And which produc'd the faireſt genet-moyles,
" But for an unpaid weekly ſhilling's penſion
" Had fin'd for wit, and judgment, and invention,"
Who, after poring tedious and hard
In th' optic engine, gave a ſtart, and ſtar'd,
And thus began—A ſtranger ſight appears
Than ever yet was ſeen in all the ſpheres!

A greater

Ver. 121, 122.] In the ſhorter verſe it ſtands thus:

Another of as great renown,
And ſolid judgment in the Moon.

And though the variation in words is but ſmall, it makes a conſiderable difference in the character.

Ver. 125, 126.] Theſe two verſes are inſerted inſtead of the following in the other copy in ſhort meaſure:

And in the regiſter of Fame
Had enter'd his long-living name.

The Poet had added the two following lines in this character, but afterwards croſſed them out,

And firſt found out the building Paul's,
And paving London with ſea-coals.

I tranſcribe them, to gratify the curioſity of ſuch as are deſirous to inveſtigate who the particular perſons are that are deſigned by theſe characters.

A greater wonder, more unparallel'd
Than ever mortal tube or eye beheld!
A mighty Elephant from one of thoſe
Two fighting armies is at length broke looſe,
And, with the deſperate horror of the fight
Appears amaz'd, and in a dreadful fright!
Look quickly! left the only ſight of us
Should cauſe the ſtartled creature to imboſs.
It is a large one, and appears more great
Than ever was produc'd in Afric yet;
From which we confidently may infer,
The Moon appears to be the fruitfuller.
And ſince, of old, the mighty Pyrrhus brought
Thoſe living caſtles firſt of all, 'tis thought,
Againſt the Roman army in the field,
It may a valid argument be held,
(The ſame Arcadia being but a piece,
As his dominions were, of antique Greece)
To vindicate what this illuſtrious perſon
Has made ſo learn'd and noble a diſcourſe on,
And given us ample ſatisfaction all
Of th' ancient Privolvans' original.

That Elephants are really in the Moon,
Although our fortune had diſcover'd none,
Is eaſily made plain, and manifeſt,
Since from the greateſt orbs, down to the leaſt,
All other globes of ſtars and conſtellations
Have cattle in them of all ſorts and nations,
And heaven, like a northern Tartar's hord,
With numerous and mighty droves is ſtor'd:

And,

And, if the Moon can but produce by Nature
A people of ſo large and vaſt a ſtature,
'Tis more than probable ſhe ſhould bring forth
A greater breed of beaſts, too, than the earth;
As, by the beſt accounts we have, appears
Of all our credibleſt diſcoverers,
And that thoſe vaſt and monſtrous creatures there
Are not ſuch far-fet rarities as here.
Meanwhile th' aſſembly now had had a ſight
Of all diſtinct particulars o' th' fight,
And every man, with diligence and care,
Perus'd and view'd of th' Elephant his ſhare,
Proud of his equal intereſt in the glory
Of ſo ſtupendous and renown'd a ſtory;
When one, who for his fame and excellence
In heightening of words and ſhadowing ſenſe,
And magnifying all he ever writ
With delicate and microſcopic wit,
Had long been magnify'd himſelf no leſs
In foreign and domeſtic colleges,
Began at laſt (tranſported with the twang
Of his own elocution) thus t' harangue.
Moſt virtuous and incomparable Friends,
This great diſcovery fully makes amends
For all our former unſucceſsful pains,
And loſt expences of our time and brains;
For, by this admirable phænomenon,
We now have gotten ground upon the Moon,
And gain'd a paſs t' engage and hold diſpute
With all the other planets that ſtand out,

And carry on this brave and virtuous war
Home to the door of th' obſtinateſt ſtar,
And plant th' artillery of our optic tubes
Againſt the proudeſt of their magnitudes;
To ſtretch our future victories beyond
The uttermoſt of planetary ground,
And plant our warlike engines, and our enſigns,
Upon the fix'd ſtars' ſpacious dimenſions,
To prove if they are other ſuns or not,
As ſome philoſophers have wiſely thought;
Or only windows in the empyreum,
Through which thoſe bright effluvias uſe to come
Which Archimede, ſo many years ago,
Durſt never venture but to wiſh to know.
Nor is this all that we have now atchiev'd,
But greater things!—henceforth to be believ'd:
And have no more our beſt or worſt deſigns,
Becauſe they 're ours, ſuſpected for ill ſigns.
T' out-throw, and magnify, and to enlarge,
Shall, henceforth, be no more laid to our charge;
Nor ſhall our beſt and ableſt virtuoſo's
Prove arguments again for coffee-houſes;

Ver. 203, 204.] Theſe two lines are here inſert a different and better place than they were in the fi verſe, where they made a ſort of parentheſis; ar two following lines are alſo omitted:

Like flames of fire, as others gueſs,
That ſhine i' th' mouths of furnaces.

"Nor little ſtories gain belief among
"Our criticalleſt judges, right or wrong:"
Nor ſhall our new-invented chariots draw
The boys to courſe us in them without law;
"Make chips of elms produce the largeſt trees,
"Or ſowing ſaw-duſt furniſh nurſeries:
"No more our heading darts (a ſwinging one!)
"With butter only harden'd in the ſun;
"Or men that uſe to whiſtle loud enough
"To be heard by others plainly five miles off,
"'Cauſe all the reſt, we own and have avow'd,
"To be believ'd as deſperately loud."
Nor ſhall our future ſpeculations, whether
An elder-ſtick will render all the leather
Of ſchoolboys' breeches proof againſt the rod,
Make all we undertake appear as odd.
This one diſcovery will prove enough
To take all paſt and future ſcandals off:
But, ſince the world is ſo incredulous
Of all our uſual ſcrutinies and us,
And with a conſtant prejudice prevents
Our beſt as well as worſt experiments,
As if they were all deſtin'd to miſcarry,
As well in concert try'd as ſolitary;

And

Ver. 213.] In this latter part of the ſpeech, Butler makes a conſiderable variation, by adding, omitting, and altering; which it would be both tedious and unneceſſary minutely to point out, as the reader may ſo eaſily compare the two Poems.

And that th' aſſembly is uncertain when
Such great diſcoveries will occur again;
'Tis reaſonable we ſhould, at leaſt, contrive
To draw up as exact a Narrative
Of that which every man of us can ſwear
Our eyes themſelves have plainly ſeen appear,
That when 'tis fit to publiſh the Account,
We all may take our ſeveral oaths upon 't.
This ſaid, the whole aſſembly gave conſent
To drawing up th' authentic Inſtrument,
And, for the nation's general ſatisfaction,
To print and own it in their next Tranſaction:
But while their ableſt men were drawing up
The wonderful Memoir o' th' teleſcope,
A member peeping in the tube by chance,
Beheld the Elephant begin t' advance,
That from the weſt-by-north ſide of the Moon
To th' eaſt-by-ſouth was in a moment gone.
This being related, gave a ſudden ſtop
To all their grandees had been drawing up,
And every perſon was amaz'd anew,
How ſuch a ſtrange ſurprizal ſhould be true,
Or any beaſt perform ſo great a race,
So ſwift and rapid, in ſo ſhort a ſpace,
Reſolv'd, as ſuddenly, to make it good,
Or render all as fairly as they cou'd,
And rather choſe their own eyes to condemn,
Than queſtion what they had beheld with them.
While every one was thus reſolv'd, a man
Of great eſteem and credit thus began—

'Tis

'Tis ſtrange, I grant! but who, alas! can ſay
What cannot be, or juſtly can, and may?
Eſpecially at ſo hugely wide and vaſt
A diſtance as this miracle is plac'd,
Where the leaſt error of the glaſs, or ſight,
May render things amiſs, but never right?
Nor can we try them, when they 're ſo far off,
By any equal ſublunary proof:
For who can juſtify that Nature there
Is ty'd to the ſame laws ſhe acts by here?
Nor is it probable ſhe has infus'd
Int' every ſpecies in the Moon produc'd,
The ſame efforts ſhe 'uſes to confer
Upon the very ſame productions here;
Since thoſe upon the earth, of ſeveral nations,
Are found t' have ſuch prodigious variations,
And ſhe affects ſo conſtantly to uſe
Variety in every thing ſhe does.
From hence may be inferr'd that, though I grant
We have beheld i' th' Moon an Elephant,
That Elephant may chance to differ ſo
From thoſe with us upon the earth below,
Both in his bulk, as well as force and ſpeed,
As being of a different kind and breed,
That though 'tis true our own are but ſlow-pac'd,
Theirs there, perhaps, may fly, or run as faſt,
And yet be very Elephants, no leſs
Than thoſe deriv'd from Indian families.
This ſaid, another member of great worth,
Fam'd for the learned works he had put forth,

" In which the mannerly and modeſt author
" Quotes the Right Worſhipful his elder brother,"
Look'd wiſe a while, then ſaid—All this is true,
And very learnedly obſerv'd by you;
But there 's another nobler reaſon for 't,
That, rightly obſerv'd, will fall but little ſhort
Of ſolid mathematic demonſtration,
Upon a full and perfect calculation;
And that is only this—As th' earth and moon
Do conſtantly move contrary upon
Their ſeveral axes, the rapidity
Of both their motions cannot fail to be
So violent, and naturally faſt,
That larger diſtances may well be paſt
In leſs time than the Elephant has gone,
Although he had no motion of his own;
Which we on earth can take no meaſure of,
As you have made it evident by proof.
This granted, we may confidently hence
Claim title to another inference,
And make this wonderful phænomenon
(Were there no other) ſerve our turn alone
To vindicate the grand hypotheſis,
And prove the motion of the earth from this.
This ſaid, th' aſſembly now was ſatisfy'd,
As men are ſoon upon the bias'd ſide;
With great applauſe receiv'd th' admir'd diſpute,
And grew more gay, and briſk, and reſolute,
By having (right or wrong) remov'd all doubt,
Than if th' occaſion never had fall'n out;

Reſolving

Reſolving to complete their Narrative,
And punctually inſert this ſtrange retrieve.
But while their grandees were diverted all
With nicely wording the Memorial,
The footboys, for their own diverſion, too,
As having nothing, now, at all to do,
And when they ſaw the teleſcope at leiſure,
Turn'd virtuoſos, only for their pleaſure;
"With drills' and monkeys' ingenuity,
"That take delight to practiſe all they ſee,"
Began to ſtare and gaze upon the Moon,
As thoſe they waited on before had done:
When one, whoſe turn it was by chance to peep,
Saw ſomething in the lofty engine creep,
And, viewing carefully, diſcover'd more
Than all their maſters hit upon before.
Quoth he, O ſtrange! a little thing is ſlunk
On th' inſide of the long ſtar-gazing trunk,
And now is gotten down ſo low and nigh,
I have him here directly 'gainſt mine eye.
This chancing to be overheard by one
Who was not, yet, ſo hugely overgrown
In any philoſophic obſervation,
As to conclude with mere imagination,
And yet he made immediately a gueſs
At fully ſalving all appearances
A plainer way, and more ſignificant,
Than all their hints had prov'd o' th' Elephant;
And quickly found, upon a ſecond view,
His own conjecture, probably, moſt true;

For he no ſooner had apply'd his eye
To th' optic engine, but immediately
He found a ſmall field-mouſe was gotten in
The hollow teleſcope, and, ſhut between
The two glaſs-windows, cloſely in reſtraint,
Was magnify'd into an Elephant,
And prov'd the happy virtuous occaſion
Of all this deep and learned diſſertation.
And as a mighty mountain, heretofore,
Is ſaid t' have been begot with child, and bore
A ſilly mouſe, this captive mouſe, as ſtrange,
Produc'd another mountain in exchange.
Meanwhile the grandees, long in conſultation,
Had finiſh'd the miraculous Narration,
And ſet their hands, and ſeals, and ſenſe, and wit,
T' atteſt and vouch the truth of all they 'ad writ,
When this unfortunate phænomenon
Confounded all they had declar'd and done:
For 'twas no ſooner told and hinted at,
But all the reſt were in a tumult ſtrait,
More hot and furiouſly enrag'd by far,
Than both the hoſts that in the Moon made war,
To find ſo rare and admirable a hint,
When they had all ageeed and ſworn t' have ſeen 't,
And had engag'd themſelves to make it out,
Obſtructed with a wretched paltry doubt.
When one, whoſe only taſk was to determine
And ſolve the worſt appearances of vermin,
Who oft' had made profound diſcoveries
In frogs and toads, as well as rats and mice

(Though

(Though not ſo curious and exact, 'tis true,
As many an exquiſite rat-catcher knew),
After he had a while with ſigns made way
For ſomething pertinent he had to ſay,
At laſt prevail'd—Quoth he, This diſquiſition
Is, the one half of it, in my diſciſſion;
For though 'tis true the Elephant, as beaſt,
Belongs, of natural right, to all the reſt,
The Mouſe, that 's but a paltry vermin, none
Can claim a title to but I alone;
And therefore humbly hope I may be heard,
In my own province, freely, with regard.
It is no wonder that we are cry'd down,
And made the table-talk of all the Town,
That rants and vapours ſtill, for all our great
Deſigns and projects, we 've done nothing yet,
If every one have liberty to doubt,
When ſome great ſecret 's more than half made out,
Becauſe, perhaps, it will not hold out true,
And put a ſtop to all w' attempt to do.
As no great action ever has been done,
Nor ever 's like to be, by Truth alone,
If nothing elſe but only truth w' allow,
'Tis no great matter what w' intend to do;
"For truth is always too reſerv'd and chaſte,
"T' endure to be by all the Town embrac'd;
"A ſolitary anchorite, that dwells,
"Retir'd from all the world, in obſcure cells,"
Diſdains all great aſſemblies, and defies
The preſs and crowd of mix'd ſocieties,

That uſe to deal in novelty and change,
Not of things true, but great, and rare, and ſtrange,
To entertain the world with what is fit
And proper for its genius and its wit;
The world, that 's never found to ſet eſteem
On what things are, but what they' appear and ſeem;
And, if they are not wonderful and new,
They 're ne'er the better for their being true;
" For what is truth, or knowledge, but a kind
" Of wantonneſs and luxury o' th' mind,
" A greedineſs and gluttony o' th' brain,
" That longs to eat forbidden fruit again,
" And grows more deſperate, like the worſt diſeaſes
" Upon the nobler part (the mind) it ſeizes?"
And what has mankind ever gain'd by knowing
His little truths, unleſs his own undoing,
That prudently by Nature had been hidden,
And, only for his greater good, forbidden?
And therefore with as great diſcretion does
The world endeavour ſtill to keep it cloſe;
For if the ſecrets of all truths were known,
Who would not, once more, be as much undone?
For truth is never without danger in 't,
As here it has depriv'd us of a hint
The whole aſſembly had agreed upon,
And utterly defeated all we 'ad done,
" By giving footboys leave to interpoſe,
" And diſappoint whatever we propoſe;"
For nothing but to cut out work for Stubs,
And all the buſy academic clubs,

" For which they have deſerv'd to run the riſks
" Of elder-ſticks, and penitential friſks."
How much, then, ought we have a ſpecial care
That none preſume to know above his ſhare,
Nor take upon him t' underſtand, henceforth,
More than his weekly contribution 's worth;
That all thoſe that have purchas'd of the college
A half, or but a quarter ſhare, of knowledge,
And brought none in themſelves, but ſpent repute,
Should never be admitted to diſpute,
Nor any member undertake to know
More than his equal dividend comes to?
For partners have perpetually been known
T' impoſe upon their public intereſt prone;
And, if we have not greater care of ours,
It will be ſure to run the ſelf-ſame courſe.
This ſaid, the whole Society allow'd
The doctrine to be orthodox and good,
And, from th' apparent truth of what they 'ad heard,
Reſolv'd, henceforth, to give Truth no regard,
But what was for their intereſts to vouch,
And either find it out, or make it ſuch:
That 'twas more admirable to create
Inventions, like truth, out of ſtrong conceit,
Than, with vexatious ſtudy, pains, and doubt,
To find, or but ſuppoſe t' have found, it out.
This being reſolv'd, th' aſſembly, one by one,
Review'd the tube, the Elephant, and Moon;
But ſtill, the more and curiouſer they pry'd,
They but became the more unſatisfy'd;

In no one thing they gaz'd upon agreeing,
As if they 'ad different principles of seeing.
Some boldly swore, upon a second view,
That all they had beheld before was true,
And damn'd themselves they never would recant
One syllable they 'ad seen of th' Elephant;
Avow'd his shape and snout could be no Mouse's,
But a true natural Elephant's proboscis.
Others began to doubt as much and waver,
Uncertain which to disallow or favour;
"Until they had as many cross resolves,
"As Irishmen that have been turn'd to wolves,"
And grew distracted, whether to espouse
The party of the Elephant or Mouse.
Some held there was no way so orthodox,
As to refer it to the ballot-box,
And, like some other nation's patriots,
To find it out, or make the truth, by votes:
Others were of opinion 'twas more fit
T' unmount the telescope, and open it,
And, for their own and all men's satisfaction,
To search and re-examine the Transaction,
And afterward to explicate the rest,
As they should see occasion, for the best.
To this, at length, as th' only expedient,
The whole assembly freely gave consent;
But, ere the optic tube was half let down,
Their own eyes clear'd the first phænomenon:
For at the upper end, prodigious swarms
Of busy flies and gnats, like men in arms,

Had

Had all paſt muſter in the glaſs by chance,
For both the Peri- and the Subvolvans.
This being diſcover'd, once more put them all
Into a worſe and deſperater brawl;
Surpriz'd with ſhame, that men ſo grave and wiſe
Should be trepann'd by paltry gnats and flies,
And to miſtake the feeble inſects' ſwarms
For ſquadrons and reſerves of men in arms:
As politic as thoſe who, when the Moon
As bright and glorious in a river ſhone,
Threw caſting-nets with equal cunning at her,
To catch her with, and pull her out o' th' water.
But when, at laſt, they had unſcrew'd the glaſs,
To find out where the fly impoſtor was,
And ſaw 'twas but a Mouſe, that by miſhap
Had catch'd himſelf, and them, in th' optic trap,
Amaz'd

Ver. 521, 522.] Butler, to compliment his Mouſe for affording him an opportunity of indulging his ſatirical turn, and diſplaying his wit, upon this occaſion, has, to the end of this Poem, ſubjoined the following epigrammatical note:

A Mouſe, whoſe martial valour has ſo long
Ago been try'd, and by old Homer ſung,
And purchas'd him more everlaſting glory
Than all his Grecian and his Trojan ſtory,
Though he appears unequal matcht, I grant,
In bulk and ſtature by the Elephant,
Yet frequently has been obſerv'd in battle
To have reduc'd the proud and haughty cattle,
When, having boldly enter'd the redoubt,
And ſtorm'd the dreadful outwork of his ſnout,
The little vermin, like an errant-knight,
Has ſlain the huge gigantic beaſt in fight.

Amaz'd, with ſhame confounded, and afflicted
To find themſelves ſo openly convicted,
Immediately made haſte to get them gone,
With none but this diſcovery alone:
That learned men, who greedily purſue
Things that are rather wonderful than true,
And, in their niceſt ſpeculations, chuſe
To make their own diſcoveries ſtrange news,
And natural hiſtory rather a Gazette
Of rarities ſtupendous and far-fet;
Believe no truths are worthy to be known,
That are not ſtrongly vaſt and overgrown,
And ſtrive to explicate appearances,
Not as they 're probable, but as they pleaſe;
In vain endeavour Nature to ſuborn,
And, for their pains, are juſtly paid with ſcorn.

A SATIRE

ON THE

ROYAL SOCIETY.

A FRAGMENT*.

A Learned man, whom once a week
A hundred virtuoſos ſeek,
And like an oracle apply to,
T' aſk queſtions, and admire, and lye to;
Who entertain'd them all of courſe
(As men take wives for better or worſe)
And paſt them all for men of parts,
Though ſome but ſceptics in their hearts;

For,

* Butler formed a deſign of writing another ſatire upon the Royal Society, part of which I find amongſt his papers, fairly and correctly tranſcribed. Whether he ever finiſhed it, or the remainder of it be loſt, is uncertain: the Fragment, however, that is preſerved, may not improperly be added in this place, as in ſome ſort explanatory of the preceding Poem: and, I am perſuaded, that thoſe who have a taſte for Butler's turn and humour will think this too curious a Fragment to be loſt, though perhaps too imperfect to be formally publiſhed.

For, when they 're caſt into a lump,
Their talents equally muſt jump;
As metals mixt, the rich and baſe
Do both at equal values paſs.
With theſe the ordinary debate
Was after news, and things of ſtate,
Which way the dreadful comet went,
In ſixty-four, and what it meant?
What nations yet are to bewail
The operation of its tail?
Or whether France or Holland yet,
Or Germany, be in its debt?
What wars and plagues in Chriſtendom
Have happen'd ſince, and what to come?
What kings are dead, how many queens
And princeſſes are poiſon'd ſince?
And who ſhall next of all by turn
Make courts wear black, and tradeſmen mourn?
What parties next of foot or horſe,
Will rout, or routed be, of courſe?
What German marches, and retreats,
Will furniſh the next month's Gazettes?
What peſtilent contagion next,
And what part of the world, infects?
What dreadful meteor, and where,
Shall in the heavens next appear?
And when again ſhall lay embargo
Upon the Admiral, the good ſhip Argo?
Why currents turn in ſeas of ice
Some thrice a day, and ſome but twice?

And why the tides, at night and noon,
Court, like Caligula, the Moon?
What is the natural cauſe why fiſh
That always drink, do never piſs?
Or whether in their home, the deep,
By night or day they ever ſleep?
If graſs be green, or ſnow be white,
But only as they take the light?
Whether poſſeſſions of the devil,
Or mere temptations, do moſt evil?
What is 't that makes all fountains ſtill
Within the earth to run up hill,
But on the outſide down again,
As if th' attempt had been in vain?
Or what 's the ſtrange magnetic cauſe
The ſteel or loadſtone 's drawn, or draws?
The ſtar the needle, which the ſtone
Has only been but touch'd upon?
Whether the North-ſtar's influence
With both does hold intelligence?
(For red-hot iron, held tow'rds the pole,
Turns of itſelf to 't when 'tis cool:)
Or whether male and female ſcrews
In th' iron and ſtone th' effect produce?
What makes the body of the ſun,
That ſuch a rapid courſe does run,
To draw no tail behind through th' air,
As comets do, when they appear;
Which other planets cannot do,
Becauſe they do not burn, but glow?

Whether

Whether the Moon be ſea or land,
Or charcoal, or a quench'd firebrand;
Or if the dark holes that appear,
Are only pores, not cities there?
Whether the atmoſphere turn round,
And keep a juſt pace with the ground,
Or loiter lazily behind,
And clog the air with guſts of wind?
Or whether creſcents in the wane
(For ſo an author has it plain)
Do burn quite out, or wear away
Their ſnuffs upon the edge of day?
Whether the ſea increaſe, or waſte,
And, if it do, how long 'twill laſt?
Or, if the ſun approaches near
The earth, how ſoon it will be there?
Theſe were their learned ſpeculations,
And all their conſtant occupations,
To meaſure wind, and weigh the air,
And turn a circle to a ſquare;
To make a powder of the ſun,
By which all doctors ſhould b' undone;
To find the north-weſt paſſage out,
Although the fartheſt way about;
If chemiſts from a roſe's aſhes
Can raiſe the roſe itſelf in glaſſes?
Whether the line of incidence
Riſe from the object or the ſenſe?
To ſtew th' elixir in a bath
Of hope, credulity, and faith;

To

To explicate, by ſubtle hints,
The grain of diamonds and flints,
And in the braying of an aſs
Find out the treble and the baſs;
If mares neigh alto, and a cow
A double diapaſon lowe—
* * * * * * * *

REPARTEES

BETWEEN

CAT AND PUSS

AT A CATERWAULING.

In the modern Heroic way.

IT was about the middle age of night,
When half the earth ſtood in the other's light,
And Sleep, Death's brother, yet a friend to life,
Gave weary'd Nature a reſtorative;
When Puſs, wrapt warm in his own native furs,
Dreamt ſoundly of as ſoft and warm amours;
Of making gallantry in gutter-tiles,
And ſporting on delightful faggot-piles;
Of bolting out of buſhes in the dark,
As ladies uſe at midnight in the Park;
Or ſeeking in tall garrets an alcove,
For aſſignations in th' affairs of love.

At

Repartees.] This poem is a ſatirical banter upon thoſe heroic plays which were ſo much in vogue at the time our Author lived; the dialogues of which, having what they called Heroic Love for their ſubject, are carried-on exactly in this ſtrain, as any one may perceive that will conſult the dramatic pieces of Dryden, Settle, and others.

At once his paſſion was both falſe and true,
And the more falſe, the more in earneſt grew.
He fancy'd that he heard thoſe amorous charms
That us'd to ſummon him to ſoft alarms,
To which he always brought an equal flame,
To fight a rival, or to court a dame;
And, as in dreams love's raptures are more taking
Than all their actual enjoyments waking,
His amorous paſſion grew to that extreme,
His dream itſelf awak'd him from his dream.
Thought he, What place is this! or whither art
Thou vaniſh'd from me, Miſtreſs of my heart?
But now I had her in this very place,
Here, faſt impriſon'd in my glad embrace,
And, while my joys beyond themſelves were rapt,
I know not how, nor whither, thou 'rt eſcap'd:
Stay, and I 'll follow thee—With that he leapt
Up from the lazy couch on which he ſlept,
And, wing'd with paſſion, through his known purlieu,
Swift as an arrow from a bow, he flew,
Nor ſtopp'd, until his fire had him convey'd
Where many an aſſignation he 'ad enjoy'd;
Where finding, what he ſought, a mutual flame,
That long had ſtay'd and call'd before he came,
Impatient of delay, without one word,
To loſe no further time, he fell aboard,
But grip'd ſo hard, he wounded what he lov'd,
While ſhe, in anger, thus his heat reprov'd.
C. Forbear, foul raviſher, this rude addreſs;
Canſt thou, at once, both injure and careſs?

P. Thou haſt bewitch'd me with thy powerful charms,
And I, by drawing blood, would cure my harms.
C. He that does love would ſet his heart a-tilt,
Ere one drop of his lady's ſhould be ſpilt.
P. Your wounds are but without, and mine within;
You wound my heart, and I but prick your ſkin;
And, while your eyes pierce deeper than my claws,
You blame th' effect, of which you are the cauſe.
C. How could my guiltleſs eyes your heart invade,
Had it not firſt been by your own betray'd?
Hence 'tis my greateſt crime has only been
(Not in mine eyes, but your's) in being ſeen.
P. I hurt to love, but do not love to hurt.
C. That 's worſe than making cruelty a ſport.
P. Pain is the foil of pleaſure and delight,
That ſets it off to a more noble height.
C. He buys his pleaſure at a rate too vain,
That takes it up beforehand of his pain.
P. Pain is more dear than pleaſure when 'tis paſt.
C. But grows intolerable if it laſt.
P. Love is too full of honour to regard
What it enjoys, but ſuffers as reward.
What knight durſt ever own a lover's name,
That had not been half-murther'd by his flame,
Or lady, that had never lain at ſtake,
To death, or force of rivals, for his ſake?
C. When love does meet with injury and pain,
Diſdain 's the only medicine for diſdain.
P. At once I 'm happy, and unhappy too,
In being pleas'd, and in diſpleaſing you.

C. Pre-

C. Prepoſterous way of pleaſure and of love,
That contrary to its own end would move!
'Tis rather hate, that covets to deſtroy;
Love's buſineſs is to love, and to enjoy.
P. Enjoying and deſtroying are all one,
As flames deſtroy that which they feed upon.
C. He never lov'd at any generous rate,
That in th' enjoyment found his flame abate.
As wine (the friend of love) is wont to make
The thirſt more violent it pretends to ſlake,
So ſhould fruition do the lovers' fire,
Inſtead of leſſening, inflame deſire.
P. What greater proof that paſſion does tranſport,
When what I would die for I 'm forc'd to hurt?
C. Death among lovers is a thing deſpis'd,
And far below a ſullen humour priz'd,
That is more ſcorn'd and rail'd at than the gods,
When they are croſs'd in love, or fall at odds;
But ſince you underſtand not what you do,
I am the judge of what I feel, not you.
P. Paſſion begins indifferent to prove,
When love conſiders any thing but love.
C. The darts of love, like lightning, wound within,
And, though they pierce it, never hurt the ſkin;
They leave no marks behind them where they fly,
Though through the tendereſt part of all, the eye;
But your ſharp claws have left enough to ſhew
How tender I have been, how cruel you.
P. Pleaſure is pain; for when it is enjoy'd,
All it could wiſh for was but to b' allay'd.

C. Force is a rugged way of making love.
P. What you like beſt, you always diſapprove.
C. He that will wrong his love will not be nice,
T' excuſe the wrong he does, to wrong her twice.
P. Nothing is wrong but that which is ill meant.
C. Wounds are ill cured with a good intent.
P. When you miſtake that for an injury
I never meant, you do the wrong, not I.
C. You do not feel yourſelf the pain you give;
But 'tis not that alone for which I grieve,
But 'tis your want of paſſion that I blame,
That can be cruel where you own a flame.
P. 'Tis you are guilty of that cruelty,
Which you at once outdo, and blame in me;
For, while you ſtifle and inflame deſire,
You burn, and ſtarve me in the ſelf-ſame fire.
C. It is not I, but you, that do the hurt,
Who wound yourſelf, and then accuſe me for 't;
As thieves, that rob themſelves 'twixt ſun and ſun,
Make others pay for what themſelves have done.

TO THE HONOURABLE

EDWARD HOWARD, ESQ.

UPON HIS INCOMPARABLE POEM OF

THE BRITISH PRINCES*.

SIR,

YOU have oblig'd the Britiſh nation more
Than all their bards could ever do before,
And, at your own charge, monuments more hard
Than braſs or marble to their fame have rear'd:
For, as all warlike nations take delight
To hear how brave their anceſtors could fight,
You have advanc'd to wonder their renown,
And no leſs virtuouſly improv'd your own:
For 'twill be doubted whether you do write,
Or they have acted, at a nobler height.
You of their ancient princes have retriev'd
More than the ages knew in which they liv'd;
Deſcrib'd their cuſtoms and their rites anew,
Better than all their Druids ever knew;

Unriddled

* Moſt of the celebrated wits in Charles the Second's reign addreſſed this gentleman, in a bantering way, upon his poem called *The Britiſh Princes*, and, among the reſt, Butler.

Unriddled their dark oracles as well
As thoſe themſelves that made them could foretell:
For as the Britons long have hop'd, in vain,
Arthur would come to govern them again,
You have fulfill'd that prophecy alone,
And in this poem plac'd him on his throne:
Such magic power has your prodigious pen,
To raiſe the dead, and give new life to men;
Make rival princes meet in arms and love,
Whom diſtant ages did ſo far remove:
For as eternity has neither paſt
Nor future (authors ſay) nor firſt nor laſt,
But is all inſtant, your eternal Muſe
All ages can to any one reduce.
Then why ſhould you, whoſe miracle of art
Can life at pleaſure to the dead impart,
Trouble in vain your better-buſied head
T' obſerve what time they liv'd in, or were dead?
For, ſince you have ſuch arbitrary power,
It were defect in judgment to go lower,
Or ſtoop to things ſo pitifully lewd,
As uſe to take the vulgar latitude.
There 's no man fit to read what you have writ,
That holds not ſome proportion with your wit;
As light can no way but by light appear,
He muſt bring ſenſe that underſtands it here.

A PALINODIE

TO THE HONOURABLE

EDWARD HOWARD, ESQ.

UPON HIS INCOMPARABLE POEM OF

THE BRITISH PRINCES.

IT is your pardon, Sir, for which my Muſe
Thrice humbly thus, in form of paper, ſues;
For, having felt the dead weight of your wit,
She comes to aſk forgiveneſs, and ſubmit;
Is ſorry for her faults, and, while I write,
Mourns in the black, does penance in the white:
But ſuch is her belief in your juſt candor,
She hopes you will not ſo miſunderſtand her,
To wreſt her harmleſs meaning to the ſenſe
Of ſilly emulation or offence.
No; your ſufficient wit does ſtill declare
Itſelf too amply, they are mad that dare
So vain and ſenſeleſs a preſumption own,
To yoke your vaſt parts in compariſon:
And yet you might have thought upon a way
T' inſtruct us how you 'd have us to obey,

And not command our praiſes, and then blame
All that 's too great or little for your fame:
For who could chuſe but err, without ſome trick
To take your elevation to a nick?
As he that was deſir'd, upon occaſion,
To make the Mayor of London an oration,
Deſir'd his Lordſhip's favour, that he might
Take meaſure of his mouth to fit it right;
So, had you ſent a ſcantling of your wit,
You might have blam'd us if it did not fit;
But 'tis not juſt t' impoſe, and then cry down
All that 's unequal to your huge renown;
For he that writes below your vaſt deſert,
Betrays his own, and not your want of art.
Praiſe, like a robe of ſtate, ſhould not ſit cloſe
To th' perſon 'tis made for, but wide and looſe;
Derives its comelineſs from being unfit,
And ſuch have been our praiſes of your wit;
Which is ſo extraordinary, no height
Of fancy but your own can do it right;
Witneſs thoſe glorious poems you have writ,
With equal judgment, learning, art, and wit,
And thoſe ſtupendious diſcoveries
You 've lately made of wonders in the ſkies:
For who, but from yourſelf, did ever hear
The ſphere of atoms was the atmoſphere?
Who ever ſhut thoſe ſtragglers in a room,
Or put a circle about *vacuum*?
What ſhould confine thoſe undetermin'd crowds,
And yet extend no further than the clouds?

Who

Who ever could have thought, but you alone,
A ſign and an aſcendant were all one?
Or how 'tis poſſible the moon ſhould ſhrowd
Her face, to peep at Mars behind a cloud,
Since clouds below are ſo far diſtant plac'd,
They cannot hinder her from being barefac'd?
Who ever did a language ſo enrich,
To ſcorn all little particles of ſpeech?
For though they make the ſenſe clear, yet they 're found
To be a ſcurvy hindrance to the ſound;
Therefore you wiſely ſcorn your ſtyle to humble,
Or for the ſenſe's ſake to wave the rumble.
Had Homer known this art, he 'ad ne'er been fain
To uſe ſo many particles in vain,
That to no purpoſe ſerve, but (as he haps
To want a ſyllable) to fill-up gaps.
You juſtly coin new verbs, to pay for thoſe
Which in conſtruction you o'erſee and loſe;
And by this art do Priſcian no wrong
When you break 's head, for 'tis as broad as long.
Theſe are your own diſcoveries, which none
But ſuch a Muſe as your's could hit upon,
That can, in ſpite of laws of art, or rules,
Make things more intricate than all the ſchools:
For what have laws of art to do with you,
More than the laws with honeſt men and true?
He that 's a prince in poetry ſhould ſtrive
To cry them down by his prerogative,
And not ſubmit to that which has no force
But o'er delinquents and inferiors.

Your

Your poems will endure to be try'd
I' th' fire, like gold, and come forth purify'd;
Can only to eternity pretend,
For they were never writ to any end.
All other books bear an uncertain rate,
But thoſe you write are always ſold by weight;
Each word and ſyllable brought to the ſcale,
And valued to a ſcruple in the ſale:
For when the paper 's charg'd with your rich wit,
'Tis for all purpoſes and uſes fit,
Has an abſterſive virtue to make clean
Whatever Nature made in man obſcene.
Boys find, b' experiment, no paper-kite,
Without your verſe, can make a noble flight.
It keeps our ſpice and aromatics ſweet;
In Paris they perfume their rooms with it:
For, burning but one leaf of your's, they ſay,
Drives all their ſtinks and naſtineſs away.
Cooks keep their pyes from burning with your wit,
Their pigs and geeſe from ſcorching on the ſpit;
And vintners find their wines are ne'er the worſe,
When arſenick's only wrap'd up in the verſe.
Theſe are the great performances that raiſe
Your mighty parts above all reach of praiſe,
And give us only leave t' admire your worth,
For no man, but yourſelf, can ſet it forth,
Whoſe wondrous power 's ſo generally known,
Fame is the echo, and her voice your own.

A PA-

A PANEGYRIC

UPON

SIR JOHN DENHAM'S

RECOVERY FROM HIS MADNESS *.

SIR, you 've outliv'd ſo deſperate a fit
As none could do but an immortal wit;
Had your's been leſs, all helps had been in vain,
And thrown away, though on a leſs ſick brain;
But you were ſo far from receiving hurt,
You grew improv'd, and much the better for't.
As when th' Arabian bird does ſacrifice,
And burn himſelf in his own country's ſpice,
A maggot

* It muſt ſurprize the reader to find a writer of Butler's judgment attacking, in ſo ſevere and contemptuous a manner, the character of a poet ſo much eſteemed as Sir John Denham was. If what he charges him with be true, there is, indeed, ſome room for ſatire; but ſtill there is ſuch a ſpirit of bitterneſs runs through the whole, beſides the cruelty of ridiculing an infirmity of this nature, as can be accounted for by nothing but ſome perſonal quarrel or diſguſt. How far this weakneſs may carry the greateſt geniuſes, we have a proof in what Pope has written of Addiſon.

A maggot firſt breeds in his pregnant urn,
Which after does to a young phœnix turn:
So your hot brain, burnt in its native fire,
Did life renew'd and vigorous youth acquire;
And with ſo much advantage, ſome have gueſt,
Your after-wit is like to be your beſt,
And now expect far greater matters of ye
Than the bought Cooper's Hiſt, or borrow'd Sophy;
Such as your Tully lately dreſs'd in verſe,
Like thoſe he made himſelf, or not much worſe;
And Seneca's dry ſand unmix'd with lime,
Such as you cheat the King with, botch'd in rhyme.
Nor were your morals leſs improv'd, all pride
And native inſolence quite laid aſide;
And that ungovern'd outrage, that was wont
All, that you durſt with ſafety, to affront.
No China cupboard rudely overthrown,
Nor lady tipp'd, by being accoſted, down;
No poet jeer'd, for ſcribbling amiſs,
With verſes forty times more lewd than his:
Nor did your crutch give battle to your duns,
And hold it out, where you had built a ſconce;
Nor furiouſly laid orange-wench aboard,
For aſking what in fruit and love you 'ad ſcor'd;
But all civility and complacence,
More than you ever us'd before or ſince.
Beſide, you never over-reach'd the King
One farthing, all the while, in reckoning,
Nor brought-in falſe accompt, with little tricks
Of paſſing broken rubbiſh for whole bricks;

Falſe

Falſe muſtering of workmen by the day,
Deduction out of wages, and dead pay.
For thoſe that never liv'd; all which did come,
By thrifty management, to no ſmall ſum.
You pull'd no lodgings down, to build them worſe,
Nor repair'd others, to repair your purſe,
As you were wont, till all you built appear'd
Like that Amphion with his fiddle rear'd:
For had the ſtones (like his) charm'd by your verſe,
Built up themſelves, they could not have done worſe:
And ſure, when firſt you ventur'd to ſurvey,
You did deſign to do 't no other way.

All this was done before thoſe days began
In which you were a wiſe and happy man:
For who e'er liv'd in ſuch a paradiſe,
Until freſh ſtraw and darkneſs op'd your eyes?
Who ever greater treaſure could command,
Had nobler palaces, and richer land,
Than you had then, who could raiſe ſums as vaſt
As all the cheats of a Dutch war could waſte,
Or all thoſe practis'd upon public money?
For nothing, but your cure, could have undone ye.
For ever are you bound to curſe thoſe quacks
That undertook to cure your happy cracks;
For, though no art can ever make them ſound,
The tampering coſt you threeſcore thouſand pound;
How high might you have liv'd, and play'd, and loſt,
Yet been no more undone by being chouſt;
Nor forc'd upon the King's accompt to lay
All that, in ſerving him, you loſt at play!

For

For nothing but your brain was ever found
To ſuffer ſequeſtration, and compound.
Yet you 'ave an impoſition laid on brick,
For all you then laid out at Beaſt or Gleek;
And when you 'ave rais'd a ſum, ſtrait let it fly,
By underſtanding low, and venturing high;
Until you have reduc'd it down to tick,
And then recruit again from lime and brick.

UPON CRITICS,

WHO JUDGE OF MODERN PLAYS

Preciſely by the Rules of the Ancients *.

WHO ever will regard poetic fury,
When it is once found Idiot by a jury,
And every pert and arbitrary fool
Can all poetic licence over-rule;
Aſſume a barbarous tyranny, to handle
The Muſes worſe than Oſtrogoth and Vandal;
Make them ſubmit to verdict and report,
And ſtand or fall to th' orders of a court?
Much leſs be ſentenc'd by the arbitrary
Proceedings of a witleſs plagiary,
That forges old records and ordinances
Againſt the right and property of fancies,
More falſe and nice than weighing of the weather
To th' hundredth atom of the lighteſt feather,

Or

* This warm invective was very probably occaſioned by Mr. Rymer, Hiſtoriographer to Charles II. who cenſured three tragedies of Beaumont's and Fletcher's. The cold, ſevere critic may perhaps find ſome few inaccuracies to cenſure in this compoſition; but the reader of taſte will either overlook or pardon them for the ſake of the ſpirit that runs through it.

Or meaſuring of air upon Parnaſſus,
With cylinders of Torricellian glaſſes;
Reduce all Tragedy, by rules of art,
Back to its antique theatre, a cart,
And make them henceforth keep the beaten roads
Of reverend choruſes and epiſodes;
Reform and regulate a puppet play,
According to the true and ancient way,
That not an actor ſhall preſume to ſqueak,
Unleſs he have a licence for 't in Greek;
Nor Whittington henceforward ſell his cat in
Plain vulgar Engliſh, without mewing Latin:
No Pudding ſhall be ſuffer'd to be witty,
Unleſs it be in order to raiſe pity;
Nor devil in the puppet-play b' allow'd
To roar and ſpit fire, but to fright the crowd,
Unleſs ſome god or dæmon chance t' have piques
Againſt an ancient family of Greeks;
That other men may tremble, and take warning,
How ſuch a fatal progeny they 're born in;
For none but ſuch for tragedy are fitted,
That have been ruin'd only to be pity'd;
And only thoſe held proper to deter,
Who 've had th' ill luck againſt their wills to err.
Whence only ſuch as are of middling ſizes,
Between morality and venial vices,
Are qualify'd to be deſtroy'd by Fate,
For other mortals to take warning at.
As if the antique laws of Tragedy
Did with our own municipal agree,

And

And ſerv'd, like cobwebs, but t' enſnare the weak,
And give diverſion to the great to break;
To make a leſs delinquent to be brought
To anſwer for a greater perſon's fault,
And ſuffer all the worſt the worſt approver
Can, to excuſe and ſave himſelf, diſcover.

No longer ſhall Dramatics be confin'd
To draw true images of all mankind;
To puniſh in effigie criminals,
Reprieve the innocent, and hang the falſe;
But a club-law to execute and kill,
For nothing, whomſoe'er they pleaſe, at will,
To terrify ſpectators from committing
The crimes they did, and ſuffer'd for, unwitting.

Theſe are the reformations of the Stage,
Like other reformations of the age,
On purpoſe to deſtroy all wit and ſenſe,
As th' other did all law and conſcience;
No better than the laws of Britiſh plays,
Confirm'd in th' ancient good King Howell's days;
Who made a general council regulate
Men's catching women by the—you know what,
And ſet down in the rubric at what time
It ſhould be counted legal, when a crime;
Declare when 'twas, and when 'twas not a ſin,
And on what days it went out or came in.

An Engliſh poet ſhould be try'd b' his peers,
And not by pedants and philoſophers,
Incompetent to judge poetic fury,
As butchers are forbid to b' of a jury;

Beſides the moſt intolerable wrong
To try their matters in a foreign tongue,
By foreign jurymen, like Sophocles,
Or Tales falſer than Euripides;
When not an Engliſh native dares appear
To be a witneſs for the priſoner;
When all the laws they uſe t' arraign and try
The innocent and wrong'd delinquent by,
Were made b' a foreign lawyer, and his pupils,
To put an end to all poetic ſcruples,
And, by th' advice of virtuoſi Tuſcans,
Determin'd all the doubts of ſocks and buſkins;
Gave judgment on all paſt and future plays,
As is apparent by Speroni's caſe,
Which Lope Vega firſt began to ſteal,
And after him the French filou Corneille;
And ſince our Engliſh plagiaries nim
And ſteal their far-fet criticiſms from him,
And, by an action falſely laid of Trover,
The lumber for their proper goods recover,
Enough to furniſh all the lewd impeachers
Of witty Beaumont's poetry and Fletcher's;
Who, for a few miſpriſions of wit,
Are charg'd by thoſe who ten times worſe commit;
And, for misjudging ſome unhappy ſcenes,
Are cenſur'd for 't with more unlucky ſenſe;
When all their worſt miſcarriages delight,
And pleaſe more than the beſt that pedants write.

PROLOGUE

We bring you only what your great commands
Did reſcue for us from ingroſſing hands;
That would have taken out adminiſtration
Of all departed poets' goods i' th' nation;
Or, like to lords of manors, ſeiz'd all plays
That come within their reach, as wefts and ſtrays;
And claim'd a forfeiture of all paſt wit,
But that your juſtice put a ſtop to it.
'Twas well for us, who elſe muſt have been glad
T' admit of all who now write new and bad;
For, ſtill the wickeder ſome authors write,
Others to write worſe are encourag'd by 't;
And though thoſe fierce inquiſitors of wit,
The critics, ſpare no fleſh that ever writ,
But, juſt as tooth-drawers, find, among the rout,
Their own teeth work in pulling others out;
So they, decrying all of all that write,
Think to erect a trade of judging by 't.
Small poetry, like other hereſies,
By being perſecuted multiplies;
But here they 're like to fail of all pretence;
For he that writ this play is dead long ſince,
And not within their power; for bears are ſaid
To ſpare thoſe that lie ſtill and ſeem but dead.

EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE

TO THE SAME.

TO THE DUTCHESS.

MADAM, the joys of this great day are due,
No leſs than to your royal Lord, to you;
id, while three mighty kingdoms pay your part,
ou have, what 's greater than them all, his heart;
iat heart that, when it was his country's guard,
ie fury of two elements outdar'd,
nd made a ſtubborn haughty enemy
ie terror of his dreadful conduct fly;
id yet you conquer'd it—and made your charms
ppear no leſs victorious than his arms;
r which you oft' have triumph'd on this day,
id many more to come Heaven grant you may!
it, as great princes uſe, in ſolemn times
joy, to pardon all but heinous crimes,
we have ſinn'd without an ill intent,
nd done below what really we meant,
e humbly aſk your pardon for 't, and pray
ou would forgive, in honour of the day.

UPON

PHILIP NYE'S

THANKSGIVING BEARD *.

A BEARD is but the vizard of a face,
That Nature orders for no other place;

The

* As our Poet has thought fit to beſtow ſo many verſes upon this trumpeter of ſedition, it may, perhaps, be no thankleſs office to give the reader ſome further information about him than what merely relates to his *beard*.—He was educated at Oxford, firſt in Braſen-noſe College, and afterwards in Magdalen Hall; where, under the influence of a Puritanical tutor, he received the firſt tincture of ſedition and diſguſt to our eccleſiaſtical eſtabliſhment. After taking his degrees he went into orders, but ſoon left England to go and reſide in Holland, where he was not very likely to leſſen thoſe prejudices which he had already imbibed. In the year 1640 he returned home, became a furious Preſbyterian, and a zealous ſtickler for the Parliament; and was thought conſiderable enough, in his way, to be ſent by his party into Scotland, to encourage and ſpirit-up the cauſe of the Covenant; in defence of which he wrote ſeveral pamphlets. However, as his zeal aroſe from ſelf-intereſt and ambition, when the Independents began to have the aſcendant, and power and profit ran in that channel, he faced about, and became a ſtrenuous preacher on that ſide; and in this ſituation he was when he fell under the laſh of Butler's *ſatire*.

The fringe and taſſel of a countenance,
That hides his perſon from another man's,
And, like the Roman habits of their youth,
Is never worn until his perfect growth;
A privilege no other creature has,
To wear a natural maſk upon his face,
That ſhifts its likeneſs every day he wears,
To fit ſome other perſons' characters,
And by its own mythology implies,
That men were born to live in ſome diſguiſe.
This ſatisfy'd a reverend man, that clear'd
His diſagreeing conſcience by his Beard.
He 'ad been preferr'd i' th' army, when the church
Was taken with a Why not? in the lurch;
When primate, metropolitan, and prelates,
Were turn'd to officers of horſe and zealots,
From whom he held the moſt pluralities
Of contributions, donatives, and ſalaries;
Was held the chiefeſt of thoſe ſpiritual trumpets,
That ſounded charges to their fierceſt combats;
But in the deſperateſt of defeats
Had never blown as opportune retreats,
Until the Synod order'd his departure
To London, from his caterwauling quarter,
To ſit among them, as he had been choſen,
And paſs or null things at his own diſpoſing:
Could clap up ſouls in limbo with a vote,
And for their fees diſcharge and let them out;
Which made ſome grandees bribe him with the place
Of holding-forth upon Thankſgiving days;

Whither the Members, two and two abreaſt,
March'd to take in the ſpoils of all—the feaſt;
But by the way repeated the oh-hones
Of his wild Iriſh and chromatic tones;
His frequent and pathetic hums and haws,
He practis'd only t' animate the Cauſe,
With which the Siſters were ſo prepoſſeſt,
They could remember nothing of the reſt.
He thought upon it, and reſolv'd to put
His Beard into as wonderful a cut,
And, for the further ſervice of the women,
T' abate the rigidneſs of his opinion;
And, but a day before, had been to find
The ableſt virtuoſo of the kind,
With whom he long and ſeriouſly conferr'd
On all intrigues that might concern his Beard;
By whoſe advice he ſate for a deſign
In little drawn, exactly to a line,
That if the creature chance to have occaſion
To undergo a thorough reformation,
It might be borne conveniently about,
And by the meaneſt artiſt copy'd out.
This done, he ſent a journeyman ſectary
He 'ad brought up to retrieve, and fetch, and carry,
To find out one that had the greateſt practice,
To prune and bleach the beards of all Fanatics,
And ſet their moſt confus'd diſorders right,
Not by a new deſign, but newer light;
Who us'd to ſhave the grandees of their ſticklers,
And crop the worthies of their Conventiclers;

To

To whom he ſhew'd his new-invented draught,
And told him how 'twas to be copy'd out.
Quoth he, 'Tis but a falſe and counterfeit,
And ſcandalous device of human wit,
That 's abſolutely forbidden in the Scripture,
To make of any carnal thing the picture.
Quoth th' other ſaint, You muſt leave that to us,
T' agree what 's lawful, or what ſcandalous;
For, till it is determin'd by our vote,
'Tis either lawful, ſcandalous, or not;
Which, ſince we have not yet agreed upon,
Is left indifferent to avoid or own.
Quoth he, My conſcience never ſhall agree
To do it, till I know what 'tis to be;
For though I uſe it in a lawful time,
What if it after ſhould be made a crime?
'Tis true we fought for liberty of conſcience,
'Gainſt human conſtitutions, in our own ſenſe,
Which I 'm reſolv'd perpetually t' avow,
And make it lawful whatſoe'er we do;
Then do your office with your greateſt ſkill,
And let th' event befal us how it will.
This ſaid, the nice barbarian took his tools,
To prune the zealot's tenets and his jowles;
Talk'd on as pertinently as he ſnipt,
A hundred times for every hair he clipt;
Until the Beard at length began t' appear,
And reaſſume its antique character,
Grew more and more itſelf, that art might ſtrive,
And ſtand in competition with the life;

For

For ſome have doubted if 'twere made of ſnips
Of ſables, glew'd and fitted to his lips,
And ſet in ſuch an artificial frame,
As if it had been wrought in filograin,
More ſubtly fil'd and poliſh'd than the gin
That Vulcan caught himſelf a cuckold in;
That Lachèſis, that ſpins the threads of Fate,
Could not have drawn it out more delicate.
But being deſign'd and drawn ſo regular,
T' a ſcrupulous punctilio of a hair,
Who could imagine that it ſhould be portal
To ſelfiſh, inward-unconforming mortal?
And yet it was, and did abominate
The leaſt compliance in the Church or State,
And from itſelf did equally diſſent,
As from religion and the government *.

* I find among Butler's manuſcripts ſeveral other little ſketches upon the ſame ſubject, but none worth printing, except the following one may be thought paſſable, by way of note.

This reverend brother, like a goat,
Did wear a tail upon his throat,
The fringe and taſſel of a face,
That gives it a becoming grace,
But ſet in ſuch a curious frame,
As if 'twere wrought in filograin,
And cut ſo even, as if 't had been
Drawn with a pen upon his chin.

No

No topiary hedge of quickſet
Was e'er ſo neatly cut, or thick ſet,
That made beholders more admire,
Than China-plate that 's made of wire;
But being wrought ſo regular
In every part, and every hair,
Who would believe it ſhould be portal
To unconforming-inward mortal?
And yet it was, and did diſſent
No leſs from its own government,
Than from the Church's, and deteſt
That which it held forth and profeſt;
Did equally abominate
Conformity in Church and State;
And, like an hypocritic brother,
Profeſs'd one thing and did another;
As all things, where they 're moſt profeſt,
Are found to be regarded leaſt.

SATIRE

UPON THE

WEAKNESS AND MISERY OF MAN*.

WHO would believe that wicked earth,
Where Nature only brings us forth
To be found guilty and forgiven,
Should be a nursery for Heaven;
When all we can expect to do
Will not pay half the debt we owe,
And yet more desperately dare,
As if that wretched trifle were

Too

* In this compoſition the reader will have the pleaſure of viewing Butler in a light in which he has not hitherto appeared. Every thing, almoſt, that he has wrote, is indeed ſatirical, but in an arch and droll manner, and he may be ſaid rather to have laughed at the vices and follies of mankind, than to have railed at them. In this he is ſerious and ſevere, exchanges the *ridiculum* for the *acri*, and writes with the ſpirited indignation of a Juvenal or a Perſius. Good-natured readers may perhaps think the invective too bitter; but the ſame good-nature will excuſe the Poet, when it is conſidered what an edge muſt be given to his ſatirical wit by the age in which he lived, diſtinguiſhed by the two extremes of hypocriſy and enthuſiaſm on the one part, and irreligion and immorality on the other.

Too much for the eternal Powers,
Our great and mighty creditors,
Not only ſlight what they enjoin,
But pay it in adulterate coin?
We only in their mercy truſt,
To be more wicked and unjuſt;
All our devotions, vows, and prayers,
Are our own intereſt, not theirs;
Our offerings, when we come t' adore,
But begging preſents to get more;
The pureſt buſineſs of our zeal
Is but to err, by meaning well,
And make that meaning do more harm
Than our worſt deeds, that are leſs warm;
For the moſt wretched and perverſe
Does not believe himſelf he errs.
Our holieſt actions have been
Th' effects of wickedneſs and ſin;
Religious houſes made compounders
For th' horrid actions of the founders;
Steeples that totter'd in the air,
By letchers ſinn'd into repair;
As if we had retain'd no ſign
Nor character of the divine
And heavenly part of human nature,
But only the coarſe earthy matter.
Our univerſal inclination
Tends to the worſt of our creation;
As if the ſtars conſpir'd t' imprint,
In our whole ſpecies, by inſtinct,

A fatal

A fatal brand and ſignature
Of nothing elſe but the impure.
The beſt of all our actions tend
To the prepoſterouſeſt end,
And, like to mongrels, we 're inclin'd
To take moſt to th' ignobler kind;
Or monſters, that have always leaſt
Of th' human parent, not the beaſt.
Hence 'tis we 've no regard at all
Of our beſt half original;
But, when they differ, ſtill aſſert
The intereſt of th' ignobler part;
Spend all the time we have upon
The vain caprices of the one,
But grudge to ſpare one hour to know
What to the better part we owe.
As, in all compound ſubſtances,
The greater ſtill devours the leſs;
So, being born and bred up near
Our earthy groſs relations here,
Far from the ancient nobler place
Of all our high paternal race,
We now degenerate, and grow
As barbarous, and mean, and low,
As modern Grecians are, and worſe,
To their brave nobler anceſtors.
Yet, as no barbarouſneſs beſide
Is half ſo barbarous as pride,
Nor any prouder inſolence
Than that which has the leaſt pretence,

We are ſo wretched to profeſs
A glory in our wretchedneſs;
To vapour ſillily, and rant
Of our own miſery and want,
And grow vain-glorious on a ſcore
We ought much rather to deplore;
Who, the firſt moment of our lives,
Are but condemn'd, and giv'n reprieves;
And our great'ſt grace is not to know
When we ſhall pay them back, nor how;
Begotten with a vain caprich,
And live as vainly to that pitch.
Our pains are real things, and all
Our pleaſures but fantaſtical;
Diſeaſes of their own accord,
But cures come difficult and hard.
Our nobleſt piles, and ſtatelieſt rooms,
Are but outhouſes to our tombs;
Cities, though e'er ſo great and brave,
But mere warehouſes to the grave.
Our bravery 's but a vain diſguiſe,
To hide us from the world's dull eyes,
The remedy of a defect,
With which our nakedneſs is deckt;
Yet makes us ſwell with pride, and boaſt,
As if we 'd gain'd by being loſt.
All this is nothing to the evils
Which men, and their confederate devils,
Inflict, to aggravate the curſe
On their own hated kind much worſe;

As if by Nature they 'd been ſerv'd
More gently than their fate deſerv'd,
Take pains (in juſtice) to invent,
And ſtudy their own puniſhment;
That, as their crimes ſhould greater grow,
So might their own inflictions too.
Hence bloody wars at firſt began,
The artificial plague of man,
That from his own invention riſe,
To ſcourge his own iniquities;
That, if the heavens ſhould chance to ſpare
Supplies of conſtant poiſon'd air,
They might not, with unfit delay,
For lingering deſtruction ſtay;
Nor ſeek recruits of death ſo far,
But plague themſelves with blood and war.
And if theſe fail, there is no good
Kind Nature e'er on man beſtow'd,
But he can eaſily divert
To his own miſery and hurt;
Make that which Heaven meant to bleſs
Th' ungrateful world with, gentle Peace,
With luxury and exceſs, as faſt
As war and deſolation, waſte;
Promote mortality, and kill,
As faſt as arms, by ſitting ſtill;
Like earthquakes, ſlay without a blow,
And, only moving, overthrow;
Make law and equity as dear
As plunder and free-quarter were,

And fierce encounters at the bar
Undo as faſt as thoſe in war;
Enrich bawds, whores, and uſurers,
Pimps, ſcriveners, ſilenc'd miniſters,
That get eſtates by being undone
For tender conſcience, and have none.
Like thoſe that with their credit drive
A trade, without a ſtock, and thrive;
Advance men in the church and ſtate
For being of the meaneſt rate,
Rais'd for their double-guil'd deſerts,
Before integrity and parts;
Produce more grievious complaints
For plenty, than before for wants,
And make a rich and fruitful year
A greater grievance than a dear;
Make jeſts of greater dangers far,
Than thoſe they trembled at in war;
Till, unawares, they 've laid a train
To blow the public up again;
Rally with horror, and, in ſport,
Rebellion and deſtruction court,
And make Fanatics, in deſpight
Of all their madneſs, reaſon right,
And vouch to all they have foreſhown,
As other monſters oft have done,
Although from truth and ſenſe as far
As all their other maggots are:
For things ſaid falſe, and never meant,
Do oft prove true by accident.

That wealth that bounteous Fortune ſends
As preſents to her deareſt friends,
Is oft laid out upon a purchaſe
Of two yards long in pariſh-churches,
And thoſe too-happy men that bought it
Had liv'd, and happier too, without it:
For what does vaſt wealth bring but cheat,
Law, luxury, diſeaſe, and debt;
Pain, pleaſure, diſcontent, and ſport,
An eaſy-troubled life, and ſhort?
But all theſe plagues are nothing near
Thoſe, far more cruel and ſevere,

Unhappy

Ver. 168.] Though this ſatire ſeems fairly tranſcribed for the preſs, yet, on a vacancy in the ſheet oppoſite to this line, I find the following verſes, which probably were intended to be added; but as they are not regularly inſerted, I chuſe rather to give them by way of note.

For men ne'er digg'd ſo deep into
The bowels of the earth below,
For metals, that are found to dwell
Near neighbour to the pit of hell,
And have a magic power to ſway
The greedy ſouls of men that way,
But with their bodies have been fain
To fill thoſe trenches up again;
When bloody battles have been fought
For ſharing that which they took out:
For wealth is all things that conduce
To man's deſtruction or his uſe;
A ſtandard both to buy and ſell
All things from heaven down to hell.

Unhappy man takes pains to find,
T' inflict himſelf upon his mind;
And out of his own bowels ſpins
A rack and torture for his ſins;
Torments himſelf, in vain, to know
That moſt which he can never do;
And, the more ſtrictly 'tis deny'd,
The more he is unſatisfy'd;
Is buſy in finding ſcruples out,
To languiſh in eternal doubt;
Sees ſpectres in the dark, and ghoſts,
And ſtarts, as horſes do at poſts,
And, when his eyes aſſiſt him leaſt,
Diſcerns ſuch ſubtle objects beſt.
On hypothetic dreams and viſions
Grounds everlaſting diſquiſitions,
And raiſes endleſs controverſies
On vulgar theorems and hearſays;
Grows poſitive and confident,
In things ſo far beyond th' extent
Of human ſenſe, he does not know
Whether they be at all or no,
And doubts as much in things that are
As plainly evident and clear;
Diſdains all uſeful ſenſe, and plain,
T' apply to th' intricate and vain;
And cracks his brains in plodding on
That which is never to be known;
To poſe himſelf with ſubtleties,
And hold no other knowledge wiſe;

Although, the ſubtler all things are,
They 're but to nothing the more near;
And, the leſs weight they can ſuſtain,
The more he ſtill lays on in vain,
And hangs his ſoul upon as nice
And ſubtle curioſities,
As one of that vaſt multitude
That on a needle's point have ſtood;
Weighs right and wrong, and true and falſe,
Upon as nice and ſubtle ſcales,
As thoſe that turn upon a plane
With th' hundredth part of half a grain,
And ſtill the ſubtler they move,
The ſooner falſe and uſeleſs prove.
So man, that thinks to force and ſtrain,
Beyond its natural ſphere, his brain,
In vain torments it on the rack,
And, for improving, ſets it back;
Is ignorant of his own extent,
And that to which his aims are bent;
Is loſt in both, and breaks his blade
Upon the anvil where 'twas made:
For, as abortions coſt more pain
Than vigorous births, ſo all the vain
And weak productions of man's wit,
That aim at purpoſes unfit,
Require more drudgery, and worſe,
Than thoſe of ſtrong and lively force.

SATIRE

SATIRE

UPON THE

LICENTIOUS AGE OF CHARLES II.

'TIS a ſtrange age we 've liv'd in, and a lewd,
As e'er the ſun in all his travels view'd;
An age as vile as ever Juſtice urg'd,
Like a fantaſtic letcher, to be ſcourg'd;
Nor has it ſcap'd, and yet has only learn'd,
The more 'tis plagued, to be the leſs concern'd.
Twice have we ſeen two dreadful judgments rage,
Enough to fright the ſtubborn'ſt-hearted age;
The one to mow vaſt crowds of people down,
The other (as then needleſs) half the Town;
And two as mighty miracles reſtore
What both had ruin'd and deſtroy'd before;
In all as unconcern'd as if they 'ad been
But paſtimes for diverſion to be ſeen,

As the preceding ſatire was upon mankind in general, with ſome alluſion to that age in which it was wrote, this is particularly leveled at the licentious and debauched times of Charles II. humorouſly contraſted with the Puritanical ones which went before; and is a freſh proof of the Author's impartiality, and that he was not, as is generally, but falſely, imagined, a bigot to the Cavalier party.

Or, like the plagues of Egypt, meant a curſe,
Not to reclaim us, but to make us worſe.
Twice have men turn'd the World (that ſilly block-head)
The wrong ſide outward, like a juggler's pocket,
Shook out hypocriſy as faſt and looſe
As e'er the devil could teach, or ſinners uſe,
And on the other ſide at once put in
As impotent iniquity and ſin.
As ſculls that have been crack'd are often found
Upon the wrong ſide to receive the wound;
And like tobacco-pipes at one end hit,
To break at th' other ſtill that 's oppoſite;
So men, who one extravagance would ſhun,
Into the contrary extreme have run;
And all the difference is, that, as the firſt
Provokes the other freak to prove the worſt,
So, in return, that ſtrives to render leſs
The laſt deluſion, with its own exceſs,
And, like two unſkill'd gameſters, uſe one way,
With bungling t' help out one another's play.
For thoſe who heretofore ſought private holes,
Securely in the dark to damn their ſouls,
Wore vizards of hypocriſy, to ſteal
And ſlink away in maſquerade to hell,
Now bring their crimes into the open ſun,
For all mankind to gaze their worſt upon,
As eagles try their young againſt his rays,
To prove if they 're of generous breed or baſe;

Call heaven and earth to witneſs how they 've aim'd,
With all their utmoſt vigour, to be damn'd,
And by their own examples, in the view
Of all the world, ſtriv'd to damn others too;
On all occaſions ſought to be as civil
As poſſible they could t' his grace the Devil,
To give him no unneceſſary trouble,
Nor in ſmall matters uſe a friend ſo noble,
But with their conſtant practice done their beſt
T' improve and propagate his intereſt:
For men have now made vice ſo great an art,
The matter of fact 's become the ſlighteſt part;
And the debauched'ſt actions they can do,
Mere trifles to the circumſtance and ſhow.
For 'tis not what they do that 's now the ſin,
But what they lewdly' affect and glory in,
As if prepoſterouſly they would profeſs
A forc'd hypocriſy of wickedneſs,
And affectation, that makes good things bad,
Muſt make affected ſhame accurs'd and mad;
For vices for themſelves may find excuſe,
But never for their compliment and ſhews;
That if there ever were a myſtery
Of moral ſecular iniquity,
And that the churches may not loſe their due
By being incroach'd upon, 'tis now, and new:
For men are now as ſcrupulous and nice,
And tender-conſcienc'd of low paltry vice;
Diſdain as proudly to be thought to have
To do in any miſchief but the brave;

As the moſt ſcrupulous zealot of late times
T' appear in any but the horrid'ſt crimes;
Have as preciſe and ſtrict punctilios
Now to appear, as then to make no ſhows,
And ſteer the world, by diſagreeing force
Of different cuſtoms, 'gainſt her natural courſe:
So powerful 's ill example to encroach,
And Nature, ſpite of all her laws, debauch,
Example, that imperious dictator
Of all that 's good or bad to human nature,
By which the world 's corrupted and reclaim'd,
Hopes to be ſav'd and ſtudies to be damn'd;
That reconciles all contrarieties,
Makes wiſdom fooliſhneſs, and folly wiſe,
Impoſes on divinity, and ſets
Her ſeal alike on truths and counterfeits;
Alters all characters of virtue' and vice,
And paſſes one for th' other in diſguiſe;
Makes all things, as it pleaſes, underſtood,
The good receiv'd for bad, and bad for good;
That ſlyly counter-changes wrong and right,
Like white in fields of black, and black in white;
As if the laws of Nature had been made
Of purpoſe only to be diſobey'd;
Or man had loſt his mighty intereſt,
By having been diſtinguiſh'd from a beaſt;
And had no other way but ſin and vice,
To be reſtor'd again to Paradiſe.

How copious is our language lately grown,
To make blaſpheming wit, and a jargon!

And

And yet how expreſſive and ſignificant,
In *damme* at once to curſe, and ſwear, and rant!
As if no way expreſs'd men's ſouls ſo well,
As damning of them to the pit of hell;
Nor any aſſeveration wore ſo civil,
As mortgaging ſalvation to the devil;
Or that his name did add a charming grace,
And blaſphemy a purity to our phraſe.
For what can any language more enrich,
Than to pay ſouls for viciating ſpeech;
When the great'ſt tyrant in the world made thoſe
But lick their words out that abus'd his proſe?
What trivial puniſhments did then protect
To public cenſure a profound reſpect,
When the moſt ſhameful penance, and ſevere,
That could b' inflicted on a Cavalier
For infamous debauchery, was no worſe
Than but to be degraded from his horſe,
And have his livery of oats and hay,
Inſtead of cutting ſpurs off, tak'n away?
They held no torture then ſo great as ſhame,
And that to ſlay was leſs than to defame;
For juſt ſo much regard as men expreſs
To th' cenſure of the public, more or leſs,
The ſame will be return'd to them again,
In ſhame or reputation, to a grain;
And, how perverſe ſoe'er the world appears,
'Tis juſt to all the bad it ſees and hears;
And for that virtue ſtrives to be allow'd
For all the injuries it does the good.

How

How ſilly were their ſages heretofore,
To fright their heroes with a ſyren whore!
Make them believe a water-witch, with charms,
Could ſink their men of war as eaſy' as ſtorms,
And turn their mariners, that heard them ſing,
Into land porpuſſes, and cod and ling;
To terrify thoſe mighty champions,
As we do children now with Bloodybones;
Until the ſubtleſt of their conjurers
Seal'd up the labels to his ſoul, his ears,
And ty'd his deafen'd ſailors (while he paſs'd
The dreadful lady's lodgings) to the maſt,
And rather venture drowning than to wrong
The ſea-pugs' chaſte ears with a bawdy ſong;
To b' out of countenance, and, like an aſs,
Not pledge the Lady Circe one beer-glaſs;
Unmannerly refuſe her treat and wine,
For fear of being turn'd into a ſwine,
When one of our heroic adventurers now
Would drink her down, and turn her int' a ſow!

So ſimple were thoſe times, when a grave ſage
Could with an old-wife's tale inſtruct the age,
Teach virtue more fantaſtic ways and nice,
Than ours will now endure t' improve in vice;
Made a dull ſentence, and a moral fable,
Do more than all our holdings-forth are able,
A forc'd obſcure mythology convince,
Beyond our worſt inflictions upon ſins;
When an old proverb, or an end of verſe,
Could more than all our penal laws coerce,

And keep men honester than all our furies
Of jailors, judges, constables, and juries;
Who were converted then with an old saying,
Better than all our preaching now, and praying.
What fops had these been, had they liv'd with us,
Where the best reason's made ridiculous,
And all the plain and sober things we say,
By raillery are put beside their play?
For men are grown above all knowledge now,
And what they 're ignorant of disdain to know;
Engross truth (like Fanatics) understand,
And boldly judge before they understand;
The self-same courses equally advance
In spiritual and carnal ignorance,
And, by the same degrees of confidence,
Become impregnable against all sense;
For, as they outgrew ordinances then,
So would they now morality again.
Though Drudgery and Knowledge are of kin,
And both descended from one parent, Sin,
And therefore seldom have been known to part,
In tracing out the ways of Truth and Art,
Yet they have north-west passages to steer
A short way to it, without pains or care:
For, as implicit faith is far more stiff
Than that which understands its own belief,
So those that think, and do but think they know,
Are far more obstinate than those that do,
And more averse than if they 'ad ne'er been taught
A wrong way, to a right one to be brought;

Take

Take boldneſs upon credit beforehand,
And grow too poſitive to underſtand;
Believe themſelves as knowing and as famous,
As if their gifts had gotten a *mandamus*,
A bill of ſtore to take up a degree,
With all the learning to it, cuſtom-free,
And look as big for what they bought at Court,
As if they 'ad done their exerciſes for 't.

SATIRE

UPON GAMING.

WHAT fool would trouble fortune more,
When ſhe has been too kind before;
Or tempt her to take back again
What ſhe had thrown away in vain,
By idly venturing her good graces
To be diſpos'd of by ames-aces;
Or ſettling it in truſt to uſes
Out of his power, on trays and deuces;
To put it to the chance, and try,
I' th' ballot of a box and dye,
Whether his money be his own,
And loſe it, if he be o'erthrown;
As if he were betray'd, and ſet
By his own ſtars to every cheat,
Or wretchedly condemn'd by Fate
To throw dice for his own eſtate;

As

As mutineers, by fatal doom,
Do for their lives upon a drum?
For what leſs influence can produce
So great a monſter as a chouſe,
Or any two-legg'd thing poſſeſs
With ſuch a brutiſh ſottiſhneſs?
Unleſs thoſe tutelary ſtars,
Intruſted by aſtrologers
To have the charge of man, combin'd
To uſe him in the ſelf-ſame kind;
As thoſe that help'd them to the truſt,
Are wont to deal with others juſt.
For to become ſo ſadly dull
And ſtupid, as to fine for gull
(Not as, in cities, to b' excus'd,
But to be judg'd fit to be us'd),
That whoſoe'er can draw it in
Is ſure inevitably t' win,
And, with a curs'd half-witted fate,
To grow more dully deſperate,
The more 'tis made a common prey,
And cheated foppiſhly at play,
Is their condition; Fate betrays
To folly firſt, and then deſtroys.
For what but miracles can ſerve
So great a madneſs to preſerve,
As his, that ventures goods and chattels
(Where there's no quarter given) in battles,
And fights with money-bags as bold,
As men with ſand-bags did of old;

Puts.

Puts lands, and tenements, and ſtocks,
Into a paltry juggler's box;
And, like an alderman of Gotham,
Embarketh in ſo vile a bottom;
Engages blind and ſenſeleſs hap
'Gainſt high, and low, and flur, and knap
(As Tartars with a man of ſtraw
Encounter lions hand to paw);
With thoſe that never venture more
Than they had ſafely' inſur'd before;
Who, when they knock the box, and ſhake,
Do, like the Indian rattle-ſnake,
But ſtrive to ruin and deſtroy
Thoſe that miſtake it for fair play;
That have their fulhams at command,
Brought up to do their feats at hand;
That underſtand their calls and knocks,
And how to place themſelves i' th' box;
Can tell the oddſes of all games,
And when to anſwer to their names;
And, when he conjures them t' appear,
Like imps, are ready every where;
When to play foul, and when run fair
(Out of deſign) upon the ſquare,
And let the greedy cully win,
Only to draw him further in;
While thoſe with which he idly plays
Have no regard to what he ſays,
Although he jernie and blaſpheme,
When they miſcarry, heaven and them,

And damn his ſoul, and ſwear, and curſe,
And crucify his Saviour worſe
Than thoſe Jew-troopers that threw out,
When they were raffling for his coat;
Denounce revenge, as if they heard,
And rightly underſtood and fear'd,
And would take heed another time,
How to commit ſo bold a crime;
When the poor bones are innocent
Of all he did, or ſaid, or meant,
And have as little ſenſe, almoſt,
As he that damns them when he 'as loſt;
As if he had rely'd upon
Their judgment rather than his own;
And that it were their fault, not his,
That manag'd them himſelf amiſs,
And gave them ill inſtructions how
To run, as he would have them do,
And then condemns them ſillily
For having no more wit than he?

SATIRE,

TO

A BAD POET.

GREAT famous wit! whoſe rich and eaſy vein,
Free, and unus'd to drudgery and pain,
Has all Apollo's treaſure at command,
And how good verſe is coin'd do'ſt underſtand;
In all Wit's combats maſter of defence!
Tell me, how doſt thou paſs on rhyme and ſenſe?
'Tis ſaid they' apply to thee, and in thy verſe
Do freely range themſelves as volunteers,
And without pain, or pumping for a word,
Place themſelves fitly of their own accord.
I, whom a loud caprich (for ſome great crime
I have committed) has condemn'd to rhyme,
With ſlaviſh obſtinacy vex my brain
To reconcile them, but, alas! in vain.
Sometimes I ſet my wits upon the rack,
And, when I would ſay white, the verſe ſays black;
When I would draw a brave man to the life,
It names ſome ſlave that pimps to his own wife,
Or baſe poltroon, that would have ſold his daughter,
If he had met with any to have bought her;

When

When I would praiſe an author, the untoward
Damn'd ſenſe, ſays Virgil, but the rhyme ——;
In fine, whate'er I ſtrive to bring about,
The contrary (ſpite of my heart) comes out.
Sometimes, enrag'd for time and pains miſpent,
I give it over, tir'd, and diſcontent,
And, damning the dull fiend a thouſand times,
By whom I was poſſeſs'd, forſwear all rhymes;
But, having curs'd the Muſes, they appear,
To be reveng'd for 't, ere I am aware.
Spite of myſelf, I ſtrait take fire again,
Fall to my taſk with paper, ink, and pen,
And, breaking all the oaths I made, in vain,
From verſe to verſe expect their aid again.
But, if my Muſe or I were ſo diſcreet
To endure, for rhyme's ſake, one dull epithet,
I might, like others, eaſily command
Words without ſtudy, ready and at hand.
In praiſing Chloris, moons, and ſtars, and ſkies,
Are quickly made to match her face and eyes —
And gold and rubies, with as little care,
To fit the colour of her lips and hair;
And, mixing ſuns, and flowers, and pearl, and ſtones,
Make them ſerve all complexions at once.

With

Ver. 22.] *Damn'd ſenſe, ſays Virgil, but the rhyme* —. This blank, and another at the cloſe of the poem, the Author evidently choſe ſhould be ſupplied by the reader It is not my buſineſs, therefore, to deprive him of that ſatisfaction.

With theſe fine fancies, at hap-hazard writ,
I could make verſes without art or wit,
And, ſhifting forty times the verb and noun,
With ſtol'n impertinence patch up mine own:
But in the choice of words my ſcrupulous wit
Is fearful to paſs one that is unfit;
Nor can endure to fill up a void place,
At a line's end, with one inſipid phraſe;
And, therefore, when I ſcribble twenty times,
When I have written four, I blot two rhymes.
May he be damn'd who firſt found out that curſe,
T' impriſon and confine his thoughts in verſe;
To hang ſo dull a clog upon his wit,
And make his reaſon to his rhyme ſubmit!
Without this plague, I freely might have ſpent
My happy days with leiſure and content;
Had nothing in the world to do or think,
Like a fat prieſt, but whore, and eat, and drink;
Had paſt my time as pleaſantly away,
Slept all the night, and loiter'd all the day.
My ſoul, that 's free from care, and fear, and hope,
Knows how to make her own ambition ſtoop,
T' avoid uneaſy greatneſs and reſort,
Or for preferment following the Court.
How happy had I been if, for a curſe,
The Fates had never ſentenc'd me to verſe!
But, ever ſince this peremptory vein,
With reſtleſs frenzy, firſt poſſeſs'd my brain,
And that the devil tempted me, in ſpite
Of my own happineſs, to judge and write,

Shut

Shut up againſt my will, I waſte my age
In mending this, and blotting out that page,
And grow ſo weary of the ſlaviſh trade,
I envy their condition that write bad.
O happy Scudery! whoſe eaſy quill
Can, once a month, a mighty volume fill;
For, though thy works are written in deſpite
Of all good ſenſe, impertinent and ſlight,
They never have been known to ſtand in need
Of ſtationer to ſell, or ſot to read;
For, ſo the rhyme be at the verſe's end,
No matter whither all the reſt does tend.
Unhappy is that man who, ſpite of 's heart,
Is forc'd to be ty'd up to rules of art.
A ſop that ſcribbles does it with delight,
Takes no pains to conſider what to write,
But, fond of all the nonſenſe he brings forth,
Is raviſh'd with his own great wit and worth;
While brave and noble writers vainly ſtrive
To ſuch a height of glory to arrive;
But, ſtill with all they do unſatisfy'd,
Ne'er pleaſe themſelves, though all the world beſide:
And thoſe whom all mankind admire for wit,
Wiſh, for their own ſakes, they had never writ.
Thou, then, that ſeeſt how ill I ſpend my time,
Teach me, for pity, how to make a rhyme;
And, if th' inſtructions chance to prove in vain,
Teach —— how ne'er to write again.

SATIRE

ON OUR

RIDICULOUS IMITATION OF THE FRENCH.

WHO would not rather get him gone
Beyond th' intoleraſt zone,
Or ſteer his paſſage through thoſe ſeas
That burn in flames, or thoſe that freeze,
Than ſee one nation go to ſchool,
And learn of another, like a fool?
To ſtudy all its tricks and faſhions
With epidemic affectations,
And dare to wear no mode or dreſs,
But what they in their wiſdom pleaſe;
As monkies are, by being taught
To put on gloves and ſtockings, caught;
Submit to all that they deviſe,
As if it wore their liveries;

Make

Ver. 1.] The object of this ſatire was that extravagant and ridiculous imitation of the French which prevailed in Charles the Second's reign, partly owing to the connexion and intercourſe which the politics of thoſe times obliged us to have with that nation, and partly to our eager deſire of avoiding the formal and preciſe gravity of the hypocritical age that preceded.

Make ready' and dreſs th' imagination,
Not with the clothes, but with the faſhion;
And change it, to fulfil the curſe
Of Adam's fall, for new, though worſe;
To make their breeches fall and riſe
From middle legs to middle thighs,
The tropics between which the hoſe
Move always as the faſhion goes:
Sometimes wear hats like pyramids,
And ſometimes flat, like pipkins' lids;
With broad brims, ſometimes, like umbrellas,
And ſometimes narrow' as Punchinello's:
In coldeſt weather go unbrac'd,
And cloſe in hot, as if th' were lac'd;
Sometimes with ſleeves and bodies wide,
And ſometimes ſtraiter than a hide:
Wear peruques, and with falſe grey hairs
Diſguiſe the true ones and their years;
That, when they 're modiſh, with the young
The old may ſeem ſo in the throng:
And, as ſome pupils have been known
In time to put their tutors down,
So ours are often found to 'ave got
More tricks than ever they were taught:
With ſly intrigues and artifices
Uſurp their poxes and their vices;
With garnitures upon their ſhoes,
Make good their claim to gouty toes;
By ſudden ſtarts, and ſhrugs, and groans,
Pretend to aches in their bones,

To ſcabs and botches, and lay ruins
To prove their running of the reins;
And, leſt they ſhould ſeem deſtitute
Of any mange that 's in repute,
And be behind hand with the mode,
Will ſwear to cryſtallin and node;
And, that they may not loſe their right,
Make it appear how they came by 't:
Diſdain the country where they were born,
As baſtards their own mothers ſcorn,
And that which brought them forth contemn,
As it deſerves, for bearing them;
Admire whate'er they find abroad,
But nothing here, though e'er ſo good:
Be natives whereſoe'er they come,
And only foreigners at home;
To which they appear ſo far eſtrang'd,
As if they 'ad been i' th' cradle chang'd,
Or from beyond the ſeas conwey'd
By witches—not born here, but laid;
Or by outlandiſh fathers were
Begotten on their mothers here,
And therefore juſtly ſlight that nation
Where they 've ſo mongrel a relation;
And ſeek out other climates, where
They may degenerate leſs than here;
As woodcocks, when their plumes are grown,
Borne on the wind's wings and their own,
Forſake the countries where they 're hatch'd,
And ſeek out others to be catch'd.

So

So they more naturally may please.
And humour their own geniuses,
Apply to all things which they see
With their own fancies best agree;
No matter how ridiculous,
'Tis all one, if it be in use;
For nothing can be bad or good,
But as 'tis in or out of mode;
And, as the nations are that use it,
All ought to practise or refuse it;
T' observe their postures, move, and stand,
As they give out the word o' command;
To learn the dullest of their whims,
And how to wear their very limbs;
To turn and manage every part,
Like puppets, by their rules of art;
To shrug discreetly, act, and tread,
And politicly shake the head,
Until the ignorant (that guess
At all things by th' appearances)
To see how Art and Nature strive,
Believe them really alive,
And that they 're very men, not things
That move by puppet-work and springs;
When truly all their feats have been
As well perform'd by motion-men,
And the worst drolls of Punchinello
Were much th' ingeniouser fellows;
For, when they 're perfect in their lesson,
Th' hypothesis grows out of season,

And, all their labour loſt, they 're fain
To learn new, and begin again;
To talk eternally and loud,
And all together in a crowd,
No matter what; for in the noiſe
No man minds what another ſays:
T' aſſume a confidence beyond
Mankind, for ſolid and profound,
And ſtill, the leſs and leſs they know,
The greater doſe of that allow:
Decry all things; for to be wiſe
Is not to know, but to deſpiſe;
And deep judicious confidence
Has ſtill the odds of wit and ſenſe,
And can pretend a title to
Far greater things than they can do:
T' adorn their Engliſh with French ſcraps,
And give their very language claps;
To jernie rightly, and renounce
I' th' pure and moſt approv'd-of tones,
And, while they idly think t' enrich,
Adulterate their native ſpeech:
For, though to ſmatter ends of Greek
Or Latin be the rhetorique
Of pedants counted, and vain-glorious,
To ſmatter French is meritorious;
And to forget their mother-tongue,
Or purpoſely to ſpeak it wrong,
A hopeful ſign of parts and wit,
And that they' improve and benefit;

As

As thoſe that have been taught amiſs
In liberal arts and ſciences,
Muſt all they 'ad learnt before in vain
Forget quite, and begin again.

SATIRE

UPON

DRUNKENNESS.

'TIS pity wine, which Nature meant
To man in kindneſs to preſent,
And gave him kindly, to careſs
And cheriſh his frail happineſs;
Of equal virtue to renew
His weary'd mind and body too;
Should (like the cyder-tree in Eden,
Which only grew to be forbidden)
No ſooner come to be enjoy'd,
But th' owner 's fatally deſtroy'd;
And that which ſhe for good deſign'd,
Becomes the ruin of mankind,
That for a little vain exceſs
Runs out of all its happineſs,
And makes the friend of Truth and Love
Their greateſt adverſary prove;

To abuſe

T' abuſe a bleſſing ſhe beſtow'd
So truly' eſſential to his good,
To countervail his penſive cares,
And ſlaviſh drudgery of affairs;
To teach him judgment, wit, and ſenſe,
And, more than all theſe, confidence;
To paſs his times of recreation
In choice and noble converſation,
Catch truth and reaſon unawares,
As men do health in wholeſome airs
(While fools their converſants poſſeſs
As unawares with ſottiſhneſs);
To gain acceſs a private way
To man's beſt ſenſe, by its own key,
Which painful judgers ſtrive in vain
By any other courſe t' obtain;
To pull off all diſguiſe, and view
Things as they 're natural and true;
Diſcover fools and knaves, allow'd
For wiſe and honeſt in the crowd;
With innocent and virtuous ſport
Make ſhort days long, and long nights ſhort,
And mirth, the only antidote
Againſt diſeaſes ere they 're got;
To ſave health harmleſs from th' neceſs
Both of the medicine and diſeaſe;
Or make it help itſelf, ſecure
Againſt the deſperat'ſt fit, the cure.
All theſe ſublime prerogatives
Of happineſs to human lives,

He

He vainly throws away and slights,
For madness, noise, and bloody fights;
When nothing can decide, but swords
And pots, the right or wrong of words,
Like princes' titles; and he 's outed
The justice of his cause that 's routed.
No sooner has a charge been sounded
With—*Son of a whore*, and *Damn'd confounded*,
And the bold signal given, the *lye*,
But instantly the bottles fly,
Where cups and glasses are small shot,
And cannon-ball a pewter-pot:
That blood, that 's hardly in the vein,
So now remanded back again;
Though sprung from wine of the same piece,
And near a-kin, within degrees,
Strives to commit assassinations
On its own natural relations;
And those twin-spirits, so kind-hearted,
That from their friends so lately parted,
No sooner several ways are gone,
But by themselves are set upon,
Surpriz'd like brother against brother,
And put to th' sword by one another:
So much more fierce are civil wars,
Than those between mere foreigners!
And man himself, with wine possest,
More savage than the wildest beast!
For serpents, when they meet to water,
Lay by their poison and their nature;

And

And fierceſt creatures, that repair,
In thirſty deſerts, to their rare
And diſtant rivers' banks to drink,
In love and cloſe alliance link,
And from their mixture of ſtrange ſeeds
Produce new, never-heard-of breeds,
To whom the fiercer unicorn
Begins a large health with his horn;
As cuckolds put their antidotes,
When they drink coffee, into th' pots:
While man, with raging drink inflam'd,
Is far more ſavage and untam'd;
Supplies his loſs of wit and ſenſe
With barbarouſneſs and inſolence;
Believes himſelf, the leſs he 's able,
The more heroic and formidable;
Lays-by his reaſon in his bowls,
As Turks are ſaid to do their ſouls,
Until it has ſo often been
Shut out of its lodging, and let in,
At length it never can attain
To find the right way back again;
Drinks all his time away, and prunes
The end of 's life, as vignerons
Cut ſhort the branches of a vine,
To make it bear more plenty o' wine;
And that which Nature did intend
T' enlarge his life, perverts t' its end.
So Noah, when he anchor'd ſafe on
The mountain's top, his lofty haven,

And

And all the paſſengers he bore
Were on the new world ſet aſhore;
He made it next his chief deſign
To plant and propagate a vine;
Which ſince has overwhelm'd and drown'd
Far greater numbers, on dry ground,
Of wretched mankind, one by one,
Than all the flood before had done.

SATIRE

UPON MARRIAGE.

SURE marriages were never ſo well fitted,
As when to matrimony' men were committed,
Like thieves by juſtices, and to a wife
Bound, like to good-behaviour, during life;
For then 'twas but a civil contract made
Between two partners that ſet-up a trade;
And if both fail'd, there was no conſcience
Nor faith invaded in the ſtricteſt ſenſe;
No canon of the church, nor vow, was broke
When men did free their gall'd necks from the yoke;
But when they tir'd, like other horned beaſts,
Might have it taken off, and take their reſts,
Without being bound in duty to ſhew cauſe,
Or reckon with divine or human laws.
For ſince, what uſe of matrimony' has been,
But to make gallantry a greater ſin?

As if there were no appetite nor guſt,
Below adultery, in modiſh luſt;
Or no debauchery were exquiſite,
Until it has attain'd its perfect height.
For men do now take wives to nobler ends,
Not to bear children, but to bear them friends;
Whom nothing can oblige at ſuch a rate
As theſe endearing offices of late.
For men are now grown wiſe, and underſtand
How to improve their crimes as well as land;
And, if they 've iſſue, make the infants pay
Down for their own begetting on the day,
The charges of the goſſiping diſburſe,
And pay beforehand (ere they 're born) the nurſe;
As he that got a monſter on a cow,
Out of deſign of ſetting up a ſhow.
For why ſhould not the brats for all account,
As well as for the chriſtening at the fount,
When thoſe that ſtand for them lay down the rate
O' th' banquet and the prieſt in ſpoons and plate?
The ancient Romans made the ſtate allow
For getting all men's children above two:
Then married men, to propagate the breed,
Had great rewards for what they never did,
Were privileg'd, and highly honour'd too,
For owning what their friends were fain to do;
For ſo they 'ad children, they regarded not
By whom (good men), or how, they were begot.
To borrow wives (like money) or to lend,
Was then the civil office of a friend,

And he that made a ſcruple in the caſe
Was held a miſerable wretch and baſe;
For when they 'ad children by them, th' honeſt men
Return'd them to their huſbands back again.
Then, for th' encouragement and propagation
Of ſuch a great concernment to the nation,
All people were ſo full of complacence,
And civil duty to the public ſenſe,
They had no name t' expreſs a cuckold then,
But that which ſignified all married men;
Nor was the thing accounted a diſgrace,
Unleſs among the dirty populace,
And no man underſtands on what account
Leſs civil nations after hit upon 't:
For to be known a cuckold can be no
Diſhonour but to him that thinks it ſo;
For if he feel no chagrin or remorſe,
His forehead 's ſhot-free, and he 's ne'er the worſe:
For horns (like horny calliouſes) are found
To grow on ſculls that have receiv'd a wound,
Are crackt, and broken; not at all on thoſe
That are invulnerate and free from blows.
What a brave time had cuckold-makers then,
When they were held the worthieſt of men,
The real fathers of the commonwealth,
That planted colonies in Rome itſelf!
When he that help'd his neighbours, and begot
Moſt Romans, was the nobleſt patriot!
For if a brave man, that preſerv'd from death
One citizen, was honour'd with a wreath,

He that more gallantly got three or four,
In reaſon muſt deſerve a great deal more.
Then, if thoſe glorious worthies of old Rome,
That civiliz'd the world they 'ad overcome,
And taught it laws and learning, found this way
The beſt to ſave their empire from decay,
Why ſhould not theſe, that borrow all the worth
They have from them, not take this leſſon forth,
Get children, friends, and honour too, and money,
By prudent managing of matrimony?
For, if 'tis honourable by all confeſt,
Adultery muſt be worſhipful at leaſt,
And theſe times great, when private men are come
Up to the height and politic of Rome.
All by-blows were not only free-born then,
But, like John Lilburn, free-begotten men;
Had equal right and privilege with theſe
That claim by title right of the four ſens:
For, being in marriage born, it matters not
After what liturgy they were begot;
And if there be a difference, they have
Th' advantage of the chance in proving brave,
By being engender'd with more life and force
Than thoſe begotten the dull way of courſe.

The Chineſe place all piety and zeal
In ſerving with their wives the commonweal;
Fix all their hopes of merit and ſalvation
Upon their women's ſupererogation;
With ſolemn vows their wives and daughters bind,
Like Eve in Paradiſe, to all mankind;

And

And thoſe that can produce the moſt gallants,
Are held the preciouſeſt of all their ſaints;
Wear roſaries about their necks, to cou
Their exerciſes of devotion on;
That ſerve them for certificates, to ſhow
With what vaſt numbers they have had to do:
Before they 're marry'd, make a conſcience
T' omit no duty of incontinence;
And ſhe that has been oftenеſt proſtituted,
Is worthy of the greateſt match reputed.
But, when the conquering Tartar went about
To root this orthodox religion out,
They ſtood for conſcience, and reſolv'd to die,
Rather than change the ancient purity
Of that religion, which their anceſtors
And they had proſper'd in ſo many years;
Vow'd to their gods to ſacrifice their lives,
And die their daughters martyrs, and their wives,
Before they would commit ſo great a ſin
Againſt the faith they had been bred up in.

SATIRE

UPON PLAGIARIES *.

WHY ſhould the world be ſo averſe
To plagiary privateers,
That all men's ſenſe and fancy ſeize,
And make free prize of what they pleaſe?
As if, becauſe they huff and ſwell,
Like pilferers, full of what they ſteal,
Others might equal power aſſume,
To pay them with as hard a doom;
To ſhut them up, like beaſts in pounds,
For breaking into others' grounds;
Mark them with characters and brands,
Like other forgers of men's hands,

And

* It is not improbable but that Butler, in this ſatire, or ſneering apology for the plagiary, obliquely hints at Sir John Denham, whom he has directly attacked in a preceding poem.

Butler was not pleaſed with the two firſt lines of this compoſition, as appears by his altering them in the margin, thus:

Why ſhould the world be ſo ſevere
To every ſmall-wit privateer?

And indeed the alteration is much for the better; but, as it would not connect grammatically with what follows, I did not think proper to adopt it.

And in effigie hang and draw
The poor delinquents by club-law,
When no indictment juſtly lies,
But where the theft will bear a price.
For though wit never can be learn'd,
It may b' aſſum'd, and own'd, and earn'd,
And, like our nobleſt fruits, improv'd,
By being tranſplanted and remov'd;
And, as it bears no certain rate,
Nor pays one penny to the ſtate,
With which it turns no more t' account
Than virtue, faith, and merit 's wont;
Is neither moveable nor rent,
Nor chattel, goods, nor tenement,
Nor was it ever paſs'd b' entail,
Nor ſettled upon heirs-male;
Or if it were, like ill-got land,
Did never fall t' a ſecond hand;
So 'tis no more to be engroſs'd
Than ſunſhine, or the air inclos'd,
Or to propriety confin'd,
Than th' uncontrol'd and ſcatter'd wind.
For why ſhould that which Nature meant
To owe its being to its vent;
That has no value of its own,
But as it is divulg'd and known;
Is periſhable and deſtroy'd,
As long as it lies unenjoy'd;
Be ſcanted of that liberal uſe,
Which all mankind is free to chuſe,

And idly hoarded where 'twas bred,
Inſtead of being diſpers'd and ſpread?
And, the more laviſh and profuſe,
'Tis of the nobler general uſe;
As riots, though ſupply'd by ſtealth,
Are wholeſome to the commonwealth;
And men ſpend freelier what they win,
Than what they 'ave freely coming in.
The world 's as full of curious wit,
Which thoſe that father never writ,
As 'tis of baſtards, which the ſot
And cuckold owns that ne'er begot;
Yet paſs as well as if the one
And th' other bye-blow were their own.
For why ſhould he that 's impotent
To judge, and fancy, and invent,
For that impediment be ſtopt
To own, and challenge, and adopt,
At leaſt th' expos'd and fatherleſs
Poor orphans of the pen and preſs,
Whoſe parents are obſcure, or dead,
Or in far countries born and bred?
As none but kings have power to raiſe
A levy, which the ſubject pays,
And though they call that tax a loan,
Yet when 'tis gather'd 'tis their own;
So he that 's able to impoſe
A wit-exciſe on verſe or proſe,
And ſtill, the abler authors are,
Can make them pay the greater ſhare,

Is prince of poets of his time,
And they his vaſſals that ſupply' him;
Can judge more juſtly of what he takes
Than any of the beſt he makes,
And more impartially conceive
What 's fit to chuſe, and what to leave.
For men reflect more ſtrictly upon
The ſenſe of others than their own;
And wit, that 's made of wit and ſleight,
Is richer than the plain downright:
As ſalt, that 's made of ſalt, 's more fine,
Than when it firſt came from the brine;
And ſpirits of a nobler nature
Drawn from the dull ingredient matter.
Hence mighty Virgil 's ſaid, of old,
From dung to have extracted gold
(As many a lout and ſilly clown
By his inſtructions ſince has done);
And grew more lofty by that means,
Than by his livery-oats and beans,
When from his carts and country farms
He roſe a mighty man at arms;
To whom th' Heroics ever ſince
Have ſworn allegiance, as their prince,
And faithfully have in all times
Obſerv'd his cuſtoms in their rhymes.
'Twas counted learning once, and wit,
To void but what ſome author writ,
And what men underſtood by rote,
By as implicit ſenſe to quote:

Then many a magiſterial clerk
Was taught, like ſinging-birds, i' th' dark,
And underſtood as much of things,
As th' ableſt blackbird what it ſings;
And yet was honour'd and renown'd
For grave, and ſolid, and profound.
Then why ſhould thoſe who pick and chuſe
The beſt of all the beſt compoſe,
And join it by Moſaic art,
In graceful order, part to part,
To make the whole in beauty ſuit,
Not merit as complete repute
As thoſe who with leſs art and pains
Can do it with their native brains,
And make the home-ſpun buſineſs fit
As freely with their mother wit;
Since, what by Nature was deny'd
By art and induſtry 's ſupply'd,
Both which are more our own, and brave,
Than all the alms that Nature gave?
For what w' acquire by pains and art
Is only due t' our own deſert;
While all th' endowments ſhe confers
Are not ſo much our own as her's,
That, like good fortune, unawares
Fall not t' our virtue, but our ſhares,
And all we can pretend to merit
We do not purchaſe, but inherit.
Thus all the great'ſt inventions, when
They firſt were found out, were ſo mean,

That

That th' authors of them are unknown,
As little things they ſcorn'd to own;
Until by men of nobler thought
Th' were to their full perfection brought.
This proves that Wit does but rough-hew,
Leaves Art to poliſh and review;
And that a wit at ſecond-hand
Has greateſt intereſt and command;
For to improve, diſpoſe, and judge,
Is nobler than t' invent and drudge.
  Invention 's humorous and nice,
And never at command applies;
Diſdains t' obey the proudeſt wit,
Unleſs it chance to b' in the fit
(Like prophecy, that can preſage
Succeſſes of the lateſt age,
Yet is not able to tell when
It next ſhall propheſy again);
Makes all her ſuitors courſe and wait,
Like a proud miniſter of ſtate,
And, when ſhe 's ſerious, in ſome freak,
Extravagant, and vain, and weak,
Attend her filly lazy pleaſure,
Until ſhe chance to be at leiſure;
When 'tis more eaſy to ſteal wit:
To clip, and forge, and counterfeit,
Is both the buſineſs and delight,
Like hunting-ſports, of thoſe that write;
For thievery is but one ſort,
The learned ſay, of hunting-ſport.

Hence 'tis that ſome, who ſet up firſt
As raw, and wretched, and unverſt,
And open'd with a ſtock as poor
As a healthy beggar with one ſore;
That never writ in proſe or verſe,
But pick'd, or cut it, like a purſe,
And at the beſt could but commit
The petty-larceny of wit;
To whom to write was to purloin,
And printing but to ſtamp falſe coin;
Yet, after long and ſturdy endeavours
Of being painful wit-receivers,
With gathering rags and ſcraps of wit,
As paper 's made on which 'tis writ,
Have gone forth authors, and acquir'd
The right—or wrong—to be admir'd;
And, arm'd with confidence, incurr'd
The fool's good luck, to be preferr'd.
For, as a banker can diſpoſe
Of greater ſums he only owes,
Than he who honeſtly is known
To deal in nothing but his own,
So, whoſoe'er can take up moſt,
May greateſt fame and credit boaſt.

SATIRE,

SATIRE,

IN TWO PARTS,

Upon the Imperfection and Abuſe of

HUMAN LEARNING.

PART I.

IT is the nobleſt act of human reaſon,
To free itſelf from ſlaviſh prepoſſeſſion,

Aſſume

* In the large General Dictionary, or Bayle's enlarged by Mr. Bernard, Birch, and Lockman, we are told by the learned editors, under the article *Hudibras*, that they were perſonally informed by the late Mr. Longueville, That amongſt the genuine remains of Butler, which were in his hands, there was a poem, entitled *The Hiſtory of Learning*.—To the ſame purpoſe is the following paſſage, cited from *The Poetical Regiſter*, vol. II. p. 21.—"In juſtice to the public, it is thought "proper to declare, that all the manuſcripts Mr. Butler left behind him are now in the cuſtody of Mr. "Longueville (among which is one, entitled *The Hiſtory of Learning*, written after the manner of Hudibras) and that not one line of thoſe poems lately "publiſhed under his name is genuine."

As theſe authorities muſt have given the world reaſon to expect, in this Work, a poem of this ſort, it becomes neceſſary for me to inform the public—that Butler

Aſſume the legal right to diſengage
From all it had contracted under age,
And not its ingenuity and wit,
To all it was imbued with firſt, ſubmit;

Take

ler did meditate a pretty long ſatire upon the imperfection and abuſe of Human Learning; but that he only finiſhed this firſt part of it, though he has left very conſiderable and intereſting fragments of the remainder, ſome of which I ſhall ſubjoin.

The Poet's plan ſeems to have conſiſted of two parts; the firſt, which he has executed, is to expoſe the defects of human learning—from the wrong methods of education—from the natural imperfection of the human mind—and from that over-eagerneſs of men to know things above the reach of human capacity.—The ſecond, as far as one can judge by the *Remains*, and intended parts of it, was to have exemplified what he has aſſerted in the firſt; and ridiculed and ſatirized the different branches of human learning, in characterizing the philoſopher, critic, orator, *&c.*

Mr. Longueville might be led, by this, into the miſtake of calling this work *A Hiſtory of Learning*; or perhaps it might ariſe from Butler's having, in one plan, which he afterwards altered, begun with theſe two lines,

The hiſtory of learning is ſo lame,
That few can tell from whence at firſt it came.

What has been ſaid will, I flatter myſelf, be a ſufficient apology for the printing an imperfect work, if the many good things to be met with in it does not make one unneceſſary.—However, for this reaſon, I did not think fit to place it amongſt his other Satires, which are perfect in their different ways.

Take true or falſe for better or for worſe,
To have or t' hold indifferently of courſe.
For Cuſtom, though but uſher of the ſchool
Where Nature breeds the body and the ſoul,
Uſurps a greater power and intereſt
O'er man, the heir of Reaſon, than brute beaſt,
That by two different inſtincts is led,
Born to the one, and to the other bred,
And trains him up with rudiments more falſe
Than Nature does her ſtupid animals;
And that 's one reaſon why more care 's beſtow'd
Upon the body than the ſoul 's allow'd,
That is not found to underſtand and know
So ſubtly as the body 's found to grow.
Though children, without ſtudy, pains, or thought,
Are languages and vulgar notions taught,
Improve their natural talents without care,
And apprehend before they are aware,
Yet as all ſtrangers never leave the tones
They have been us'd of children to pronounce,
So moſt men's reaſon never can outgrow
The diſcipline it firſt receiv'd to know,
But renders words they firſt began to con,
The end of all that 's after to be known,
And ſets the help of education back,
Worſe than, without it, man could ever lack;
Who, therefore, finds the artificial'ſt fools
Have not been chang'd i' th' cradle, but the ſchools,
Where error, pedantry, and affectation,
Run them behind-hand with their education,

And all alike are taught poetic rage,
When hardly one 's fit for it in an age.
No ſooner are the organs of the brain
Quick to receive, and ſtedfaſt to retain,
Beſt knowledges, but all 's laid out upon
Retrieving of the curſe of Babylon;
To make confounded languages reſtore
A greater drudgery than it barr'd before:
And therefore thoſe imported from the Eaſt,
Where firſt they were incurr'd, are held the beſt,
Although convey'd in worſe Arabian pothooks
Than gifted tradeſmen ſcratch in ſermon note-books;
Are really but pains and labour loſt,
And not worth half the drudgery they coſt,
Unleſs, like rarities, as they 've been brought
From foreign climates, and as dearly bought,
When thoſe who had no other but their own,
Have all ſucceeding eloquence outdone;
As men that wink with one eye ſee more true,
And take their aim much better, than with two:
For, the more languages a man can ſpeak,
His talent has but ſprung the greater leak;
And, for the induſtry he 'as ſpent upon 't,
Muſt full as much ſome other way diſcount.
The Hebrew, Chaldee, and the Syriac,
Do, like their letters, ſet men's reaſon back,
And turn their wits, that ſtrive to underſtand it
(Like thoſe that write the characters) left-handed:
Yet he that is but able to expreſs
No ſenſe at all in ſeveral languages,

Will

Will paſs for learneder than he that 's known
To ſpeak the ſtrongeſt reaſon in his own.
  Theſe are the modern arts of education,
With all the learned of mankind in faſhion,
But practis'd only with the rod and whip,
As riding-ſchools inculcate horſemanſhip;
Or Romiſh penitents let out their ſkins,
To bear the penalties of others' ſins:
When letters, at the firſt, were meant for play,
And only us'd to paſs the time away;
When th' ancient Greeks and Romans had no name
To expreſs a ſchool and playhouſe, but the ſame,
And in their languages, ſo long agone,
To ſtudy or be idle was all one;
For nothing more preſerves men in their wits,
Than giving of them leave to play by fits,
In dreams to ſport, and ramble with all fancies,
And waking, little leſs extravagances,
The reſt and recreation of tir'd thought,
When 'tis run down with care and overwrought,
Of which whoever does not freely take
His conſtant ſhare, is never broad awake,
And, when he wants an equal competence
Of both recruits, abates as much of ſenſe.
  Nor is their education worſe deſign'd
Than Nature (in her province) proves unkind:
The greateſt inclinations with the leaſt
Capacities are fatally poſſeſt,
Condemn'd to drudge, and labour, and take pains,
Without an equal competence of brains;

While thoſe ſhe has indulg'd in ſoul and body,
Are moſt averſe to induſtry and ſtudy,
And th' activ'ſt fancies ſhare as looſe alloys,
For want of equal weight to counterpoiſe.
But when thoſe great conveniencies meet,
Of equal judgment, induſtry, and wit,
The one but ſtrives the other to divert,
While Fate and Cuſtom in the feud take part,
And ſcholars, by prepoſterous over-doing,
And under-judging, all their projects ruin;
Who, though the underſtanding of mankind
Within ſo ſtrait a compaſs is confin'd,
Diſdain the limits Nature ſets to bound
The wit of man, and vainly rove beyond.
The braveſt ſoldiers ſcorn, until they 're got
Cloſe to the enemy, to make a ſhot;
Yet great philoſophers delight to ſtretch
Their talents moſt at things beyond their reach,
And proudly think t' unriddle every cauſe
That Nature uſes, by their own bye-laws;
When 'tis not only' impertinent, but rude,
Where ſhe denies admiſſion, to intrude;
And all their induſtry is but to err,
Unleſs they have free quarantine from her;
Whence 'tis the world the leſs has underſtood,
By ſtriving to know more than 'tis allow'd.
For Adam, with the loſs of Paradiſe
Bought knowledge at too deſperate a price,
And ever ſince that miſerable fate
Learning did never coſt an eaſier rate;

For

, though the moſt divine and ſovereign good
ıt Nature has upon mankind beſtow'd,
it has prov'd a greater hinderance
th' intereſt of truth than ignorance,
l therefore never bore ſo high a value
when 'twas low, contemptible, and ſhallow;
l academies, ſchools, and colleges,
low'd for its improvement and increaſe;
:h pomp and ſhew was introduc'd with maces,
re than a Roman magiſtrate had faſces;
›ower'd with ſtatute, privilege, and mandate,
aſſume an art, and after underſtand it;
e bills of ſtore for taking a degree,
:h all the learning to it cuſtom-free;
l own profeſſions which they never took
much delight in as to read one book:
e princes, had prerogative to give
ıvicted malefactors a reprieve;
d, having but a little paltry wit
ıre than the world, reduc'd and govern'd it,
: ſcorn'd, as ſoon as 'twas but underſtood,
better is a ſpiteful foe to good,
d now has nothing left for its ſupport,
: what the darkeſt times provided for 't.
Man has a natural deſire to know,
t th' one half is for intereſt, th' other ſhow:
ſcriveners take more pains to learn the ſleight
making knots, than all the hands they write:
all his ſtudy is not to extend
e bounds of knowledge, but ſome vainer end;

T' appear

T' appear and paſs for learned, though his claim
Will hardly reach beyond the empty name:
For moſt of thoſe that drudge and labour hard,
Furniſh their underſtandings by the yard,
As a French library by the whole is,
So much an ell for quarto's and for folios;
To which they are but indexes themſelves,
And underſtand no further than the ſhelves;
But ſmatter with their titles and editions,
And place them in their Claſſical partitions;
When all a ſtudent knows of what he reads
Is not in 's own, but under general heads
Of common-places, not in his own power,
But, like a Dutchman's money, i' th' cantore,
Where all he can make of it at the beſt,
Is hardly three *per cent.* for intereſt;
And whether he will ever get it out,
Into his own poſſeſſion, is a doubt:
Affects all books of paſt and modern ages,
But reads no further than the title-pages,
Only to con the authors' names by rote,
Or, at the beſt, thoſe of the books they quote,
Enough to challenge intimate acquaintance
With all the learned Moderns and the Ancients.
As Roman noblemen were wont to greet,
And compliment the rabble in the ſtreet,
Had nomenclators in their trains, to claim
Acquaintance with the meaneſt by his name,
And, by ſo mean contemptible a bribe,
Trepann'd the ſuffrages of every tribe;

So

So learned men, by authors' names unknown,
Have gain'd no ſmall improvement to their own,
And he 's eſteem'd the learned'ſt of all others,
That has the largeſt catalogue of authors. 190

FRAGMENTS

OF AN INTENDED

SECOND PART

OF THE FOREGOING SATIRE.

MEN'S talents grow more bold and confident,
The further they 're beyond their juſt extent,
As

Theſe *Fragments* were fairly written out, and ſeveral times, with ſome little variations, tranſcribed by Butler, but never connected, or reduced into any regular form. They may be conſidered as the principal parts of a curious edifice, each ſeparately finiſhed, but not united into one general deſign.

From theſe the reader may form a notion and tolerable idea of our Author's intended ſcheme; and will, I doubt not, regret, with me, that he did not apply himſelf to the finiſhing of a ſatire ſo well ſuited to his judgment and particular turn of wit.

It may be thought, perhaps, that ſome parts of it ought to have been illuſtrated with notes; but as the printing an imperfect work may be judged, by ſome readers of great delicacy, a ſort of intruſion upon the public, I did not care to enhance the objection by clogging it with additional obſervations of my own.

As ſmatterers prove more arrogant and pert,
The leſs they truly underſtand an art;
And, where they 've leaſt capacity to doubt,
Are wont t' appear moſt peremptory and ſtout;
While thoſe that know the mathematic lines
Where Nature all the wit of man confines;
And when it keeps within its bounds, and where
It acts beyond the limits of its ſphere;
Enjoy an abſoluter free command
O'er all they have a right to underſtand,
Than thoſe that falſely venture to encroach
Where Nature has deny'd them all approach,
And ſtill, the more they ſtrive to underſtand,
Like great eſtates, run furtheſt behind-hand;
Will undertake the univerſe to fathom,
From infinite down to a ſingle atom;
Without a geometric inſtrument,
To take their own capacity's extent;
Can tell as eaſy how the world was made,
As if they 'ad been brought up to the trade,
And whether Chance, Neceſſity, or Matter,
Contriv'd the whole eſtabliſhment of Nature;
When all their wits to underſtand the world
Can never tell why a pig's tail is curl'd,
Or give a rational account why fiſh,
That always uſe to drink, do never piſs.

WHAT

WHAT mad fantaſtic gambols have been play'd
By th' ancient Greek forefathers of the trade,
That were not much inferior to the freaks
Of all our lunatic fanatic ſects!
The firſt and beſt philoſopher of Athens
Was crackt, and ran ſtark-ſtaring mad with patience,
And had no other way to ſhew his wit,
But when his wife was in her ſcolding-fit;
Was after in the Pagan inquiſition,
And ſuffer'd martyrdom for no religion.
Next him, his ſcholar, ſtriving to expel
All poets his poetic commonweal,
Exil'd himſelf, and all his followers,
Notorious poets, only bating verſe.
The Stagyrite, unable to expound
The Euripus, leapt into 't, and was drown'd;
So he that put his eyes out, to conſider
And contemplate on natural things the ſteadier,
Did but himſelf for idiot convince,
Though reverenc'd by the learned ever ſince.
Empedocles, to be eſteem'd a god,
Leapt into Ætna, with his ſandals ſhod;
That being blown out, diſcover'd what an aſs
The great philoſopher and juggler was,
That to his own new deity ſacrific'd,
And was himſelf the victim and the prieſt.
The Cynic coin'd falſe money, and, for fear
Of being hang'd for 't, turn'd philoſopher;
Yet with his lantern went, by day, to find
One honeſt man i' th' heap of all mankind;

More ſottiſh than the two fanatics, trying
To mend the world by laughing, or by cryin
Or he that laugh'd until he chok'd his whiſtle
To rally on an aſs that ate a thiſtle;
That th' antique ſage, that was gallant t' a g
A fitter miſtreſs could not pick and chuſe,
Whoſe tempers, inclinations, ſenſe, and wit,
Like two indentures, did agree ſo fit.

THE ancient ſceptics conſtantly deny'd
What they maintain'd, and thought they juſt
For when they' affirm'd that nothing 's to be
They did but what they ſaid before diſown;
And, like Polemics of the Poſt, pronounce
The ſame thing to be true and falſe at once.
Theſe follies had ſuch influence on the rab
As to engage them in perpetual ſquabble;
Divided Rome and Athens into clans
Of ignorant mechanic partiſans.

When pudding-wives were launcht in cock-quean ſtools,
For falling foul on oyſter-women's ſchools,
No herb-women ſold cabbages or onions,
But to their goſſips of their own opinions.
A Peripatetic cobler ſcorn'd to ſoal
A pair of ſhoes of any other ſchool;
And porters of the judgment of the Stoics,
To go an errand of the Cyrenaics;
That us'd t' encounter in athletic liſts,
With beard to beard, and teeth and nails to fiſts,
Like modern kicks and cuffs among the youth
Of academics, to maintain the truth.
But in the boldeſt feats of arms the Stoic
And Epicureans were the moſt heroic,
That ſtoutly ventur'd breaking of their necks,
To vindicate the intereſts of their ſects,
And ſtill behav'd themſelves as reſolute
In waging cuffs and bruiſes as diſpute,
Until, with wounds and bruiſes which they' had got,
Some hundreds were kill'd dead upon the ſpot;
When all their quarrels, rightly underſtood,
Were but to prove diſputes the ſovereign good.

DISTINCTIONS, that had been at firſt deſign'd
To regulate the errors of the mind,
By being too nicely overſtrain'd and vext,
Have made the comment harder than the text,
And do not now, like carving, hit the joint,
But break the bon s in pieces, of a point,

And with impertinent evaſions force
The cleareſt reaſon from its native courſe—
That argue things ſo' uncertain, 'tis no matter
Whether they are, or never were in nature;
And venture to demonſtrate, when they 've ſtur'd,
And palm'd a fallacy upon a word.
For diſputants (as ſwordſmen uſe to fence
With blunted foyles) engage with blunted ſenſe;
And, as they 're wont to falſify a blow,
Uſe nothing elſe to paſs upon the foe;
Or, if they venture further to attack,
Like bowlers, ſtriye to beat away the jack;
And, when they find themſelves too hardly preſt on,
Prevaricate, and change the ſtate o' th' queſt'on;
The nobleſt ſcience of defence and art
In practice now with all that controvert,
And th' only mode of prizes, from Bear-garden
Down to the ſchools, in giving blows, or warding.

AS old knights-errant in their harneſs fought
As ſafe as in a caſtle or redoubt,
Gave one another deſperate attacks,
To ſtorm the counterſcarps upon their backs;
So diſputants advance, and poſt their arms,
To ſtorm the works of one another's terms;
Fall foul on ſome extravagant expreſſion,
But ne'er attempt the main deſign and reaſon—
So ſome polemics uſe to draw their ſwords
Againſt the language only and the words;

As he who fought at barriers with Salmaſius,
Engag'd with nothing but his ſtyle and phraſes,
Wav'd to aſſert the murther of a prince,
The author of falſe Latin to convince;
But laid the merits of the cauſe aſide,
By thoſe that underſtood them to be try'd;
And counted breaking Priſcian's head a thing
More capital than to behead a king;
For which he 'as been admir'd by all the learn'd,
Of knaves concern'd, and pedants unconcern'd.

JUDGMENT is but a curious pair of ſcales,
That turns with th' hundredth part of true or falſe,
And ſtill, the more 'tis us'd, is wont t' abate
The ſubtlety and niceneſs of its weight,
Until 'tis falſe, and will not riſe nor fall,
Like thoſe that are leſs artificial;
And therefore ſtudents, in their ways of judging,
Are fain to ſwallow many a ſenſeleſs gudgeon,
And by their over-underſtanding loſe
Its active faculty with too much uſe;
For reaſon, when too curiouſly 'tis ſpun,
Is but the next of all remov'd from none—
It is Opinion governs all mankind,
As wiſely as the blind that leads the blind:
For, as thoſe ſurnames are eſteem'd the beſt
That ſignify in all things elſe the leaſt,
So men paſs faireſt in the world's opinion,
That have the leaſt of truth and reaſon in them.

Truth would undo the world, if it poſſeſt
The meaneſt of its right and intereſt;
Is but a titular princeſs, whoſe authority
Is always under age, and in minority;
Has all things done, and carried in its name,
But moſt of all where it can lay no claim;
As far from gaiety and complaiſance,
As greatneſs, inſolence, and ignorance;
And therefore has ſurrendred her dominion
O'er all mankind to barbarous Opinion,
That in her right uſurps the tyrannies
And arbitrary government of lyes—
As no tricks on the rope but thoſe that break,
Or come moſt near to breaking of a neck,
Are worth the ſight, ſo nothing goes for wit
But nonſenſe, or the next of all to it:
For nonſenſe, being neither falſe nor true,
A little wit to any thing may ſcrew;
And, when it has a while been us'd, of courſe
Will ſtand as well in virtue, power, and force,
And paſs for ſenſe t' all purpoſes as good
As if it had at firſt been underſtood:
For nonſenſe has the ampleſt privileges,
And more than all the ſtrongeſt ſenſe obliges;
That furniſhes the ſchools with terms of art,
The myſteries of ſcience to impart;
Supplies all ſeminaries with recruits
Of endleſs controverſies and diſputes;

For

For learned nonſenſe has a deeper ſound
Than eaſy ſenſe, and goes for more profound.

FOR all our learned authors now compile
At charge of nothing but the words and ſtyle,
And the moſt curious critics or the learned
Believe themſelves in nothing elſe concerned;
For, as it is the garniture and dreſs
That all things wear in books and languages
(And all men's qualities are wont t' appear
According to the habits that they wear),
'Tis probable to be the trueſt teſt
Of all the ingenuity o' th' reſt.
The lives of trees lie only in the barks,
And in their ſtyles the wit of greateſt clerks;
Hence 'twas the ancient Roman politicians
Went to the ſchools of foreign rhetoricians,
To learn the art of patrons, in defence
Of intereſt and their clients' eloquence;
When conſuls, cenſors, ſenators, and prætors,
With great dictators, us'd t' apply to rhetors,
To hear the greater magiſtrate o' th' ſchool
Give ſentence in his haughty chair-curule,
And thoſe who mighty nations overcame,
Were fain to ſay their leſſons, and declame.
Words are but pictures, true or falſe deſign'd,
To draw the lines and features of the mind;
The characters and artificial draughts,
T' expreſs the inward images of thoughts;

And

And artiſts ſay a picture may be good,
Although the moral be not underſtood;
Whence ſome infer they may admire a ſtyle,
Though all the reſt be e'er ſo mean and vile;
Applaud th' outſides of words, but never mind
With what fantaſtic tawdry they are lin'd.
So orators, enchanted with the twang
Of their own trillos, take delight t' harangue;
Whoſe ſcience, like a juggler's box and balls,
Conveys and counterchanges true and falſe;
Caſts miſts before an audience's eyes,
To paſs the one for th' other in diſguiſe;
And, like a morrice-dancer dreſs'd with bells,
Only to ſerve for noiſe and nothing elſe,
Such as a carrier makes his cattle wear,
And hangs for pendents in a horſe's ear;
For, if the language will but bear the teſt,
No matter what becomes of all the reſt:
The ableſt orator, to ſave a word,
Would throw all ſenſe and reaſon overboard.
Hence 'tis that nothing elſe but eloquence
Is ty'd to ſuch a prodigal expence;
That lays out half the wit and ſenſe it uſes
Upon the other half's, as vain excuſes:
For all defences and apologies
Are but ſpecifics t' other frauds and lyes;
And th' artificial waſh of eloquence
Is daub'd in vain upon the cleareſt ſenſe,
Only to ſtain the native ingenuity
Of equal brevity and perſpicuity;

Whilſt all the beſt and ſobereſt things he does,
Are when he coughs, or ſpits, or blows his noſe;
Handles no point ſo evident and clear
(Beſides his white gloves) as his handkercher;
Unfolds the niceſt ſcruple ſo diſtinct,
As if his talent had been wrapt up in 't
Unthriftily, and now he went about
Henceforward to improve and put it out.

THE pedants are a mongrel breed, that ſojourn
Among the ancient writers and the modern;
And, while their ſtudies are between the one
And th' other ſpent, have nothing of their own;
Like ſpunges, are both plants and animals,
And equally to both their natures falſe:
For, whether 'tis their want of converſation,
Inclines them to all ſorts of affectation;
Their ſedentary life and melancholy,
The everlaſting nurſery of folly;
Their poring upon black and white too ſubtly
Has turn'd the inſides of their brains to motley;
Or ſquandering of their wits and time upon
Too many things, has made them fit for none;
Their conſtant overſtraining of the mind
Diſtorts the brain, as horſes break their wind;
Or rude confuſions of the things they read
Get up, like noxious vapours, in the head,
Until they have their conſtant wanes, and fulls,
And changes, in the inſides of their ſculls;

Or venturing beyond the reach of wit
Has render'd them for all things elſe unfit;
But never bring the world and books together,
And therefore never rightly judge of either;
Whence multitudes of reverend men and critics
Have got a kind of intellectual rickets,
And, by th' immoderate exceſs of ſtudy,
Have found the ſickly head t' outgrow the body.
For pedantry is but a corn or wart,
Bred in the ſkin of judgment, ſenſe, and art,
A ſtupify'd excreſcence, like a wen,
Fed by the peccant humours of learn'd men,
That never grows from natural defects
Of downright and untutor'd intellects,
But from the over-curious and vain
Diſtempers of an artificial brain—
So he that once ſtood for the learned'ſt man,
Had read out Little-Britain and Duck-Lane;
Worn out his reaſon, and reduc'd his body
And brain to nothing with perpetual ſtudy;
Kept tutors of all ſorts, and virtuoſos,
To read all authors to him with their gloſſes,
And made his lacquies, when he walk'd, bear folios
Of dictionaries, lexicons, and ſcholias,
To be read to him every way the wind
Should chance to ſit, before him or behind;
Had read out all th' imaginary duels
That had been fought by conſonants and vowels;
Had crackt his ſcull, to find out proper places
To lay up all memoirs of things in caſes;

An

And practis'd all the tricks upon the charts,
To play with packs of ſciences and arts,
That ſerve t' improve a feeble gameſter's ſtudy,
That ventures at grammatic beaſt, or noddy;
Had read out all the catalogues of wares,
That come in dry vats o'er from Francfort fairs,
Whoſe authors uſe t' articulate their ſurnames
With ſcraps of Greek more learned than the Germans;
Was wont to ſcatter books in every room,
Where they might beſt be ſeen by all that come,
And lay a train that naturally ſhould force
What he deſign'd, as if it fell of courſe;
And all this with a worſe ſucceſs than Cardan,
Who bought both books and learning at a bargain,
When, lighting on a philoſophic ſpell,
Of which he never knew one ſyllable,
Preſto, be gone, h' unriddled all he read,
As if he had to nothing elſe been bred.

UPON

AN HYPOCRITICAL NONCONFORMIST.

A PINDARIC ODE*.

I.

THERE 's nothing ſo abſurd, or vain,
Or barbarous, or inhumane,
But, if it lay the leaſt pretence
To piety and godlineſs,
Or tender-hearted conſcience,
And zeal for goſpel-truths profeſs,
Does ſacred inſtantly commence;
And all that dare but queſtion it, are ſtrait
Pronounc'd th' uncircumcis'd and reprobate:

As

* This and the two following compoſitions are the only ones that our Author wrote in this meaſure; which ſome readers may, perhaps, think too grave and ſolemn for the ſubject, and the turn of Butler's wit. It muſt, however, be allowed, that he falls no way ſhort of his uſual depth and reach of thought, keenneſs of ſatire, and acuteneſs of expreſſion.

As malefactors, that eſcape and fly
Into a ſanctuary for defence,
Muſt not be brought to juſtice thence,
Although their crimes be ne'er ſo great and high;
And he that dares preſume to do 't,
Is ſentenc'd and deliver'd-up
To Satan, that engag'd him to 't,
For venturing wickedly to put a ſtop
To his immunities and free affairs,
Or meddle ſaucily with theirs
That are employ'd by him, while he and they
Proceed in a religious and a holy way.

II.

And, as the Pagans heretofore
Did their own handyworks adore,
And made their ſtone and timber deities,
Their temples and their altars, of one piece;
The ſame outgoings ſeem t' inſpire
Our modern ſelf-will'd Edifier,
That, out of things as far from ſenſe, and more,
Contrives new light and revelation,
The creatures of th' imagination,
To worſhip and fall down before;
Of which his crack'd deluſions draw
As monſtrous images and rude,
As ever Pagan, to believe in, hew'd,
Or madman in a viſion ſaw;
Miſtakes the feeble impotence,
And vain deluſions of his mind,

For ſpiritual gifts and offerings,
Which Heaven to preſent him brings;
And ſtill, the further 'tis from ſenſe,
Believes it is the more refin'd,
And ought to be receiv'd with greater reverence.

III.

But, as all tricks whoſe principles
Are falſe, prove falſe in all things elſe,
The dull and heavy hypocrite
Is but in penſion with his conſcience,
That pays him for maintaining it
With zealous rage and impudence;
And, as the one grows obſtinate,
So does the other rich and fat;
Diſpoſes of his gifts and diſpenſations
Like ſpiritual foundations
Endow'd to pious uſes, and deſign'd
To entertain the weak, the lame, and blind;
But ſtill diverts them to as bad, or worſe,
Than others are by unjuſt governors:
For, like our modern publicans,
He ſtill puts out all dues
He owes to Heaven to the devil to uſe,
And makes his godly intereſt great gains;
Takes all the Brethren (to recruit
The ſpirit in him) contribute,
And, to repair and edify his ſpent
And broken-winded outward man, preſent
For painful holding-forth againſt the government.

IV. The

IV.

The ſubtle ſpider never ſpins,
But on dark days, his ſlimy gins;
Nor does our engineer much care to plant
His ſpiritual machines
Unleſs among the weak and ignorant,
Th' inconſtant, credulous, and light,
The vain, the factious, and the ſlight,
That in their zeal are moſt extravagant;
For trouts are tickled beſt in muddy water:
And ſtill, the muddier he finds their brains,
The more he 's ſought and follow'd after,
And greater miniſtrations gains:
For talking idly is admir'd,
And ſpeaking nonſenſe held inſpir'd;
And ſtill, the flatter and more dull
His gifts appear, is held more powerful:
For blocks are better cleft with wedges,
Than tools of ſharp and ſubtle edges;
And dulleſt nonſenſe has been found,
By ſome, to be the ſolid'ſt and the moſt profound.

V.

A great Apoſtle once was ſaid
With too much learning to be mad;
But our great Saint becomes diſtract,
And only with too little crackt;
Cries moral truths and human learning down,
And will endure no reaſon but his own:

For 'tis a drudgery and taſk
Not for a Saint, but Pagan oracle,
To anſwer all men can object or aſk;
But to be found impregnable,
And with a ſturdy forehead to hold out,
In ſpite of ſhame or reaſon reſolute,
Is braver than to argue and confute:
As he that can draw blood, they ſay,
From witches, takes their magic power away,
So he that draws blood int' a Brother's face,
Takes all his gifts away, and light, and grace:
For, while he holds that nothing is ſo damn'd
And ſhameful as to be aſham'd,
He never can b' attack'd,
But will come off; for Confidence, well back'd,
Among the weak and prepoſſeſs'd,
Has often Truth, with all her kingly power, oppreſs'd.

VI.

It is the nature of late zeal,
'Twill not be ſubject, nor rebel,
Nor left at large, nor be reſtrain'd,
But where there 's ſomething to be gain'd;
And, that being once reveal'd, defies
The law, with all its penalties,
And is convinc'd no pale
O' th' church can be ſo ſacred as a jail:
For, as the Indians' priſons are their mines,
So he has found are all reſtraints
To thriving and free-conſcienc'd Saints;
For the ſame thing enriches that confines;

And like to Lully, when he was in hold,
He turns his baſer metals into gold;
Receives returning and retiring fees
For holding forth, and holding of his peace,
And takes a penſion to be advocate
And ſtanding counſel 'gainſt the church and ſtate
For gall'd and tender conſciences;
Commits himſelf to priſon to trepan,
Draw in, and ſpirit all he can;
For birds in cages have a call,
To draw the wildeſt into nets,
More prevalent and natural
Than all our artificial pipes and counterfeits.

VII.

His ſlippery conſcience has more tricks
Than all the juggling empirics,
And every one another contradicts;
All laws of heaven and earth can break,
And ſwallow oaths, and blood, and rapine eaſy,
And yet is ſo infirm and weak,
'Twill not endure the gentleſt check,
But at the ſlighteſt nicety grows queaſy;
Diſdains control, and yet can be
No where, but in a priſon, free;
Can force itſelf, in ſpite of God,
Who makes it free as thought at home,
A ſlave and villain to become,
To ſerve its intereſts abroad:
And, though no Phariſee was e'er ſo cunning
At tithing mint and cummin,

No dull idolater was e'er ſo flat
In things of deep and ſolid weight;
Pretends to charity and holineſs,
But is implacable to peace,
And out of tenderneſs grows obſtinate.
And, though the zeal of God's houſe ate a prince
And prophet up (he ſays) long ſince,
His croſs-grain'd peremptory zeal
Would eat up God's houſe, and devour it at a meal.

VIII.

He does not pray, but proſecute,
As if he went to law, his ſuit;
Summons his Maker to appear
And anſwer what he ſhall prefer;
Returns him back his gift of prayer,
Not to petition, but declare;
Exhibits croſs complaints
Againſt him for the breach of Covenants,
And all the charters of the Saints;
Pleads guilty to the action, and yet ſtands
Upon high terms and bold demands;
Excepts againſt him and his laws,
And will be judge himſelf in his own cauſe;
And grows more ſaucy and ſevere
Than th' Heathen emperor was to Jupiter,
That us'd to wrangle with him and diſpute,
And ſometimes would ſpeak ſoftly in his ear,
And ſometimes loud, and rant, and tear,
And threaten, if he did not grant his ſuit.

IX. But

IX.

But when his painful gifts h' employs
In holding-forth, the virtue lies
Not in the letter of the ſenſe,
But in the ſpiritual vehemence,
The power and diſpenſation of the voice,
The zealous pangs and agonies,
And heavenly turnings of the eyes;
The groans, with which he piouſly deſtroys
And drowns the nonſenſe in the noiſe;
And grows ſo loud, as if he meant to force
And take-in heaven by violence;
To fright the Saints into ſalvation,
Or ſcare the devil from temptation;
Until he falls ſo low and hoarſe,
No kind of carnal ſenſe
Can be made out of what he means:
But, as the ancient Pagans were preciſe
To uſe no ſhort-tail'd beaſt in ſacrifice,
He ſtill conforms to them, and has a care
T' allow the largeſt meaſure to his paltry ware.

X.

The ancient churches, and the beſt,
By their own martyrs' blood increaſt;
But he has found out a new way,
To do it with the blood of thoſe
That dare his church's growth oppoſe,
Or her imperious canons diſobey;

And ſtrives to carry on the Work,
Like a true primitive reforming Turk,
With holy rage, and edifying war,
More ſafe and powerful ways by far:
For the Turk's patriarch, Mahomet,
Was the firſt great Reformer, and the chief
Of th' ancient Chriſtian belief,
That mix'd it with new light, and cheat,
With revelations, dreams, and viſions,
And apoſtolic ſuperſtitions,
To be held forth and carry'd on by war;
And his ſucceſſor was a Preſbyter,
With greater right than Haly or Abubeker.

XI.

For, as a Turk, that is to act ſome crime
Againſt his Prophet's holy law,
Is wont to bid his ſoul withdraw,
And leave his body for a time;
So, when ſome horrid action 's to be done,
Our Turkiſh proſelyte puts on
Another ſpirit, and lays by his own;
And, when his over-heated brain
Turns giddy, like his brother Muſſulman,
He 's judg'd inſpir'd, and all his frenzies held
To be prophetic, and reveal'd.
The one believes all madmen to be ſaints,
Which th' other cries him down for and abhors,
And yet in madneſs all devotion plants,
And where he differs moſt concurs;

Both

Both equally exact and juſt
In perjury and breach of truſt;
So like in all things, that one Brother
Is but a counterpart of th' other;
And both unanimouſly damn
And hate (like two that play one game)
Each other for it, while they ſtrive to do the ſame.

XII.

Both equally deſign to raiſe
Their churches by the ſelf-ſame ways;
With war and ruin to aſſert
Their doctrine, and with ſword and fire convert;
To preach the goſpel with a drum,
And for convincing overcome:
And though, in worſhiping of God, all blood
Was by his own laws diſallow'd,
Both hold no holy rites to be ſo good,
And both, to propagate the breed
Of their own Saints, one way proceed;
For luſt and rapes in war repair as faſt
As fury and deſtruction waſte:
Both equally allow all crimes,
As lawful means to propagate a ſect;
For laws in war can be of no effect,
And licence does more good in goſpel-times.
Hence 'tis that holy wars have ever been
The horrid'ſt ſcenes of blood and ſin;
For, when Religion does recede
From her own nature, nothing but a breed
Of prodigies and hideous monſters can ſucceed.

UPON MODERN CRITICS.

A PINDARIC ODE.

I.

'TIS well that equal Heaven has plac'd
Thoſe joys above, that to reward
The juſt and virtuous are prepar'd,
Beyond their reach, until their pains are paſt;
Elſe men would rather venture to poſſeſs
By force, than earn, their happineſs;
And only take the devil's advice,
As Adam did, how ſooneſt to be wiſe,
Though at th' expence of Paradiſe:
For, as ſome ſay, to fight is but a baſe
Mechanic handy-work, and far below
A generous ſpirit t' undergo;
So 'tis to take the pains to know:
Which ſome, with only confidence and face,
More eaſily and ably do;
For daring nonſenſe ſeldom fails to hit,
Like ſcatter'd ſhot, and paſs with ſome for wit.
Who would not rather make himſelf a judge,
And boldly uſurp the chair,
Than with dull induſtry and care
Endure to ſtudy, think, and drudge,

For

For that which he much ſooner may advance
With obſtinate and pertinacious ignorance?

II.

For all men challenge, though in ſpite
Of Nature and their ſtars, a right
To cenſure, judge, and know,
Though ſhe can only order who
Shall be, and who ſhall ne'er be, wiſe:
Then why ſhould thoſe whom ſhe denies
Her favour and good graces to,
Not ſtrive to take opinion by ſurprize,
And raviſh what it were in vain to woo?
For he that deſperately aſſumes
The cenſure of all wits and arts,
Though without judgment, ſkill, and parts,
Only to ſtartle and amuſe,
And maſk his ignorance (as Indians uſe
With gaudy-colour'd plumes
Their homely nether-parts t' adorn),
Can never fail to captive ſome,
That will ſubmit to his oraculous doom,
And reverence what they ought to ſcorn;
Admire his ſturdy confidence
For ſolid judgment and deep ſenſe:
And credit purchas'd without pains or wit,
Like ſtolen pleaſures, ought to be moſt ſweet.

III.

Two ſelf-admirers, that combine
Againſt the world, may paſs a fine

Upon all judgment, ſenſe, and wit,
And ſettle it as they think fit
On one another, like the choice
Of Perſian princes, by one horſe's voice:
For thoſe fine pageants which ſome raiſe,
Of falſe and diſproportion'd praiſe,
T' enable whom they pleaſe t' appear
And paſs for what they never were,
In private only being but nam'd,
Their modeſty muſt be aſham'd,
And not endure to hear,
And yet may be divulg'd and fam'd,
And own'd in public every where:
So vain ſome authors are to boaſt
Their want of ingenuity, and club
Their affidavit wits, to dub
Each other but a Knight o' the Poſt,
As falſe as ſuborn'd perjurers,
That vouch away all right they have to their own ears.

IV.

But, when all other courſes fail,
There is one eaſy artifice,
That ſeldom has been known to miſs—
To cry all mankind down, and rail:
For he whom all men do contemn,
May be allow'd to rail again at them,
And in his own defence
To outface reaſon, wit, and ſenſe,
And all that makes againſt himſelf condemn;

To

To ſnarl at all things, right or wrong,
Like a mad dog, that has a worm in 's tongue;
Reduce all knowledge back of good and evil,
To its firſt original the devil;
And, like a fierce inquiſitor of wit,
To ſpare no fleſh that ever ſpoke or writ;
Though to perform his taſk as dull,
As if he had a toadſtone in his ſcull,
And could produce a greater ſtock
Of maggots than a paſtoral poet's flock.

V.

The feebleſt vermin can deſtroy
As ſure as ſtouteſt beaſts of prey,
And, only with their eyes and breath,
Infect and poiſon men to death;
But that more impotent buffoon,
That makes it both his buſineſs and his ſport
To rail at all, is but a drone,
That ſpends his ſting on what he cannot hurt;
Enjoys a kind of letchery in ſpite,
Like o'ergrown ſinners, that in whipping take delight;
Invades the reputation of all thoſe
That have, or have it not, to loſe;
And, if he chance to make a difference,
'Tis always in the wrongeſt ſenſe:
As rooking gameſters never lay
Upon thoſe hands that uſe fair play,
But venture all their bets
Upon the ſlurs and cunning tricks of ableſt cheats.

VI. Nor

VI.

Nor does he vex himſelf much leſs
Than all the world beſide;
Falls ſick of other men's exceſs,
Is humbled only at their pride,
And wretched at their happineſs;
Revenges on himſelf the wrong
Which his vain malice and looſe tongue,
To thoſe that feel it not, have done,
And whips and ſpurs himſelf becauſe he is outgone.
Makes idle characters and tales,
As counterfeit, unlike, and falſe,
As witches' pictures are, of wax and clay,
To thoſe whom they would in effigie flay.
And, as the devil, that has no ſhape of 's own,
Affects to put the ugliеſt on,
And leaves a ſtink behind him when he 's gone,
So he that 's worſe than nothing ſtrives t' appear
I' th' likeneſs of a wolf or bear,
To fright the weak; but, when men dare
Encounter with him, ſtinks and vaniſhes to air.

TO THE HAPPY MEMORY OF THE

MOST RENOWNED DU-VAL.

A PINDARIC ODE *.

I.

'TIS true, to compliment the dead
Is as impertinent and vain,
As 'twas of old to call them back again,
Or, like the Tartars, give them wives,
With ſettlements for after-lives:
For all that can be done or ſaid,
Though ere ſo noble, great, and good,
By them is neither heard nor underſtood.
All our fine ſleights and tricks of art,
Firſt to create, and then adore deſert,
And thoſe romances which we frame,
To raiſe ourſelves, not them, a name,
In vain are ſtuft with ranting flatteries,
And ſuch as, if they knew, they would deſpiſe.

For

* This Ode, which is the only genuine poem of Butler's among the many ſpurious ones fathered upon him in what is called his *Remains*, was publiſhed by the Author himſelf, under his own name, in the year 1671, in three ſheets 4to; and, agreeable to this, I find it in his own hand-writing among his manuſcripts, with ſome little addition, and a few verbal alterations, as the reader may obſerve, in comparing it with the copy already printed.

Improve untaught, before they are aware,
As if they suck'd their breeding from the air,
That naturally does dispense
To all a deep and solid confidence;
A virtue of that precious use,
That he whom bounteous Heaven endues
But with a moderate share of it,
Can want no worth, abilities, or wit,
In all the deep Hermetic arts
(For so of late the learned call
All tricks, if strange and mystical).
He had improv'd his natural parts,
And with his magic rod could sound
Where hidden treasure might be found;
He, like a lord o' th' manor, seiz'd upon
Whatever happen'd in his way,
As lawful weft and stray,
And after, by the custom, kept it as his own.

V.

From these first rudiments he grew
To nobler feats, and try'd his force
Upon whole troops of foot and horse,
Whom he as bravely did subdue;
Declar'd all caravans, that go
Upon the king's highway, the foe;
Made many desperate attacks
Upon itinerant brigades
Of all professions, ranks, and trades,
On carriers' loads, and pedlars' packs;

M

Made them lay down their arms, and yield,
And, to the ſmalleſt piece, reſtore
All that by cheating they had gain'd before,
And after plunder'd all the baggage of the field.
In every bold affair of war
He had the chief command, and led them on;
For no man is judg'd fit to have the care
Of others' lives, until he has made it known
How much he does deſpiſe and ſcorn his own.

VI.

Whole provinces, 'twixt ſun and ſun,
Have by his conquering ſword been won;
And mighty ſums of money laid,
For ranſom, upon every man,
And hoſtages deliver'd till 'twas paid.
Th' exciſe and chimney-publican,
The Jew-foreſtaller and enhancer,
To him for all their crimes did anſwer.
He vanquiſh'd the moſt fierce and fell
Of all his foes, the Conſtable;
And oft had beat his quarters up,
And routed him and all his troop.
He took the dreadful lawyer's fees,
That in his own allow'd highway
Does feats of arms as great as his,
And, when they' encounter in it, wins the day:
Safe in his garriſon, the Court,
Where meaner criminals are ſentenc'd for 't,

To this siege foe he oft gave quarter,
But as the Scotchman did to' a Tartar,
That he, in time to come,
Might in return from him receive his fatal doom.

VII.

He would have starv'd this mighty Town,
And brought its haughty spirit down;
Have cut it off from all relief,
And, like a wise and valiant chief,
Made many a fierce assault
Upon all ammunition-carts,
And those that bring up cheese, or malt,
Or bacon, from remoter parts;
No convoy e'er so strong with food
Durst venture on the desperate road:
He made th' undaunted wagonner obey,
And the fierce higgler contribution pay;
The savage butcher and stout drover
Durst not to him their feeble troops discover;
And, if he had but kept the field,
In time had made the City yield;
For great towns, like to crocodiles, are found
I' th' belly apteſt to receive a mortal wound.

VIII.

But when the fatal hour arriv'd
In which his stars began to frown,
And had in close cabals contriv'd
To pull him from his height of glory down,

r numerous foes oppreſt,
enchanted dungeon caſt,
h mighty guards,
force or ſtratagem
re too cunning for their chains and them,
through all their locks, and bolts, and wards;
is legs by charms committed
ther's charge,
r might be ſet at large,
ir fury and revenge outwitted.
of high value are
locks with greater care
of meaner rates,
n ſtone walls, and chains, and iron grates.

IX.

ne ladies from all parts,
cloſe priſoners their hearts;
receiv'd as tribute due,
them yield up love and honour too,
e brave heroic ways
were practis'd yet in plays:
wo ſpiteful foes, who never meet
hot conteſts and piques
ſtilios and mere tricks,
ir quarrels to his doom ſubmit,
ore generous and free,
lation only of him did agree,
ſatisfy'd; the one
freſh laurels he had won,

And all the brave renowned feats
He had perform'd in arms;
The other with his perſon and his charms:
For, juſt as larks are catch'd in nets,
By gazing on a piece of glaſs,
So, while the ladies view'd his brighter eyes,
And ſmoother-poliſh'd face,
Their gentle hearts, alas! were taken by ſurprize.

X.

Never did bold knight, to relieve
Diſtreſſed dames, ſuch dreadful feats atchieve
As feeble damſels, for his ſake,
Would have been proud to undertake;
And, bravely ambitious to redeem
The world's loſs and their own,
Strove who ſhould have the honour to lay down
And change a life with him;
But, finding all their hopes in vain
To move his fixt determin'd fate,
Their life itſelf began to hate,
As if it were an infamy
To live when he was doom'd to die;
Made loud appeals and moans,
To leſs hard-hearted grates and ſtones;
Came, ſwell'd with ſighs, and drown'd in tears,
To yield themſelves his fellow-ſufferers,
And follow'd him, like priſoners of war,
Chain'd to the lofty wheels of his triumphant car.

A BALLAD

A BALLAD

UPON

THE PARLIAMENT,

WHICH DELIBERATED

ABOUT MAKING OLIVER KING *.

As cloſe as a gooſe
Sat the Parliament-houſe,
To hatch the royal gull;
After much fiddle-faddle,
The egg proved addle,
And Oliver came forth Nol.

Yet old Queen Madge,
Though things do not fadge,
Will ſerve to be queen of a May-pole;
Two princes of Wales,
For Whitſun-ales,
And her Grace Maid-Marion Clay-pole.

In

* This Ballad refers to the Parliament, as it was called, which deliberated about making Oliver king, and petitioned him to accept the title; which he, out of fear of ſome republican zealots in his party, refuſed to accept, and contented himſelf with the power, under the name of *Protector*.

In a robe of cow-hide
Sat yefty Pride,
With his dagger and his ſling;
He was the pertinent'ſt peer
Of all that were there,
T' adviſe with ſuch a king.

A great philoſopher
Had a gooſe for his lover,
That follow'd him day and night:
If it be a true ſtory,
Or but an allegory,
It may be both ways right.

Strickland and his ſon,
Both caſt into one,
Were meant for a ſingle baron;
But when they came to ſit,
There was not wit
Enough in them both to ſerve for one.

Wherefore 'twas thought good
To add Honeywood;
But when they came to trial,
Each one prov'd a fool,
Yet three knaves in the whole,
And that made up a Pair-royal.

A BALLAD

A BALLAD

IN TWO PARTS.

CONJECTURED TO BE ON

OLIVER CROMWELL*.

PART I.

DRAW near, good people all, draw near,
And hearken to my ditty;
A ſtranger thing
Than this I ſing
Came never to this city.

Had you but ſeen this monſter,
You would not give a farthing
For the lions in the grate,
Nor the mountain-cat,
Nor the bears in Paris-garden.

You

* To this humorous ballad Butler had prefixed this title—*The Privileges of Pimping*—but afterwards croſſed it out, for which reaſon I have not inſerted it; and only mention it as a circumſtance which may amuſe ſuch as are curious in hunting out the explication of niceties of this ſort. It does not appear to bear any ſenſe conſiſtent with the ſubject; but ſome other critic may perhaps find one, or at leaſt pleaſe himſelf with thinking ſo.

You would defy the pageants
Are borne before the mayor;
The ſtrangeſt ſhape
You e'er did gape
Upon at Bart'lmy fair!

His face is round and decent,
As is your diſh or platter,
On which there grows
A thing like a noſe,
But, indeed, it is no ſuch matter.

On both ſides of th' aforeſaid
Are eyes, but they 're not matches,
On which there are
To be ſeen two fair
And large well-grown muſtaches.

Now this with admiration
Does all beholders ſtrike,
That a beard ſhould grow
Upon a thing's brow,
Did ye ever ſee the like?

He

Ver. 16.] From the medals, and original portraits, which are left of Oliver Cromwell, one may probably conjecture, if not poſitively affirm, that this droll picture was deſigned for him. The roundneſs of the face, the oddneſs of the noſe, and the remarkable largeneſs of the eyebrows, are particulars which correſpond exactly with them.

He has no ſcull, 'tis well known
To thouſands of beholders;
Nothing but a ſkin
Does keep his brains in
From running about his ſhoulders.

On both ſides of his noddle
Are ſtraps o' th' very ſame leather;
Ears are imply'd,
But they 're mere hide,
Or morſels of tripe, chuſe ye whether.

Between theſe two extendeth
A ſlit from ear to ear,
That every hour
Gapes to devour
The ſowce that grows ſo near.

Beneath, a tuft of briſtles,
As rough as a frize-jerkin;
If it had been a beard,
'Twould have ſerv'd a herd
Of goats, that are of his near kin.

Within, a ſet of grinders
Moſt ſharp and keen, corroding
Your iron and braſs
As eaſy as
That you would do a pudding.

But the ſtrangeſt thing of all is,
Upon his rump there groweth
A great long tail,
That uſeth to trail
Upon the ground as he goeth.

A BALLAD,

IN TWO PARTS.

CONJECTURED TO BE ON

OLIVER CROMWELL.

PART II.

THIS monſter was begotten
Upon one of the witches,
B' an imp that came to her,
Like a man, to wooe her,
With black doublet and breeches.

When he was whelp'd, for certain,
In divers ſeveral countries
The hogs and ſwine
Did grunt and whine,
And the ravens croak'd upon trees.

The

The winds did blow, the thunder
And lightning loud did rumble;
The dogs did howl,
The hollow tree in th' owl—
'Tis a good horſe that ne'er ſtumbled.

As ſoon as he was brought forth,
At the midwife's throat he flew,
And threw the pap
Down in her lap;
They ſay 'tis very true.

And up the walls he clamber'd,
With nails moſt ſharp and keen,
The prints whereof,
I' th' boards and roof,
Are yet for to be ſeen.

And

Ver. 13, 14.] This whimſical liberty our Author takes, of tranſpoſing the words for the ſake of a rhyme, though at the expence of the ſenſe, is a new kind of poetic licence; and it is merry enough to obſerve, that he literally does, what he jokingly charges upon other poets in another place;

But thoſe that write in rhyme ſtill make
The one verſe for the other's ſake;
For one for ſenſe, and one for rhyme,
I think, 's ſufficient at one time.

Hud. p. II. c. i. v. 29.

And out o' th' top o' th' chimney
He vaniſh'd, ſeen of none;
For they did wink,
Yet by the ſtink
Knew which-way he was gone.

The country round about there
Became like to a wildern-
-neſs; for the ſight
Of him did fright
Away men, women, and children.

Long did he there continue,
And all thoſe parts much harmed,
Till a wiſe-woman, which
Some call a white witch,
Him into a hog-ſty charmed.

There, when ſhe had him ſhut faſt,
With brimſtone and with nitre
She ſing'd the claws
Of his left paws,
With tip of his tail, and his right ear.

And with her charms and ointments
She made him tame as a ſpaniel;
For ſhe us'd to ride
On his back aſtride,
Nor did he do her any ill.

But,

But, to the admiration
Of all both far and near,
He hath been ſhown
In every town,
And eke in every ſhire.

And now, at length, he 's brought
Unto fair London city,
Where in Fleet-ſtreet
All thoſe may ſee 't
That will not believe my ditty.

God ſave the King and Parliament,
And eke the Prince's highneſs,
And quickly ſend
The wars an end,
As here my ſong has—*Finis.*

Ver. 61.] From this circumſtance it appears, that this Ballad was wrote before the murder of the King, and that it is the earlieſt performance of Butler's that has yet been made public; and I think one may, without prejudice, affirm, that it does no diſcredit to his younger years.

MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS *.

ALL men's intrigues and projects tend,
By ſeveral courſes, to one end;

To

* This, and the other little Sketches that follow, were, among many of the ſame kind, fairly written out by Butler, in a ſort of poetical Theſaurus, which I have before mentioned. Whether he intended ever to publiſh any of them as ſeparate diſtinct thoughts, or to interweave them into ſome future compoſitions, a thing very uſual with him, cannot be aſcertained; nor is it, indeed, very material to thoſe who are fond of his manner of thinking and writing. I have ventured to give them the title of *Miſcellaneous Thoughts*; but I have not been over-curious in placing them in any methodical order. Out of this magazine he communicated to Mr. Aubrey that genuine fragment printed in his life, beginning,

No Jeſuit e'er took in hand
To plant a church in barren land,
Nor ever thought it worth the while
A Swede or Ruſs to reconcile, &c.

The publiſhing of Miſcellaneous Thoughts, or, what paſſes under the name of *Table-talk*, might be juſtified by many names of the greateſt authority in the learned world; and theſe ſallies of wit, unconnectedly printed, ſometimes give more pleaſure than when they are interſperſed in a long and regular work; as it is often more entertaining to examine jewels ſeparately in a cabinet, than to ſee them adorning a prince's crown or a

To compaſs, by the propereſt ſhows,
Whatever their deſigns propoſe;
And that which owns the faireſt pretext
Is often found the indirect'ſt.
Hence 'tis that hypocrites ſtill paint
Much fairer than the real ſaint,
And knaves appear more juſt and true
Than honeſt men, that make leſs ſhow:
The dulleſt idiots in diſguiſe
Appear more knowing than the wiſe;
Illiterate dunces, undiſcern'd,
Paſs on the rabble for the learn'd;
And cowards, that can damn and rant,
Paſs muſter for the valiant:
For he that has but impudence,
To all things has a juſt pretence,
And, put among his wants but ſhame,
To all the world may lay his claim.

HOW various and innumerable
Are thoſe who live upon the rabble!
'Tis they maintain the church and ſtate,
Employ the prieſt and magiſtrate;
Bear all the charge of government,
And pay the public fines and rent;
Defray all taxes and exciſes,
And impoſitions of all prices;

Bear

royal robe. One may venture to add, that theſe of our Author muſt have a kind of additional recommendation, by the agreeable ſingularity of their being in verſe.

Bear all th' expence of peace and war,
And pay the pulpit and the bar;
Maintain all churches and religions,
And give their paſtors exhibitions;
And thoſe who have the greateſt flocks
Are primitive and orthodox;
Support all ſchiſmatics and ſects,
And pay them for tormenting texts;
Take all their doctrines off their hands,
And pay them in good rents and lands;
Diſcharge all coſtly offices,
The doctor's and the lawyer's fees,
The hangman's wages, and the ſcores
Of caterpillar bawds and whores;
Diſcharge all damages and coſts
Of Knights and Squires of the Poſt;
All ſtateſmen, cutpurſes, and padders,
And pay for all their ropes and ladders;
All pettifoggers, and all ſorts
Of markets, churches, and of courts;
All ſums of money paid or ſpent,
With all the charges incident,
Laid out, or thrown away, or given
To purchaſe this world, hell, or heaven.

SHOULD once the world reſolve t' aboliſh
All that 's ridiculous and fooliſh,
It would have nothing left to do,
T' apply in jeſt or earneſt to,
No buſineſs of importance, play,
Or ſtate, to paſs its time away.

THE

THE world would be more juſt, if truth and lyes,
And right and wrong, did bear an equal price;
But, ſince impoſtors are ſo highly rais'd,
And faith and juſtice equally debas'd,
Few men have tempers, for ſuch paltry gains,
T' undo themſelves with drudgery and pains.

THE ſottiſh world without diſtinction looks
On all that paſſes on th' account of books;
And, when there are two ſcholars that within
The ſpecies only hardly are a-kin,
The world will paſs for men of equal knowledge,
If equally they 've loiter'd in a college.

CRITICS are like a kind of flies that breed
In wild fig-trees, and, when they 're grown up, feed
Upon the raw fruit of the nobler kind,
And, by their nibbling on the outward rind,
Open the pores, and make way for the ſun
To ripen it ſooner than he would have done.

AS all Fanatics preach, ſo all men write;
Out of the ſtrength of gifts and inward light,
In ſpite of art; as horſes thorough pac'd
Were never taught, and therefore go more faſt.

IN all miſtakes the ſtrict and regular
Are found to be the deſperat'ſt ways to err,
And worſt to be avoided; as a wound
Is ſaid to be the harder cur'd that 's round;

For error and miſtake, the leſs they' appear,
In th' end are found to be the dangerouſer;
As no man minds thoſe clocks that uſe to go
Apparently too over-faſt or ſlow.

THE trueſt characters of ignorance
Are vanity, and pride, and arrogance;
As blind men uſe to bear their noſes higher
Than thoſe that have their eyes and ſight entire.

THE metaphyſic 's but a puppet motion
That goes with ſcrews, the notion of a notion;
The copy of a copy, and lame draught
Unnaturally taken from a thought;
That counterfeits all pantomimic tricks,
And turns the eyes like an old crucifix;
That counterchanges whatſoe'er it calls
B' another name, and makes it true or falſe;
Turns truth to falſehood, falſehood into truth,
By virtue of the Babylonian's tooth.

'TIS not the art of ſchools to underſtand,
But make things hard, inſtead of being explain'd;
And therefore thoſe are commonly the learned'ſt
That only ſtudy between jeſt and earneſt:
For, when the end of learning 's to purſue
And trace the ſubtle ſteps of falſe and true,
They ne'er conſider how they 're to apply,
But only liſten to the noiſe and cry,
And are ſo much delighted with the chace,
They never mind the taking of their preys.

MORE proſelytes and converts uſe t' accrue
To falſe perſuaſions than the right and true;
For error and miſtake are infinite,
But truth has but one way to be i' th' right;
As numbers may t' infinity be grown,
But never be reduc'd to leſs than one.

ALL wit and fancy, like a diamond,
The more exact and curious 'tis ground,
Is forc'd for every carat to abate
As much in value as it wants in weight.

THE great St. Lewis, king of France,
Fighting againſt Mahometans,
In Egypt, in the holy war,
Was routed and made priſoner:
The Sultan then, into whoſe hands
He and his army fell, demands
A thouſand weight of gold, to free
And ſet them all at liberty.
The king pays down one half o' th' nail,
And for the other offers bail,
The pyx, and in 't the euchariſt,
The body of our Saviour Chriſt.
The Turk conſider'd, and allow'd
The king's ſecurity for good:
Such credit had the Chriſtian zeal,
In thoſe days, with an Infidel,
That will not paſs for two-pence now,
Among themſelves, 'tis grown ſo low.

THOSE that go up-hill uſe to bow
Their bodies forward, and ſtoop low,
To poiſe themſelves, and ſometimes creep,
When th' way is difficult and ſteep:
So thoſe at court, that do addreſs
By low ignoble offices;
Can ſtoop to any thing that 's baſe,
To wriggle into truſt and grace;
Are like to riſe to greatneſs ſooner
Than thoſe that go by worth and honour.

ALL acts of grace, and pardon, and oblivion,
Are meant of ſervices that are forgiven,
And not of crimes delinquents have committed,
And rather been rewarded than acquitted.

LIONS are kings of beaſts, and yet their power
Is not to rule and govern, but devour:
Such ſavage kings all tyrants are, and they
No better than mere beaſts that do obey.

NOTHING 's more dull and negligent
Than an old lazy government,
That knows no intereſt of ſtate,
But ſuch as ſerves a preſent ſtrait,
And, to patch up, or ſhift, will cloſe,
Or break alike, with friends or foes;
That runs behind hand, and has ſpent
Its credit to the laſt extent;
And, the firſt time 'tis at a loſs,
Has not one true friend nor one croſs.

THI

THE Devil was the firſt o' th' name
From whom the race of rebels came,
Who was the firſt bold undertaker
Of bearing arms againſt his Maker,
And, though miſcarrying in th' event,
Was never yet known to repent,
Though tumbled from the top of bliſs
Down to the bottomleſs abyſs;
A property which, from their prince,
The family owns ever ſince,
And therefore ne'er repent the evil
They do or ſuffer, like the devil.

THE worſt of rebels never arm
To do their king or country harm;
But draw their ſwords to do them good,
As doctors cure by letting blood.

NO ſeared conſcience is ſo fell
As that which has been burnt with zeal;
For Chriſtian charity 's as well
A great impediment to zeal,
As zeal a peſtilent diſeaſe
To Chriſtian charity and peace.

AS thiſtles wear the ſofteſt down,
To hide their prickles till they 're grown,
And then declare themſelves, and tear
Whatever ventures to come near;
So a ſmooth knave does greater feats
Than one that idly rails and threats,

And all the miſchief that he meant
Does, like a rattle-ſnake, prevent.

MAN is ſupreme lord and maſter
Of his own ruin and diſaſter;
Controls his fate, but nothing leſs
In ordering his own happineſs;
For all his care and providence
Is too, too feeble a defence
To render it ſecure and certain
Againſt the injuries of Fortune;
And oft, in ſpite of all his wit,
Is loſt with one unlucky hit,
And ruin'd with a circumſtance,
And mere punctilio, of chance.

DAME Fortune, ſome men's tutelar,
Takes charge of them without their care;
Does all their drudgery and work,
Like Fairies, for them in the dark;
Conducts them blindfold, and advances
The naturals by blinder chances;
While others by deſert or wit
Could never make the matter hit,
But ſtill, the better they deſerve,
Are but the abler thought to ſtarve.

GREAT wits have only been preferr'd,
In princes' trains to be interr'd,

And, when they coſt them nothing, plac'd
Among their followers not the laſt;
But while they liv'd were far enough
From all admittances kept off.

AS gold, that 's proof againſt th' aſſay,
Upon the touchſtone wears away,
And having ſtood the greater teſt,
Is overmaſter'd by the leaſt;
So ſome men, having ſtood the hate
And ſpiteful cruelty of Fate,
Tranſported with a falſe careſs
Of unacquainted happineſs,
Loſt to humanity and ſenſe,
Have fall'n as low as inſolence.

INNOCENCE is a defence
For nothing elſe but patience;
'Twill not bear out the blows of Fate,
Nor fence againſt the tricks of ſtate;
Nor from th' oppreſſion of the laws
Protect the plain'ſt and juſteſt cauſe;
Nor keep unſpotted a good name
Againſt the obloquies of Fame;
Feeble as Patience, and as ſoon,
By being blown upon, undone.
As beaſts are hunted for their furs,
Men for their virtues fare the worſe.

WHO doth not know with what fierce rage
Opinions, true or falſe, engage;
And, 'cauſe they govern all mankind,
Like the blind's leading of the blind,
All claim an equal intereſt,
And free dominion, o'er the reſt.
And, as one ſhield that fell from heaven
Was counterfeited by eleven,
The better to ſecure the fate
And laſting empire of a ſtate,
The falſe are numerous, and the true,
That only have the right, but few.
Hence fools, that underſtand them leaſt,
Are ſtill the fierceſt in conteſt;
Unſight, unſeen, eſpouſe a ſide
At random, like a prince's bride,
To damn their ſouls, and ſwear and lye for,
And at a venture live and die for.

OPINION governs all mankind,
Like the blind's leading of the blind;
For he that has no eyes in 's head,
Muſt be by' a dog glad to be led;
And no beaſts have ſo little in them
As that inhuman brute, Opinion:
'Tis an infectious peſtilence,
The tokens upon wit and ſenſe,
That with a venomous contagion
Invades the ſick imagination;

And,

And, when it ſeizes any part,
It ſtrikes the poiſon to the heart.
This men of one another catch
By contact, as the humours match;
And nothing 's ſo perverſe in nature
As a profound opiniator.

AUTHORITY intoxicates,
And makes mere ſots of magiſtrates;
The fumes of it invade the brain,
And make men giddy, proud, and vain:
By this the fool commands the wiſe,
The noble with the baſe complies,
The ſot aſſumes the rule of wit,
And cowards make the baſe ſubmit.

A godly man, that has ſerv'd out his time
In holineſs, may ſet up any crime;
As ſcholars, when they 've taken their degrees,
May ſet up any faculty they pleaſe.

WHY ſhould not piety be made,
As well as equity, a trade,
And men get money by devotion,
As well as making of a motion?
B' allow'd to pray upon conditions,
As well as ſuitors in petitions?
And in a congregation pray,
No leſs than Chancery, for pay?

A TEACHER'S

A TEACHER's doctrine, and his proof,
Is all his province, and enough;
But is no more concern'd in uſe,
Than ſhoemakers to wear all ſhoes.

THE ſobereſt ſaints are moſt ſtiff-necked
Than th' hotteſt-headed of the wicked.

HYPOCRISY will ſerve as well
To propagate a church as zeal;
As perſecution and promotion
Do equally advance devotion:
So round white ſtones will ſerve, they ſay,
As well as eggs, to make hens lay.

THE greateſt ſaints and ſinners have been made
Of proſelytes of one another's trade.

YOUR wiſe and cautious conſciences
Are free to take what courſe they pleaſe:
Have plenary indulgence to diſpoſe,
At pleaſure, of the ſtricteſt vows,
And challenge Heaven, they made them to,
To vouch and witneſs what they do;
And, when they prove averſe and loth,
Yet for convenience take an oath,
Not only can diſpenſe, but make it
A greater ſin to keep than take it;
Can bind and looſe all ſorts of ſin,
And only keeps the keys within;

Has no ſuperior to control,
But what itſelf ſets o'er the ſoul;
And, when it is enjoin'd t' obey,
Is but confin'd, and keeps the key;
Can walk inviſible, and where,
And when, and how, it will appear;
Can turn itſelf into diſguiſes
Of all ſorts, for all ſorts of vices;
Can tranſubſtantiate, metamorphoſe,
And charm whole herds of beaſts, like Orpheus;
Make woods, and tenements, and lands,
Obey and follow its commands,
And ſettle on a new freehold,
As Marcly-hill remov'd of old;
Make mountains move with greater force
Than faith, to new proprietors;
And perjures, to ſecure th' enjoyments
Of public charges and employments:
For true and faithful, good and juſt,
Are but preparatives to truſt;
The gilt and ornament of things,
And not their movements, wheels, and ſprings.

ALL love, at firſt, like generous wine,
Ferments and frets until 'tis fine;
But, when 'tis ſettled on the lee,
And from th' impurer matter free,
Becomes the richer ſtill the older,
And proves the pleaſanter the colder.

THE

THE motions of the earth or ſun,
(The Lord knows which) that turn, or run,
Are both perform'd by fits and ſtarts,
And ſo are thoſe of lovers' hearts,
Which, though they keep no even pace,
Move true and conſtant to one place.

LOVE is too great a happineſs
For wretched mortals to poſſeſs;
For, could it hold inviolate
Againſt thoſe cruelties of Fate
Which all felicities below
By rigid laws are ſubject to,
It would become a bliſs too high
For periſhing mortality,
Tranſlate to earth the joys above;
For nothing goes to heaven but love.

ALL wild but generous creatures live, of courſe,
As if they had agreed for better or worſe:
The lion 's conſtant to his only miſs,
And never leaves his faithful lioneſs;
And ſhe as chaſte and true to him again,
As virtuous ladies uſe to be to men.
The docile and ingenuous elephant
T' his own and only female is gallant;
And ſhe as true and conſtant to his bed,
That firſt enjoy'd her ſingle maidenhead;
But paltry rams, and bulls, and goats, and boars,
Are never ſatisfy'd with new amours;

A

As all poltroons with us delight to range,
And, though but for the worſt of all, to change.

THE ſouls of women are ſo ſmall,
That ſome believe they 've none at all;
Or if they have, like cripples, ſtill
They 've but one faculty, the will;
The other two are quite laid by
To make up one great tyranny;
And, though their paſſions have moſt power,
They are, like Turks, but ſlaves the more
To th' abſolute will, that with a breath
Has ſovereign power of life and death,
And, as its little intereſts move,
Can turn them all to hate or love;
For nothing, in a moment, turn
To frantic love, diſdain, and ſcorn;
And make that love degenerate
T' as great extremity of hate,
And hate again, and ſcorn, and piques,
To flames, and raptures, and love-tricks.

ALL ſorts of votaries, that profeſs
To bind themſelves apprentices
To Heaven, abjure, with ſolemn vows,
Not Cut and long-tail, but a ſpouſe,
As th' worſt of all impediments
To hinder their devout intents.

MOST

MOST virgins marry, juſt as nuns
The ſame thing the ſame way renounce;
Before they 've wit to underſtand
The bold attempt they take in hand;
Or, having ſtaid and loſt their tides,
Are out of ſeaſon grown for brides.

THE credit of the marriage-bed
Has been ſo looſely huſbanded,
Men only deal for ready money,
And women, ſeparate alimony;
And ladies-errant, for debauching,
Have better terms, and equal caution;
And, for their journey-work and pains,
The chair-women clear greater gains.

AS wine that with its own weight runs is beſt,
And counted much more noble than the preſt;
So is that poetry whoſe generous ſtrains
Flow without ſervile ſtudy, art, or pains.

SOME call it fury, ſome a Muſe,
That, as poſſeſſing devils uſe,
Haunts and forſaks a man by fits,
And when he 's in, he 's out of 's wits.

ALL writers, though of different fancies,
Do make all people in romances,
That are diſtreſs'd and diſcontent,
Make ſongs, and ſing t' an inſtrument,

And poets by their ſufferings grow;
As if there were no more to do,
To make a poet excellent,
But only want and diſcontent.

IT is not poetry that makes men poor;
For few do write that were not ſo before;
And thoſe that have writ beſt, had they been rich,
Had ne'er been clapp'd with a poetic itch;
Had lov'd their eaſe too well to take the pains
To undergo that drudgery of brains;
But, being for all other trades unfit,
Only to avoid being idle, ſet up wit,

THEY that do write in authors' praiſes,
And freely give their friends their voices,
Are not confin'd to what is true;
That 's not to give, but pay a due:
For praiſe, that 's due, does give no more
To worth than what it had before;
But to commend, without deſert,
Requires a maſtery of art,
That ſets a gloſs on what 's amiſs,
And writes what ſhould be, not what is.

IN foreign univerſities,
When a king 's born, or weds, or dies,
Straight other ſtudies are laid by,
And all apply to poetry:
Some write in Hebrew, ſome in Greek,
And ſome, more wiſe, in Arabic,

T' avoid

T' avoid the critic, and th' expence
Of difficulter wit and ſenſe;
And ſeem more learnediſh than thoſe
That at a greater charge compoſe.
The doctors lead, the ſtudents follow;
Some call him Mars, and ſome Apollo,
Some Jupiter, and give him th' odds,
On even terms, of all the gods:
Then Cæſar he 's nicknam'd, as duly as
He that in Rome was chriſten'd Julius,
And was addreſs'd to, by a crow,
As pertinently, long ago;
And, as wit goes by colleges,
As well as ſtanding and degrees,
He ſtill writes better than the reſt,
That 's of the houſe that 's counted beſt.

FAR greater numbers have been loſt by hopes,
Than all the magazines of daggers, ropes,
And other ammunitions of deſpair,
Were ever able to diſpatch by fear.

THERE 's nothing our felicities endears
Like that which ſa is among our doubts and fears
And in the miſerableſt of diſtreſs
Improves attempts as deſperate with ſucceſs;
Succeſs, that owns and juſtifies all quarrels,
And vindicates deſerts of hemp with laurels;
Or, but miſcarrying in the bold attempt,
Turns wreaths of laurel back again to hemp.

THE people have as much a negative voice
To hinder making war without their choice,
As kings of making laws in parliament;
"No money" is as good as "No aſſent."

WHEN princes idly lead about,
Thoſe of their party follow ſuit,
Till others trump upon their play,
And turn the cards another way.

WHAT makes all ſubjects diſcontent
Againſt a prince's government,
And princes take as great offence
At ſubjects' diſobedience,
That neither th' other can abide,
But too much reaſon on each ſide?

AUTHORITY is a diſeaſe and cure,
Which men can neither want nor well endure.

DAME Juſtice puts her ſword into the ſcales,
With which ſhe 's ſaid to weigh out true and falſe,
With no deſign but, like the antique Gaul,
To get more money from the capital.

ALL that which law and equity miſcalls
By th' empty idle names of True and Falſe,
Is nothing elſe but maggots blown between
Falſe witneſſes and falſer jurymen.

NO court allows thoſe partial interlopers
Of Law and Equity, two ſingle paupers,
T' encounter hand to hand at bars, and trounce
Each other gratis in a ſuit at once:
For one at one time, and upon free coſt, is
Enough to play the knave and fool with juſtice;
And, when the one ſide bringeth cuſtom in,
And th' other lays out half the reckoning,
The devil himſelf will rather chuſe to play
At paltry ſmall-game than ſit out, they ſay;
But when at all there 's nothing to be got,
The old wife, Law and Juſtice, will not trot.

THE law, that makes more knaves than e'er it hung,
Little conſiders right or wrong;
But, like authority, 's ſoon ſatisfy'd
When 'tis to judge on its own ſide.

THE law can take a purſe in open court,
Whilſt it condemns a leſs delinquent for 't.

WHO can deſerve, for breaking of the laws,
A greater penance than an honeſt cauſe?

ALL thoſe that do but rob and ſteal enough,
Are puniſhment and court of juſtice proof,
And need not fear, nor be concern'd a ſtraw,
In all the idle bugbears of the law,
But confidently rob the gallows too,
As well as other ſufferers, of their due.

OLD laws have not been ſuffer'd to be pointed,
To leave the ſenſe at large the more diſjointed,
And furniſh lawyers, with the greater eaſe,
To turn and wind them any way they pleaſe.
The Statute Law 's their Scripture, and Reports
The ancient reverend fathers of their courts;
Records their general councils; and Deciſions
Of judges on the bench their ſole traditions,
For which, like Catholics, they 've greater awe,
As th' arbitrary and unwritten law,
And ſtrive perpetually to make the ſtandard
Of right between the tenant and the landlord;
And, when two caſes at a trial meet,
That, like indentures, jump exactly fit,
And all the points, like Chequer-tallies, ſuit,
The Court directs the obſtinat'ſt diſpute;
There 's no decorum us'd of time, nor place,
Nor quality, nor perſon, in the caſe.

A MAN of quick and active wit
For drudgery is more unfit,
Compar'd to thoſe of duller parts,
Than running-nags to draw in carts.

TOO much or too little wit
Do only render th' owners fit
For nothing, but to be undone
Much eaſier than if they 'ad none.

AS thoſe that are ſtark blind can trace
The neareſt ways from place to place,
And find the right way eaſier out,
Than thoſe that hood-wink'd try to do 't;
So tricks of ſtate are manag'd beſt
By thoſe that are ſuſpected leaſt,
And greateſt *fineſſe* brought about
By engines moſt unlike to do 't.

ALL the politics of the great
Are like the cunning of a cheat,
That lets his falſe dice freely run,
And truſts them to themſelves alone,
But never lets a true one ſtir
Without ſome fingering trick or ſlur;
And, when the gameſters doubt his play,
Conveys his falſe dice ſafe away,
And leaves the true ones in the lurch,
T' endure the torture of the ſearch.

WHAT elſe does hiſtory uſe to tell us,
But tales of ſubjects being rebellious;
The vain perfidiouſneſs of lords,
And fatal breach of princes' words;
The ſottiſh pride and inſolence
Of ſtateſmen, and their want of ſenſe;
Their treachery, that undoes, of cuſtom,
Their own ſelves firſt, next thoſe who truſt them?

BECAUS

BECAUSE a feeble limb 's careſt,
And more indulg'd than all the reſt,
So frail and tender conſciences
Are humour'd to do what they pleaſe;
When that which goes for weak and feeble
Is found the moſt incorrigible,
To outdo all the fiends in hell
With rapine, murther, blood, and zeal.

AS at th' approach of winter all
The leaves of great trees uſe to fall,
And leave them naked to engage
With ſtorms and tempeſts when they rage;
While humbler plants are found to wear
Their freſh green liveries all the year:
So, when the glorious ſeaſon 's gone
With great men, and hard times come on,
The great'ſt calamities oppreſs
The greateſt ſtill, and ſpare the leſs.

AS when a greedy raven ſees
A ſheep entangled by the fleece,
With haſty cruelty he flies
T' attack him, and pick out his eyes;
So do thoſe vultures uſe, that keep
Poor priſoners faſt like ſilly ſheep,
As greedily to prey on all
That in their ravenous clutches fall:
For thorns and brambles, that came in
To wait upon the curſe for ſin,

And were no part o' th' first creation,
But, for revenge, a new plantation,
Are yet the fitt'st materials
T' enclose the earth with living walls.
So jailors, that are most accurst,
Are found most fit in being worst.

THERE needs no other charm, nor conjurer,
To raise infernal spirits up, but fear;
That makes men pull their horns in like a snail,
That 's both a prisoner to itself, and jail;
Draws more fantastic shapes than in the grains
Of knotted wood in some men's crazy brains,
When all the cocks they think they see, and bulls,
Are only in the insides of their sculls.

THE Roman Mufti, with his triple crown,
Does both the earth, and hell, and heaven, own,
Beside th' imaginary territory,
He lays a title to in Purgatory;
Declares himself an absolute free prince
In his dominions, only over sins:
But as for heaven, since it lies so far
Above him, is but only titular,
And, like his Cross-keys badge upon a tavern,
Has nothing there to tempt, command, or govern;
Yet, when he comes to take accompt, and share
The profit of his prostituted ware,
He finds his gains increase, by sin and women,
Above his richest titular dominion.

A JU-

A JUBILEE is but a ſpiritual fair,
T' expoſe to ſale all ſorts of impious ware,
In which his Holineſs buys nothing in,
To ſtock his magazines, but deadly ſin,
And deals in extraordinary crimes,
That are not vendible at other times;
For, dealing both for Judas and th' high-prieſt,
He maks a plentifuller trade of Chriſt.

THAT ſpiritual pattern of the church, the ark,
In which the ancient world did once imbark,
Had ne'er a helm in 't to direct its way,
Although bound through an univerſal ſea;
When all the modern church of Rome's concern
Is nothing elſe but in the helm and ſtern.

IN the church of Rome to go to ſhrift,
Is but to put the ſoul on a clean ſhift.

AN aſs will with his long ears fray
The flies, that tickle him, away;
But man delights to have his ears
Blown maggots in by flatterers.

ALL wit does but divert men from the road
In which things vulgarly are underſtood,
And force Miſtake and Ignorance to own
A better ſenſe than commonly is known.

Its little sparkles make more bright
Than glowing coals, that give them light.

LAW does not put the leaſt reſtraint
Upon our freedom, but maintain 't;
Or, if it does, 'tis for our good,
To give us freer latitude:
For wholeſome laws preſerve us free,
By ſtinting of our liberty.

THE world has long endeavour'd to reduc
Thoſe things to practice that are of no uſe;
And ſtrives to practiſe things of ſpeculation,
And bring the practical to contemplation;
And by that error renders both in vain,
By forcing Nature's courſe againſt the grain.

IN all the world there is no vice

IN Rome no temple was ſo low
As that of Honour, built to ſhow
How humble honour ought to be,
Though there 'twas all authority.

IT is a harder thing for men to rate
Their own parts at an equal eſtimate,
Than caſt up fractions, in th' accompt of heaven,
Of time and motion, and adjuſt them even;
For modeſt perſons never had a true
Particular of all that is their due.

SOME people's fortunes, like a weft or ſtray,
Are only gain'd by loſing of their way.

AS he that makes his mark is underſtood
To write his name, and 'tis in law as good;
So he that cannot write one word of ſenſe,
Believes he has as legal a pretence
To ſcribble what he does not underſtand,
As idiots have a title to their land.

WERE Tully now alive, he 'd be to ſeek
In all our Latin terms of art and Greek;
Would never underſtand one word of ſenſe
The moſt irrefragable ſchoolman means:
As if the ſchools deſign'd their terms of art
Not to advance a ſcience, but divert;
As Hocus Pocus conjures, to amuſe
The rabble from obſerving what he does.

AS 'tis a greater myſtery, in the art
Of painting, to foreſhorten any part
Than draw it out; ſo 'tis in books the chief
Of all perfections to be plain and brief.

THE man that for his profit 's bought t' obey,
Is only hir'd, on liking, to betray;
And, when he 's bid a liberaller price,
Will not be ſluggiſh in the work, nor nice.

OPINIATORS naturally differ
From other men; as wooden legs are ſtiffer
Than thoſe of pliant joints, to yield and bow,
Which way ſoe'er they are deſign'd to go.

NAVIGATION, that withſtood
The mortal fury of the Flood,
And prov'd the only means to ſave
All earthly creatures from the wave,
Has, for it, taught the ſea and wind
To lay a tribute on mankind,
That, by degrees, has ſwallow'd more
Than all it drown'd at once before.

THE prince of Syracuſe, whoſe deſtin'd fate
It was to keep a ſchool and rule a ſtate,
Found that his ſceptre never was ſo aw'd,
As when it was tranſlated to a rod;
And that his ſubjects ne'er were ſo obedient,
As when he was inaugurated pedant a

For to inſtruct is greater than to rule,
And no command 's ſo imperious as a ſchool.

AS he whoſe deſtiny does prove
To dangle in the air above,
Does loſe his life for want of air,
That only fell to be his ſhare;
So he whom Fate at once deſign'd
To plenty and a wretched mind,
Is but condemn'd t' a rich diſtreſs,
And ſtarves with niggardly exceſs.

THE univerſal medicine is a trick,
That Nature never meant, to cure the ſick,
Unleſs by death, the ſingular receipt,
To root out all diſeaſes by the great:
For univerſals deal in no one part
Of Nature, nor particulars of Art;
And therefore that French quack that ſet up phyſic,
Call'd his receipt a General Specifie.
For, though in mortal poiſons every one
Is mortal univerſally alone,
Yet Nature never made an antidote
To cure them all as eaſy as they 're got;
Much leſs, among ſo many variations
Of different maladies and complications,
Make all the contrarieties in Nature
Submit themſelves t' an equal moderator.

A CONVERT 's but a fly, that turns about,
After his head 's pull'd off, to find it out.

ALL mankind is but a rabble,
As filly and unreaſonable
As thoſe that, crowding in the ſtreet,
To ſee a ſhow or monſter, meet;
Of whom no one is in the right,
Yet all fall out about the ſight;
And, when they chance t' agree, the choice is
Still in the moſt and worſt of vices;
And all the reaſons that prevail
Are meaſur'd, not by weight, but tale.

AS in all great and crowded fairs
Monſters and puppet-plays are wares,
Which in the leſs will not go off,
Becauſe they have not money enough;
So men in princes' courts will paſs,
That will not in another place.

LOGICIANS uſe to clap a propoſition,
As juſtices do criminals, in priſon,
And, in as learn'd authentic nonſenſe writ,
The names of all their moods and figures fit:
For a logician 's one that has been broke
To ride and pace his reaſon by the book,
And by their rules, and precepts, and examples,
To put his wits into a kind of trammels.

THOSE

THOSE get the leaſt that take the greateſt pains,
But moſt of all i' th' drudgery of brains;
A natural ſign of weakneſs, as an ant
Is more laborious than an elephant;
And children are more buſy at their play
Than thoſe that wiſely'ſt paſs their time away.

ALL the inventions that the world contains,
Were not by reaſon firſt found out, nor brains;
But paſs for theirs who had the luck to light
Upon them by miſtake or overſight.

TRIPLETS

UPON AVARICE.

AS miſers their own laws enjoin,
To wear no pockets in the mine,
For fear they ſhould the ore purloin;

So he that toils and labours hard
To gain, and what he gets has ſpar'd,
Is from the uſe of all debarr'd.

And, though he can produce more ſpankers
Than all the uſurers and bankers,
Yet after more and more he hankers;

And, after all his pains are done,
Has nothing he can call his own,
But a mere livelihood alone.

DESCRIPTION OF HOLLAND.

A COUNTRY that draws fifty foot of water,
In which men live as in the hold of Nature,
And, when the ſea does in upon them break,
And drowns a province, does but ſpring a leak;
That always ply the pump, and never think
They can be ſafe, but at the rate they ſtink;
That live as if they had been run aground,
And, when they die, are caſt away and drown'd;
That dwell in ſhips, like ſwarms of rats, and prey
Upon the goods all nations' fleets convey;
And, when their merchants are blown-up and crackt,
Whole towns are caſt away in ſtorms, and wreckt;
That feed, like Cannibals, on other fiſhes,
And ſerve their couſin-germans up in diſhes:
A land that rides at anchor, and is moor'd,
In which they do not live, but go aboard.

TO HIS MISTRESS.

DO not unjuſtly blame
My guiltleſs breaſt,
For venturing to diſcloſe a flame
It had ſo long ſuppreſt.

In its own aſhes it deſign'd
For ever to have lain;
But that my ſighs, like blaſts of wind,
Made it break out again.

TO THE SAME.

DO not mine affection ſlight,
'Cauſe my locks with age are white:
Your breaſts have ſnow without, and ſnow within,
While flames of fire in your bright eyes are ſeen.

EPIGRAM

ON A CLUB OF SOTS.

THE jolly members of a toping club,
Like pipe-ſtaves, are but hoop'd into a tub,
And in a cloſe confederacy link,
For nothing elſe but only to hold drink.

HUDIBRAS'S ELEGY*.

IN days of yore, when knight or ſquire
By Fate were ſummon'd to retire,
Some menial poet ſtill was near,
To bear them to the hemiſphere,
And there among the ſtars to leave them,
Until the gods ſent to relieve them:
And ſure our Knight, whoſe very ſight won'd
Entitle him Mirror of Knighthood,
Should he neglected lie, and rot,
Stink in his grave, and be forgot,
Would have juſt reaſon to complain,
If he ſhould chance to riſe again;
And therefore, to prevent his dudgeon,
In mournful doggrel thus we trudge on.
Oh me! what tongue, what pen, can tell
How this renowned champion fell,

But

* Neither this Elegy, nor the following Epitaph, is to be found in *The Genuine Remains* of Butler, as publiſhed by Mr. Thyer. Both however having frequently been reprinted in *The Poſthumous Works of Samuel Butler*; and as they, beſides, relate particularly to the hero of his principal poem; there needs no apology for their being thus preſerved. Some other of the *poſthumous poems* would not have diſgraced their ſuppoſed author; but, as they are ſo poſitively rejected by Mr. Thyer, we have not ventured to admit them. N.

But muſt reflect, alas! alas!
All human glory fades like graſs,
And that the ſtrongeſt martial feats
Of errant knights are all but cheats!
Witneſs our Knight, who ſure has done
More valiant actions, ten to one,
Than of More-Hall the mighty More,
Or him that made the Dragon roar;
Has knock'd more men and women down
Than Bevis of Southampton town,
Or than our modern heroes can,
To take them ſingly man by man.
No, ſure, the griſly King of terror
Has been to blame, and in an error,
To iſſue his dead-warrant forth
To ſeize a knight of ſo much worth,
Juſt in the nick of all his glory;
I tremble when I tell the ſtory.
Oh! help me, help me, ſome kind Muſe,
This ſurly tyrant to abuſe,
Who, in his rage, has been ſo cruel
To rob the world of ſuch a jewel!
A knight more learned, ſtout, and good,
Sure ne'er was made of fleſh and blood:
All his perfections were ſo rare,
The wit of man could not declare
Which ſingle virtue, or which grace,
Above the reſt had any place,
Or which he was moſt famous for,
The camp, the pulpit, or the bar;

Of each he had an equal ſpice,
And was in all ſo very nice,
That, to ſpeak truth, th' account it loſt,
In which he did excel the moſt.
When he forſook the peaceful dwelling,
And out he went a colonelling,
Strange hopes and fears poſſeſt the nation,
How he could manage that vocation,
Until he ſhew'd it to a wonder,
How nobly he could fight and plunder.
At preaching, too, he was a dab,
More exquiſite by far than Squab;
He could fetch uſes, and infer,
Without the help of metaphor,
From any Scripture text, howe'er
Remote it from the purpoſe were;
And with his fiſt, inſtead of a ſtick,
Beat pulpit, drum eccleſiaſtick,
Till he made all the audience weep,
Excepting thoſe that fell aſleep.
Then at the bar he was right able,
And could bind o'er as well as ſwaddle;
And famous, too, at petty ſeſſions,
'Gainſt thieves and whores, for long digreſſions.
He could moſt learnedly determine
To Bridewell, or the ſtocks, the vermin.
For his addreſs and way of living,
All his behaviour, was ſo moving,
That, let the dame be ne'er ſo chaſte,
As people ſay, below the waiſt,

If

If Hudibras but once come at her,
He 'd quickly make her chaps to water:
Then for his equipage and ſhape,
On veſtals they 'd commit a rape;
Which often, as the ſtory ſays,
Have made the ladies weep both ways.
Ill has he read, that never heard
How he with Widow Tomſon far'd,
And what hard conflict was between
Our Knight and that inſulting quean.
Sure captive knight ne'er took more pains,
For rhymes for his melodious ſtrains,
Nor beat his brains, or made more faces,
To get into a jilt's good graces,
Than did Sir Hudibras to get
Into this ſubtle gypſy's net;
Who, after all her high pretence
To modeſty and innocence,
Was thought by moſt to be a woman
That to all other knights was common.
Hard was his fate in this, I own,
Nor will I for the trapes atone;
Indeed to gueſs I am not able,
What made her thus inexorable,
Unleſs ſhe did not like his wit,
Or, what is worſe, his perquiſite.
Howe'er it was, the wound ſhe gave
The Knight, he carry'd to his grave:
Vile harlot! to deſtroy a knight,
That could both plead, and pray, and fight.

Oh! cruel, baſe, inhuman drab,
To give him ſuch a mortal ſtab,
That made him pine away and moulder,
As though that he had been no ſoldier:
Could'ſt thou find no one elſe to kill,
Thou inſtrument of death and hell!
But Hudibras, who ſtood the Bears
So oft againſt the Cavaliers,
And in the very heat of war
Took ſtout Crowdero priſoner;
And did ſuch wonders all along,
That far exceed both pen and tongue?
If he had been in battle ſlain,
We 'ad had leſs reaſon to complain;
But to be murder'd by a whore,
Was ever knight ſo ſerv'd before?
But, ſince he 's gone, all we can ſay,
He chanc'd to die a lingering way;
If he had liv'd a longer date,
He might, perhaps, have met a fate
More violent, and fitting for
A knight ſo fam'd in Civil war.
To ſum up all—from love and danger
He 's now (O happy Knight!) a ſtranger;
And, if a Muſe can aught foretell,
His fame ſhall fill a chronicle,
And he in after-ages be
Of errant knights th' epitome.

HUDI-

HUDIBRAS'S EPITAPH.

UNDER this ſtone reſts Hudibras,
A Knight as errant as e'er was;
The controverſy only lies,
Whether he was more ſtout than wiſe;
Nor can we here pretend to ſay,
Whether he beſt could fight or pray;
So, till thoſe queſtions are decided,
His virtues muſt reſt undivided.
Full oft he ſuffer'd bangs and drubs,
And full as oft took pains in tubs;
Of which the moſt that can be ſaid,
He pray'd and fought, and fought and pray'd.
As for his perſonage and ſhape,
Among the reſt we'll let them ſcape;
Nor do we, as things ſtand, think fit
This ſtone ſhould meddle with his wit.
One thing, 'tis true, we ought to tell,
He liv'd and dy'd a colonel;
And for the Good old Cauſe ſtood buff,
'Gainſt many a bitter kick and cuff.
But, ſince his Worſhip 's dead and gone,
And mouldering lies beneath this ſtone,
The Reader is deſir'd to look,
For his atchievements in his Book;
Which will preſerve of Knight the Tale,
Till Time and Death itſelf ſhall fail.

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THE END OF BUTLER'S POEMS.